

LIPPINCOTT'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1899



THE LIVERY OF HONOR

BY MARK LEE LUTHER

I.

IN WHICH I ENJOY THE SOCIETY OF THE GREAT.

BROOKS'S was crowded when we entered, pushing our way through a throng of chairmen and link-boys about the door. With my companion, Mr. Raoul Wilde, who had the honor to wear an infantry captain's uniform in his Majesty's service, I had then really small acquaintance. It is true that I had known him in boyhood days and had met him occasionally since, but it is a matter of common observation that the memory of boyish intimacy—nay, of ardent, boyish friendship even—serves oftener to confuse rather than aid one's comprehension of a man's mature character; furthermore, our chance meetings in late years had been of the briefest nature. Older than I by some years, he had found his way sooner into the world, and had lived many things of which it had been my fortune as yet but to dream.

Wilde had encountered me in a London coffee-house, fresh from the university, and had volunteered to pilot me through the clubs. His suave manner and the seductive bait of his knowledge of the world won me completely, and I was nothing loth. He nodded right and left as we passed into Brooks's, and his evident familiarity with his surroundings persuaded me that my choice of a guide was a happy one. Almost upon the threshold he presented me to an elderly gentleman, long known to me by repute, for he was famous for his wit even at Versailles.

"This is Robert Heatherington of Holton Manor, Mr. Selwyn;" and George Selwyn, for it was he, looked me over searchingly as he took my hand.

"Truly, and are you so far grown? You are the very presentment of your father at two-and-twenty," said he; "the same nose, mouth, dark eye, square jaw; even, I declare, the same unruly forelock. The son of Sir John Heatherington," he went on, turning to an officer in uniform who approached, and I saw for the first time Lieutenant-General John Burgoyne, little dreaming how the meeting would mark out my future. With what tact I could muster, I complimented the soldier-playwright on his "*Maid of the Oaks*," which I had seen played not long before at Drury Lane. I perceived by Mr. Selwyn's smile that he was of a different mind, but the General was pleased and with much affability offered me his snuff-box. His manner seemed to me most polished, and went far to redeem features which, without it and the dignity of his large, commanding figure, might be thought coarse. We were moved along in the stream tending towards the drawing-room.

"Convey my regard to that old recluse, *votre père*," called Selwyn over his shoulder as he took the General's arm and turned away. Wilde had disappeared somewhere, and for the moment I was alone.

This, then, was Brooks's! this the life we had aped at Oxford! What in comparison to this revel of whist and piquet, faro, quinze, and loo were those card parties which had so devastated our allowances! What milk for babes was our simple claret beside the sea of burgundy and champagne which here flowed nightly! This, then, was the spot where the great of England spent their leisure hours over dice and decanter, where thousands upon thousands were lost and won: Not that there was aught unusual in this life; it was common enough at that day, although novel to me. The Baronet, my father, was, as Selwyn had said, a recluse. London attracted him little, the country much. The sobriety and plain living of King George were to his thinking the way of common sense. Yet he was not unwilling that I should see somewhat of the world, and I was in London with his sanction.

The multitude of lights fell upon a brilliant company. These embroidered coats and flashing uniforms were worn, I well knew, by some of England's greatest statesmen, most valiant soldiers, and keenest wits. To my left I saw the expressive face of the actor Garrick; not far to the right stood chatting together the possessors of two of the proudest titles in the peerage. Supper had ended, for it was a half hour past midnight, and the air was full of the talk of the racing-stables, the scandal of Paris and the town, the gossip of politics, the rustle of cards, the rattle of dice, and the clink of gold.

I noticed that Wilde had joined a group of young Macaronis who

cast frequent glances in my direction, and as they moved towards me I overheard one of them ask in an undertone, "Good for how many thousands, did you say, Wilde?" but it did not then occur to me to apply the question to myself. Wilde made them known, one by one, and I replied to their chatter with civility, although I saw little sense in their talk, and was moved to reflect that I must needs rub off much Oxford mould and put aside all seriousness of thought did I hope to shine in such company. As we stood talking, there entered the room a young man of a massive frame inclining towards stoutness. He was as fastidiously dressed as any of the insipid Macaronis present, but his dark face had a sort of kingly dignity, lent it, I think, by his black, bristling eyebrows. Everyone looked towards him.

"The famous Mr. Fox," whispered Wilde.

Then, amid the greetings which hailed him from every side, the new-comer's face, which at first sight had seemed to me harsh and forbidding, relaxed in a smile more genial, more winning, than any man's I have ever known. As one who had drunk heavily, he walked to the faro-table and straightway engaged in play.

"Fox has a speech forthcoming, I presume," I heard say an exquisite whose resplendent buckles, spotless ruffles, and carefully powdered hair bespoke hours at the toilet; and I recalled the tales of this great young man's brilliance in the Commons after whole nights spent like this.

"The Jews have been hounding him again," drawled another. "He hopes to recoup."

I suddenly forgot Mr. Fox in my astonishment at the extraordinary conduct of these young gentlemen of fashion as they prepared for play. One turned his coat inside out. "For luck," Wilde explained. Some stripped off their laced clothes and donned rough coats and great straw hats decked out with ribbons. Others protected their beruffled wrists with the leathern guards which are commonly used by servants in the scullery. A few even wore masks, that no tell-tale expression should betray their emotion over loss or gain. Wilde laughed at my frank amazement.

"You will see this often enough at Almack's," he said.

Presently he asked if I would play, and not wishing to appear singular I assented and moved towards the faro table where George Selwyn kept bank and at which Mr. Fox had taken his seat. I was curious for a closer view of both these celebrities and felt that I would cheerfully risk a few pounds for the privilege. Wilde excused himself for the moment, and after awaiting his return for a considerable interval I advanced and secured a place at the table. Thereupon Wilde hurriedly approached and requested me to come with him.

"Why disturb Mr. Heatherington?" objected Selwyn with a look akin to disgust; "he could not be more worthily engaged."

"We are promised elsewhere," returned Wilde smoothly, and as he conducted me to a neighboring table he whispered, "General Burgoyne asks you to join him at piquet. You will surely not refuse."

I own that I was flattered by the summons and was vain enough to think it prompted by a desire for my callow society. I presented myself with all despatch.

"You are most opportune," smiled General Burgoyne; "I have but just sat down."

Early in the evening, before we reached Brooks's, I had drunk much more wine than was my custom, and I feared that I must surely lose. I was keen to pose, however, as one having something of the wisdom of the serpent, and, reflecting that I could easily stop before my losses were great, I took up the cards with a flourish meant to show my familiarity with their use. This bit of pretension was ill-timed, for I only succeeded in covering myself with confusion and strewing the table and floor with the flying pasteboards. The General smiled good-humoredly and ordered a fresh pack.

"I often fumble the things myself," he observed, and I thanked him inwardly for his charitable falsehood.

At the faro-table near us the ball of talk was tossed lightly to and fro.

"They tell me Walpole has a new crotchet," said Mr. Fox,—"the shutters of some ancient altar—St. Edmondsbury, is it?—cheap at a king's ransom. Fit companions, too, for Van Tromp's pipe and Queen Mary's comb in his Gothic playhouse at Strawberry Hill."

"Poor Horry," laughed Selwyn; "leave him his harmless trinkets. Yet mark me, Charles, when you become First Minister he'll add a Fox's tooth to that marvellous collection if he has to rob you while you sleep."

"When I'm dead, you mean. Your true antiquary will smell at no un moulded thing."

"Fifty guineas to five-and-twenty that Horace Walpole outlives Charles Fox," said a voice.

"I take all such," responded Fox quickly. "Fetch the betting-book," he called to a servant, and he entered the wager with a firm, resolute hand.

"Capot," remarked the General quietly, and I fixed my attention on the game to find that he had taken every trick. I tried to concentrate my mind upon the cards, but I could not because of the wine. Cards retained and cards discarded by my opponent became hopelessly confused. Then for a time I think that he must have allowed me to win, as one humors a child, for I succeeded repeatedly and once piqued

my antagonist. Kings, queens, aces, and tierce-majors came flocking to my hand.

"General," said some one from behind my chair, "you have been in America and should know. How much longer will these damned Colonists hold out?"

"Until they meet our troops in pitched battle," he replied promptly; "then"—snapping his fingers—"c'est fini. They are but a rabble in arms, sir, a rabble in arms. Shall we double the stakes, Mr. Heatherington?"

Flushed with success, I assented.

Mr. Fox had listened from the moment that the word America was spoken. He broke out suddenly:

"By Heaven! sir, Bunker's Hill should have taught you and all England better. When are we to realize that the Americans are *men*; brave men fighting for a great cause; just men who have had the hardihood to withstand injustice; determined men who are prepared to stake everything? With all my heart I wish them God-speed."

His vehemence subsided with a muttered protest against "tyrannical imbecility," and he resumed his play. The crowd smiled at his outburst, but all felt that he spoke rank treason.

I was again losing.

"Certainly steps should be taken better to protect the loyal citizens," continued the General's questioner. "Here is more news of atrocities in Massachusetts Bay: gentlemen dragged from their homes by mobs, ridden upon rails, their houses pillaged, their wives and daughters exposed to insult. All this in Cambridge, near Boston, that hot-bed of rebellion."

"Cambridge?" I asked hastily.

"Cambridge, county of Middlesex," he repeated.

"God save me," I thought, "if it should be Dorothy's home." I turned and questioned the man eagerly, but the rumor carried with it no names. The news came from the New England Coffee-House, he told me, through letters to one Samuel Curwen, a refugee from Salem, of the same colony. I could inquire of him.

"Repique," murmured the General by way of recalling me to the cards, and again I met disaster. I was racked by forebodings which drove the fumes of champagne from my brain. I was sober enough now, but took no heed of the game. I played as in a dream.

"You are unfortunate, sir," I heard the General say, and once more I lost heavily.

"I must stop!" I exclaimed, throwing down the cards. "I owe you——" I began without an idea of the amount of the debt.

"You owe me six hundred pounds, Mr. Heatherington," he announced briskly, rising from the table.

"Six hundred pounds!" I gasped. "Six hun——"

"Six hundred exactly, sir. The payment quite at your own convenience. I wish you good-night," and he turned away.

"Don't take it so seriously," counselled Wilde at my elbow; "think of the thousands Fox has cost Lord Holland."

I made him no reply. A minute later I stood in St. James Street, and the door of Brooks's closed behind me for what, in the smart and anxiety and penitence of the moment, I vowed should be the last time.

II.

I MEET AN EXILE.

BETWEEN my anxiety for the safety of those who were dear to me, and my wondering what my father would say to this folly of mine at Brooks's, I passed a sleepless night. As dawn broke I left my lodgings for the open air. I walked down the Mall and into the Park, and as I paced to and fro in the cool, fresh atmosphere my brain cleared and I was resolved what to do.

The tradespeople were beginning to take down their shutters as I retraced my way, and I paused at a coffee-house. A breakfast of hot buttered muffins and tea, and I felt whole in body and strengthened in resolution, so closely are a man's moods dominated by his stomach. Again in my room, I sat down to write to my father. Between us two, who had only one another, there was always complete frankness, and I simply told the truth, glossing nothing, excusing nothing, but making it clear beyond mistake that I had had my fill of play and of fashionable London, and that I was of a mind to make myself of some use in the world in whatever career he should deem fitting. This done, and the letter despatched towards Devonshire by an early post, I fell asleep.

Some hours slipped by, and I awoke to find the day well-nigh spent. I sprang up in considerable contrition for my sloth, and straightway set about the business of finding Mr. Curwen, to whom I had been directed for the news from America. This gentleman was one of the many loyal subjects whom the troubled state of the Colonies had driven, and was yet to drive, to England, Canada, the Bermudas, and the Spanish settlements. Merchants, soldiers, clergymen, artists, judges, barristers-at-law, men of science, all sorts and conditions of men, they went out from their homes into exile, and the country which cast them off was the poorer by many thousand souls. A great army of them came to London, where they led for a time a sorry existence, lamenting their unhappy fate and beseeching the government to redress their wrongs.

At the New England Coffee-House in Threadneedle Street I was further directed to the Adelphi Tavern in the Strand, where, I was

told, some of the most eminent of these unfortunate gentlemen had instituted a New England Club and met to dine weekly. Post-haste I flew to the Adelphi to find that Mr. Curwen would that night dine with Judge Sewall in Brompton Row. Arriving there too in due time, I learned, with some astonishment at the rapidity of his movements, that Mr. Curwen had just left for Vauxhall Gardens, which had lately opened for the season. By this time it was quite evening, but being furnished by a waiter at the Adelphi with a pretty accurate description of the man of whom I was in search, I at once set out to follow, and luckily caught a barge just on the point of embarking with the tide.

On board I chanced upon some college acquaintances who pressed me to make one of their party, which was a merry one and made the people in other boats stare and smile. I pleaded an engagement, however, and cut loose from their company as we paid our shillings at the wicket and walked through the dark passage leading to the flood of light and brilliance of the Gardens. I passed down the Grand Walk with little notion of where to search and strolled off among the gravelled paths, scanning the gay parties which made sport at the supper-tables beneath the trees hung with colored lamps and in the brightly illumined alcoves and pavilions. Finally, after wandering about for upward of an hour, I espied in the South Walk as I passed under the triumphal arches an elderly man of spare face, sharp nose, and firmly closed mouth; he was dressed in sober brown cloth trimmed with brass buttons and wore a full-bottomed wig, his whole appearance tallying with the servant's description. He stood in one of the retreats, and turned as I accosted him from an admiring scrutiny of Roubillac's statue of Handel. I made myself known, and told him in a few words that I had heard of his receiving disturbing advices from America, and that I was anxious for news of my kinsman, Mr. Francis Vaughn, ex-Judge of Admiralty in Massachusetts, now a resident of Cambridge, where, I had been informed, the outrages had occurred.

"In truth," said he, after I had recited the details of the rumor as they had reached me, "your informant has mixed the news of many localities. The mobbing of the house, for example, took place in the interior of Massachusetts, and the affair of the rail in Connecticut. Colonial news is ever mangled thus, and of our geography you Englishmen have as little comprehension as of life in the stars. Bless my soul, sir, some of you have the notion that whales and cod are to be taken in Lake Erie."

"What stupidity!" I responded warmly, although conscious that my own knowledge of the lake in question was deplorably slight. "And Cambridge, sir?"

"Ah, yes, Cambridge. Cambridge is not this time at fault, though God knows there has been enough of such doings in the past even in

that neighborhood. I cannot forget how John Malcolm was maltreated in Boston for speaking his mind of the Whigs. They broke into the house where he was, lowered him from the window with ropes, tore his clothes from his back, and bedaubed him with tar and feathers. Then they must needs drag him to the Liberty Tree—liberty! What a mockery?—thence to the gallows on the Neck, where they beat him and threatened his life.”

At this juncture I pressed him to join me in some refreshment, for I was famished, and we seated ourselves in one of the more secluded booths, Mr. Curwen remarking that it was a pity to patronize the place, so little did one get for his money. This sad truth I had already verified by experience, but I only smiled and ordered a fowl and some wine. The sound of music near us and a slight deafness in my venerable friend compelled me to raise my voice as we conversed, and I saw some one passing the entrance of our alcove turn and look within. It was Raoul Wilde with, lolling upon his arm, a much bepainted jade of loud voice and gaudy clothes. He seemed a bit ashamed of his companion, but brazened it out and bowed effusively. I then did a thing which I dislike in others and despise in myself,—I cut him flatly, for I felt, I knew not why for a certainty, that he had dealt unfairly by me.

Mr. Curwen observed Wilde’s recognition of me and took full note of the pitiful creature who accompanied him. My rebuff, however, escaped him. He turned to me in mild disapproval.

“Vauxhall deteriorates,” he remarked sententiously. “The class represented by your friend’s *friend* frequents it all too commonly.”

“I can hardly call *him* friend,” I rejoined dryly, and again directed the conversation towards Cambridge.

“There have been misdeeds enough in Cambridge in the past,” he went on. “Hence this twisted rumor. Having been for a time the head-quarters of the Provincials, one could scarce expect otherwise. Yet the disaffection is of long standing. Two years ago my friend Mr. Hallowell, Commissioner of Customs, was pursued by fully eight score horsemen while driving through Cambridge in his chaise. It is no place for loyalty. Mobs drove John Vassall from his estate, and at his beautiful home, I am told, General Washington took up his abode at the siege of Boston. Not but that he was worthy of such a roof. I met him once at Philadelphia; he is a noble man, sir, and the Washingtons of Virginia——”

“A thousand pardons,” I interrupted, for I burned with impatience, and the old man’s prolixity over the subjects of which his heart was full seemed about to carry him yet farther from the purpose,—“a thousand pardons, but tell me, I beg, of Cambridge. Think you that any harm has come to Dor—to Mr. Francis Vaughn? I am exceeding anxious.”

"Judge Vaughan, so far as I know, is unharmed," he replied; "likewise Miss Dorothy," he added, with a knowing smile. "Do you not hear from them?"

"We have been without letters for months," I answered.

"Ah, well, all communication is uncertain now. That may mean nothing. Yet I must give it you as my candid opinion, Mr. Heatherington," he went on gravely, "that he and his are in danger of violence. Although a moderate man, he is yet one of those whom the disaffected stigmatize as Tories and unjustly reproach as enemies of their country because they stand for law and order and religion. Then, too, he is what they are pleased to call an 'addresser.'"

"An addresser," I repeated vaguely.

"Naturally you would not know, being unfamiliar with our colonial politics. It simply signifies one of those gentlemen who, upon Governor Hutchinson's departure from Boston in 1774, expressed their written approval of his public course. To commend loyalty to the King would seem no heinous crime."

"Surely not."

"Nevertheless, many of those who signed have been forced to recant or flee the country. Among the latter witness myself. Judge Vaughn's advanced age and temperate views have stood him in good stead, and to the best of my knowledge he is as yet unmolested. Would that I could have remained at home in the same safety."

There was a note of sorrow in his voice when he spoke of home that made me pity his exile.

"But with these assertions of independence," he continued, "and this courting of an unholy alliance with the French, I fear the destruction of my unhappy country. I repeat, sir, that in my opinion Judge Vaughn is in danger."

He soon bade me good-night, saying that the night air was too chill as yet for one of his years to enjoy Vauxhall. The music and merry-making about me were now little to my humor, and I therefore prepared to imitate him. As I walked briskly towards the exit from the Gardens I beheld Wilde in a particularly boisterous group of revellers, and made a shift to pass quietly by in a side path. I heard a chair overturned, the jingle of glass as some one rose hastily from the table, and rapid steps following mine. I mended my pace; my pursuer broke into a trot. A hand was laid upon my shoulder; I brushed it off. Then Wilde put himself directly in my way.

"No you don't, Rob Heatherington," he said jocularly; "not if your legs are longer."

"Well, what is it?" I inquired with scant courtesy.

"Do me the honor," he said ironically, and motioned towards a vacant table. I suffered myself unwillingly to be seated.

"Have some wine," he urged.

"No, I thank you."

"You are not always so abstemious, Rob. I suppose I may call you Rob. It used to be Rob and Raoul, you know. Vauxhall is gay to-night."

I made no effort to add to its gayety.

He eyed me for a minute in silence. Then he broke out in a changed tone:

"See here, Heatherington, what's the row?"

"Don't make a scene," I advised.

"Stuff!" he rejoined. "Why did you cut me?"

"Was your associate such——" I began.

"Don't preach," he interrupted. "Besides, it wasn't because of the wench. That isn't your way. Come, now, what's wrong? Last night I was the best fellow in the world; to-night you give me a frozen glare."

"I don't care to debate the matter," I said, rising. Wilde put out a detaining hand. I could see that he strove to curb his temper.

"What the devil do you want, Heatherington? Shall I kiss your Majesty's hand, or shall I lick your Majesty's august boots? You treat me much too cavalierly. I ask you once more for some explanation. Why is it that if last night——"

"We had best not discuss last night," I interposed.

"Oh, I know well enough what you think," he said. "You think that I tricked you; that I am responsible for your damned poor card playing."

I did not reply. His broaching the matter so openly made me but the more suspicious.

"Will you take my word that I am not to blame?—the word of a soldier?"

"Yes, I will take your word," said I.

"Ah, I knew you wouldn't be an ass, Rob. Your hand on it."

I gave him my hand.

"And you won't persist in foolish suspicions?"

"You have given me your word," I answered.

III.

WHEREIN MY HORIZON BROADENS.

A REPLY to my letter came a few days later in the person of my father. He greeted me with the same affection he had always shown and made no allusion to my escapade. When I attempted to bring it up he stopped me with "Not now," and changed the subject. I thereupon repeated to him my conversation with Mr. Curwen, and he was

much disturbed, for he and Francis Vaughn in their boyhood had been more like brothers than cousins twice removed. Presently he said that he must call on some friends of his in town, and I saw no more of him until towards evening. When we supped he was in fine fettle.

"Now, lad," he began, tapping with his forefinger in a way he had when he was in good humor,—“now, lad, to your affair. Here are notes for six hundred pounds. Pay your debt of honor promptly. Send the money to General Burgoyne in the morning.”

“Father!” I exclaimed.

“Tut, tut, boy. I know all about it. I have not seen much of London these ten years past, but I suspected how it happened. I thought that I would make sure, however, and looked in on some of my old friends. I saw Selwyn among the rest, although I did not question him. Oh, dear, no; you will soon understand why. You were just a lamb in the shambles, Rob.”

“I’m afraid so, sir.”

“There’s no doubt of it. You were marked for slaughter. They knew that old John Heatherington would make your losses good, as he will.”

“You make me ashamed, sir.”

“God bless you, lad, I’m not blaming you; not a bit of it. You’ve only learned another lesson, just as much a part of your education as reading Horace or Euripides, unravelling tangled knots of metaphysics, or writing limping Latin verse. You could not have sat at the feet of a more fitting Gamaliel, for what he had to teach, than Mr. Raoul Wilde. I don’t say that he is by profession a purveyor of fat geese for plucking, but it looks like it. You are not the first young gentleman, it seems, whom he has piloted to Brooks’s and Almack’s and Boodle’s and the other clubs, and I warrant you every one of your predecessors could tell a story similar to yours. They all lose; Wilde seldom wins their money, but some one of his introduction does, and, of course, it is hard to believe that he is wholly disinterested.”

“What!” I interrupted, “do you think——?”

My father stopped me with a gesture.

“Mark you,” he went on, with a queer little smile, “I do not for an instant insinuate that he was in league with the well-known officer who won from you. General Burgoyne’s good name and gallant past should shield him from such a charge. He gambles, as everyone gambles nowadays who cares a farthing for the opinion of fashionable society. What figure would a man cut in London who refused to join in loo with the ladies or in piquet or quinze at the club?”

“What figure indeed?” said I.

“But there were disappointments over you the other night. More than one lean purse wanted a chance at you, and even Selwyn was

furious because you were taken from his faro-table. Others protest that a nameless some one played them false. There is a mystery about it, but for certain reasons I think we had best leave it unsolved."

"There is a mystery," I agreed, and recounted the conversation which had passed between me and Raoul Wilde at Vauxhall. My father looked very thoughtful.

"He gave you his word,—the word of a soldier?"

"Yes."

"Rob, it was the word of a soldier of fortune."

"And to be valued?"

"As much or as little as you deem prudent."

"I think he lied," said I. My father made no comment.

"You knew nothing of Wilde's parentage in the days when you played together at Holton?" he asked after a pause.

"Nothing, or next to nothing. I was too young to think much about the matter. I knew that he was an orphan, living with his uncle, our neighbor. How little I have seen of him since you know."

"It's a queer story. His father was a younger son who came into a considerable property through his mother, and was forced, therefore, to seek neither a church living nor an army commission to maintain his position. From the day he became possessed of his inheritance his short life was one continuous debauch. Oxford stood aghast at his performances; London, even, rubbed its eyes. Paris was next in logical sequence, and there he went, purposing to visit in succession the great capitals of Europe. They were spared the blight of his presence: he never got beyond France; the society of Paris and Versailles was too well suited to his tastes. I have no need to tell you, Rob, what French society was under Louis XV. Honor in men was a rarity; virtue in women an eccentricity; marriage a mere conventionality; considered sacred only by the provincial *bourgeoisie*. As for love,—poor, blind boy,—it was left for a Frenchman to define love as 'the exchange of two fantasies and the contact of two skins.' This young English fool, then, became smitten with a woman above him in rank—she was a comtesse—but mentally his precise peer,—a brainless beauty endowed with about as large a fund of discretion as a hen. She returned his addresses with alacrity. She was possessed of a husband, it is true, but that was no weighty obstacle,—not at Louis the Well Beloved's court. Mewed in a convent until of marriageable age, and then bartered to an elderly rake with all the cold-blooded formality of family politics, she simply languished for the coming of the affinity of her romance-fed fancy. Lo! the Englishman. The ideal merged in the real. The husband, it appears, for a time advanced no objection to this tender idyl: he had idyls of his own. He merely required discretion, but he asked of her the impossible; he had as well demanded the Holy Grail. She flaunted

her new-found happiness openly, brazenly, and at last that singular jewel, the honor of her husband, was touched. He fought the Englishman one spring morning in the Bois de Boulogne, and young Lovelace ran him through. Not long after the victor married the widow. They had one child: it was Raoul Wilde."

"Poor devil!" I exclaimed, "what a parentage!"

"The mother died young; the father fell shortly in a drunken brawl; the elder brother assumed the care of the boy, and you, down in Devonshire, gained a playmate."

"Has Raoul proved himself the son of his father, do you think?"

"The son of both, I should say. In nature he is more French than English: there shows the mother. Conscience he has none: there, the father's legacy, you see. Brains he has, for which he can thank neither of them. There is a strong touch of the nomad in him: another paternal trait. It doubtless led him into the army; patriotism never did. He has either roved or served in arms everywhere, I'm told."

I mused silently upon this revelation of Wilde's complex personality.

"Rob," said my father presently, "a scholar like you, I dare say, has never thought of entering the army. Yet just now, for both public and private reasons, I feel that it would be wise."

"I had thought of it lately," I acknowledged. "I had thought of service in the Colonies."

"Ah, you catch my meaning, lad. In short, the King needs men and our kin need succor. I know, too, that with you there are still more subtle motives. If Dorothy and Dorothy's father can be persuaded," he said kindly, stretching out his hand, "I shall yet hope to welcome her to Holton as my daughter."

I could only wring his hand in silence; this was a subject to which he had never before alluded, and my heart was too full for speech.

"She will not leave her father alone," he continued, "nor ought she; but in the present disordered state of the Colonies her father may decide to return to England. I confess that I harbor no small misgivings for their safety, and I think that perhaps by going to America you can serve them. Yours is a restive age; a campaign or two will be good for you. The experience will make a man of you that Brooks's and this dissolute London of ours, trifling and jesting while the empire is threatened, never could."

Then there came a fire in his eye whose like I had not seen there since the dimly remembered days before my mother's death.

"Your grandfather fought at Blenheim, Robert, and your father, as you know, was of some service to the King in '45. You shall fight for him in America."

So it was decided. The days which followed were full of busy

preparation. My father through a friend in the ministry—and a friend in the ministry in those days meant success—bespoke for me a captain's commission, which was easily obtained. Indeed, it coming to the King's ear that Sir John Heatherington's son had volunteered for service in putting down the rebellion in America, he directed, so great was the general disinclination to enlist at that time, that the pay assured me by my commission be augmented annually during hostilities by fifty pounds. This much for being the friend of a "King's friend."

Just at this time General Burgoyne was on the eve of his return to America to push forward the expedition from Canada, which had been begun the year before. Here, could it be seized upon, seemed my opportunity, and my father and his friends once more exerted themselves in my behalf with what result a letter, which I have preserved and here transcribe, will show. It was dated from Hertford-Street and ran thus:

"SIR: The pressure of public affairs has hitherto prevented me from attending to my private concerns with the dispatch I would wish. Accept, I pray, my thanks for the sum of your indebtedness, forwarded with a promptitude equalled only by your courtesy at play. It has recently come to my knowledge that you have entered his Majesty's service, upon which, I am convinced, you can reflect nothing but credit, and I take this opportunity to inform you of your appointment to my personal staff.

"I have the honor to be, &c.

"J. BURGOYNE."

Through the stilted, pompous phrasing which was apt to characterize his correspondence—as it did, of a truth, that of most men of the day—I felt that I could distinguish a note of friendliness. I thought upon my father's treatment of the unsolved mystery of my night at the club, and I admired his diplomacy.

The few remaining days before we sailed sped like one. I again saw Mr. Curwen and entrusted to him a letter to Judge Vaughn, which he promised to send as best he could. It said briefly that I was on my way to join the King's troops in Canada and that I hoped soon to see Cambridge. No man's correspondence was secure, and I could safely say no more.

IV.

CONTAINING SOME ACCOUNT OF A VOYAGE AND A MAID.

THE days of which I have written had teemed with unexpected events. I was destined in my new avocation, however, to many more surprises. One of them met me at the water's edge. I had hardly stepped upon the deck of the frigate which was to bear me westward when I confronted Raoul Wilde.

"You here!" I exclaimed, realizing as the words shot out that neither my tone nor look reflected much satisfaction.

He shrugged his shoulders, and my recently acquired knowledge of his parentage made me catalogue this trick of his as a French inheritance. I had never before observed how habitual it was with him.

"There are captains and captains," he answered quietly. "Perhaps the army in America has as much need of an experienced officer as of——" He paused expressively.

"You need not finish," I remarked pleasantly; "I am quite aware that I am newly hatched." Civility is cheap coin, but useful, and I had instantly resolved that, if we must needs be fellow-travellers, it should not rest with me to make the voyage one prolonged quarrel. His manner underwent a complete change.

"I am going out to rejoin my regiment," he explained. "I thought you knew that I have served in America. I came to England with General Burgoyne in the autumn—thanks to my wits and no one's influence. I had no mind to hibernate in Canada. My furlough has run out and back I go. That's the whole story."

It struck me that it was rather the merest outline, and I wondered how he had procured that furlough. Our talk drifted to other things, and by the time our vessel swung out with the tide our relations had taken on the outward semblance of good-fellowship.

The four or more weeks which elapsed between the day when I watched the granite cliffs of Cornwall sink below the horizon and the one on which my eyes first fell upon the white citadel of Quebec dragged by in slow monotony. The year before Mr. Gibbon had set London agog with the first volume of his "Decline and Fall." It became the talk of the town, and go where one would, a copy of the new history would surely stare him in the face. This, as I had not read it, my studious father handed me to lighten the voyage, to which I added a French novel and a book of Mr. Pope's poems; so, between the veracious adventures of "Gil Blas," the "Essay on Man," and the crimes of the Cæsars, somehow, the weeks went by.

I grew to know the General better, and while there was ever that about him which forbade a hearty admiration of the man, I yet could not withhold my liking for his brave and kindly spirit. As our acquaintance ripened he told me something of his life, particularly of his campaign in Portugal; he outlined, moreover, what had so far been effected in America, on Lake Champlain, before going into winter quarters, and with a frankness which flattered me, until I came to know that the recipients of his confidences were legion, he dwelt upon his plans for the future. Being aware that for some reason—I did not then choose to be explicit—I was anxious to approach Cambridge, he confided to me that, a juncture of his army with Sir William Howe's on Hudson's River once attained, his own preference was for a divergence into New England. This caused me no little satisfaction, and I

pictured our victorious army marching on Boston and strengthening the hands of those loyal subjects who had held out for the King; by whom I meant all the time Francis Vaughn and Dorothy.

If my relations with General Burgoyne during those weeks could be said to approach intimacy, then the tie between this distinguished officer and Raoul Wilde can be described as nothing less than fraternal. They were boon companions, and seldom long apart one from the other. With Wilde's undoubted charm of manner, his ready wit, his ability to amuse, I could readily understand why our chief should single him out to beguile the tedium of a sea-voyage. Their friendship, however, was of no such ephemeral nature. Allusions carelessly let fall by both proved that it was of some years' standing, and that they shared common memories of many varied scenes. Truly Wilde was an enigma. That business at Brooks's would persist in starting up at times, despite my strenuous efforts to heed my father's counsel and let the dead lie buried. Then, too, I could not but reflect that the General wore his responsibilities over lightly, but I was already enough of a soldier not to voice my thoughts. Wine and cards occupied much of his time, and I sometimes played a hand with him and others. I never received a second invitation, however, to join him in a game for two.

Here, perhaps, this halting and imperfect narrative had best set forth—who was this girl Dorothy of whom I have so often spoken, and who, I frankly confess, was the main cause of my leaving home to encounter what dangers in the New World I hardly knew. First, a word of myself. I was scarcely twelve when my mother's death changed my father from a buoyant, high-spirited man of many interests to a reticent, bookish recluse, and left me to a well-nigh solitary boyhood. The town house was never used after she died there, and at Holton I grew up, seeing few children save Raoul Wilde and those of the steward, and old beyond my years from the mature companionship of my father, my tutor, and my maiden aunt, Jane Heatherington, who tried to be a mother to me, God bless her! but somehow never could. She was a sweet-faced old lady, who read yellowed numbers of the *Spectator* by the hour, and whose thoughts dwelt most in the days when such as Beau Nash were young and she a beauty of the court of George, second of the name. She never married, but Aunt Jane had a pretty romance of her own—a tale of a duel, a dying lover, and a broken heart—which is no part of my story to relate.

To my tutor, who was of antiquarian tastes and of sufficient repute as to have once carried on, I recall, some little correspondence with Horace Walpole touching a Gothic ruin near by, I owed much of my knowledge of Holton, although as I grew older my father, seeing my interest, would talk to me of its history. The estate had come into the possession of the Heatheringtons at the dissolution of the monasteries,

and notwithstanding my gratitude to the monarch who had conferred these lands upon our family, I at times berated him soundly, in boyish phrase, for leaving us but a fragment of the old abbey and one single window of the chapel where the monks had told their beads and droned their "Kyrie Eleison." Tradition said that they had had other employments less devout, and I took huge delight in tracing the site of the refectory and trying to picture again and again, as I explored the moss-grown crypt, how the arches once, perhaps, had rung with monkish laughter and the clank of flagons.

Part of the old structure had been built into the Tudor manor-house of Holton, which of itself was a thing to love, with its ivy-covered towers, its great hall with massive carved stone fireplace, its oriel windows, its black, ancient furniture, and, best of all, its dear, musty library, gorged with the good things of England, of Italy, and of France. Yes, best of all the library, for there, in a window nook whence through the leaded panes I could look across the gorse-covered moors of Devon, I read Shakespeare and Marlowe and Massinger and Ford, and tried to act them too; there I stormed castles with Froissart and sailed the seas with Hakluyt; there was I a faithful Sancho Panza to Don Quixote, sympathizing with him keenly, for his was a kindred soul; there also I grew devout with Jeremy Taylor and scaled high heaven with Milton. I loved those dusty volumes every one, and their odor was a sweet smell in my nostrils. That vaulted room was my real school and its venerable folios my true preceptors.

Into this world of my boyhood, just before I left for the university, came Dorothy Vaughn. She was sixteen then, a slender, brown-haired girl, with wondrous hazel eyes and a voice like the music of the fountain in our court-yard on summer nights. Her father and mine, as I have said, were playmates as boys. Then a royal appointment took Francis Vaughn's father to Massachusetts Bay, and there the boy grew up, was educated, married, and became of note. There also Dorothy was born and passed her childhood, like my own, motherless, until business interests and the wish to see again the country of his birth led Francis Vaughn to accept a much-pressed invitation to Holton, where he came, bringing Dorothy.

My aunt loved the girl, as did we all, and mothered her with a tact and keenness of intuition which had never gone out to me. I sometimes think that it was the abiding memory of her own girlhood which made her enter with such love and sympathy into Dorothy's. With a New-World eagerness of interest in the Old-World past, Dorothy explored the ruins of the abbey and plied me with questions of their history. Then could I mount my hobby for the charge and away into the dream country, building anew the old walls and peopling them with friars and abbots long dead and gone. Or if a summer shower drove

us within, there were the long rows of portraits, the great spreading antlers, the bows and pikes and armor in the hall; the family plate, of which, womanlike, she never tired, in the dining-room, and all my old friends in the library, which became her friends too. Yet I think she loved the garden best, for she would follow the old Scotch gardener by the hour as he pruned and trained the roses.

"She's juist yin hersel'," he would say repeatedly.

It was some years since Raoul Wilde had gone out from his uncle's home to brave the world, but it so fell out that he took a brief portion of this time of Dorothy's stay for one of his infrequent visits to Devonshire. It is no exaggeration to say that three-fourths of his daylight hours were spent at Holton. Not that he sought the society of the Baronet, nor of Aunt Jane Heatherington, nor yet of myself: Dorothy was the loadstar, and he made no attempt to conceal his delight in her winsome, sunshiny personality. Although he smiled down upon our simple interests and amusements with the lofty cynicism of the early twenties, he dogged our movements with uncomfortable persistence. I did him the honor to be jealous for a time; then I perceived that, despite her courtesy, Dorothy was becoming annoyed under his close surveillance, and the discovery was as balm to my wrath. He went away soon after this, and my Eden was without a serpent.

Those are the days I count as life's sweetest memory. We made our childish pledges, and Robert swore to Dorothy that when the fit time came he should claim her for his own, and Dorothy vowed to Robert that his handmaiden would be found waiting. The next few years were busy ones, but amid all the strange new interests of Oxford I did not forget. Of Dorothy came now and then a word,—quaint little letters they seem to-day, most of them to my aunt, with shy messages to me—big with secret meaning, the whole slipped within her father's legal-looking missives to the Baronet. As the years sped and the troubles with the Colonies came on, the letters became less frequent. From those which did reach us I was not slow to realize that a woman had taken the girl's place, and I felt that the time had come.

V.

ARMS AND THE MAN.

It is easy to write of things that are past in a vaunting way, trumpeting our little doings much magnified by time, and assuming virtues where we had them not. May I be saved from such pretence. Even were it to my taste, I cannot, like Æneas, boast of mighty deeds great part of which was mine; the great deeds lack, alas! Neither is it my task to recount in full the story of Burgoyne's expedition from Canada. More ready pens than mine, not least among them, to my thinking,

General Burgoyne's own, have told its history. The world knows well how that army, perfectly equipped and ably officered (for my inexperience, be it said, was exceptional), began its southern march amid flying banners and salutes of cannon, with England's pride stirring it and with hopes pitched high, with visions of a campaign easily victorious, a glorious home-coming, and the gratitude of an empire saved; it knows the story of its struggle through the wilderness, half fed, hampered by women and children, betrayed by its savage allies, ignorant of the whereabouts of the British forces with which it was to cooperate, yet bound by its orders to advance, beset by an intrepid enemy in front and rear, marching blindly, yet who shall say not bravely, to its defeat; it knows, too, of Saratoga,—that name seared in the heart of every soldier who bore arms under Burgoyne,—Saratoga, which marks the turning of the tide which swept the Colonies on to victory and England to humiliation. All this has been told and retold, and I shall touch it but lightly, for although my tale must move amid the clash of arms, it has to do in most part with what befell me in a cause which, I have no shame in saying, was dearer to me than the King's,—the quest of the woman I loved.

Those first days in the New World were stirring ones for me. The noble rivers, the man-dwarfing mountains, the gem-like lakes, the military bustle and activity, my own new duties, the bizarre colonial life of the North, all these things stamped themselves in my mind in images that know no effacement. Particularly did the Indians arouse my interest, if not my liking, and what with the long journeyings through Canada, and the presence of so considerable a body of savage allies in our army, I saw sufficient of them to dull effectually the edge of my curiosity. Picturesque, of a truth, they were, with their leathern tunics and leggins, picked out with bright beading or gay ribbons, with their profusion of wampum and trinkets and gewgaws, with their grotesque head-dresses and their cruel faces bedaubed with ochre and vermilion; but, like many things picturesque, the dirt was equally obvious, and in my memory portrait of the red man his grease, his filth, and the indescribable smells of his encampments stand most sharply out.

I made note early in the campaign that the intimacy between Wilde and General Burgoyne was quite as close on land as it had been on sea. Wilde's regiment profited little by his services, for he was repeatedly detached from it for special missions, of seemingly slight importance, required of him by General Burgoyne. He apparently enjoyed as much of the General's society as he chose, and had his ear as readily as any member of the staff. I once alluded to this to Wilde, and jestingly spoke of him as chief of the unofficial staff. He resented the pleasantry and retorted with a personality.

"Perhaps," said he, "I may be as efficient as some whose title is official. And yet I've no friends in the ministry."

I made no answer to this exhibition of spleen. Why my good fortune should so gird him I could not then conceive, but I have come since to believe that the man looked upon me as the usurper of his own rights and proper rank. If this be true, his rancor was not unnatural. To see a mere civilian step easily into the rank he had long coveted, and many of whose duties he had long performed without recognition, must indeed have been a cause for bitterness. From this time on our relations seemed to grow daily more acrimonious.

I will speak here of a thing which I had rather leave in the pitch where it belong than soil my fingers in the telling of it did it not form a link in a chain of circumstance which added much to my knowledge of human nature and the springs of human conduct. I have made mention of the women accompanying our troops. They were of all ranks and conditions, ranging from the cultivated Lady Riedesel, wife of Baron Riedesel, commander of the German auxiliaries, down to the pitiful camp-followers whom no army can long shake off. With one woman, the wife of a commissary, the name of Raoul Wilde came soon to be coupled in no savory manner. The husband was a sorry creature, indifferent to his wife's misbehavior,—abetting it, some whispered; the woman herself, no worse than many, better, perhaps, than some, had a tinsel sort of beauty and a species of coarse wit sharpened in many camps. Wilde made no attempt by any word of his to stem the tide of scandal; he neither denied nor affirmed; his effrontery was brazen; he did, however, throw more of secrecy around his *liaison*: this was the one indication that the criticism of others had pierced the armor of his cynical egotism.

At Montreal, whither the General had decided to press on soon after we reached Quebec, I had received, by an odd chance, some little tidings of the Vaughns. The news, such as it was, came through a clergyman of the Church of England who had been sent out by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts to a mission in Connecticut. There he had worked faithfully until some two years before, when, bound, as he considered himself, by his oath of allegiance at ordination to the royal cause, he had refused to comply with the demand of a rebel committee that he omit the prayers for his Majesty. Public feeling ran high, but he withstood his opponents until hostile demonstrations took place in the very church, and he was compelled to escape in his surplice. He had made his way towards Boston to gain the protection of the royal troops, in which journey he found shelter at the house of Judge Vaughn. At the evacuation of the city by Lord Howe he had, like hundreds of other loyalists, accompanied the army to Halifax, whence he had finally drifted to Montreal. His news was

meagre enough and scarcely more recent than that given me by Mr. Curwen at Vauxhall, but to hear anything I counted good fortune. They were unharmed, they were well: that was all he could tell me; but when he found that I was a kinsman he launched into praises of Dorothy that warmed my heart. She was so beautiful, so considerate of her father, so kind to the poor and the sick—all this and more cheered me like wine.

Out of this acquaintance there befell an adventure which furnished me food for thought for many a day. The clergyman had mentioned a project of certain refugees from Massachusetts then in Canada to recover valuables which they had secreted before leaving their homes. Some of the boldest among them had planned an expedition which, by the aid of a few scattered loyalists still remaining in Massachusetts and the Hampshire Grants, they believed would be successful. Their scheme, which a fuller knowledge of the country told me was wild and visionary, in the end proved abortive, but being a youth and ready to clutch at any straw, it struck me some weeks after I learned of the plan that I might by this means communicate with the Vaughns. A letter thus forwarded and intrusted to loyal hands might in time reach its destination.

At the suggestion of General Burgoyne, whom I had taken somewhat into my confidence, and who was at this time about to despatch a messenger to the north, I determined to make the attempt. This was just after the capture of Ticonderoga, which so inspirited us all that we felt that Albany itself lay almost within our grasp. We were now delayed at Skenesborough, at the head of Lake Champlain, awaiting the arrival of tents and provisions and clearing with slow and arduous toil the wretched roads leading, by way of Fort Anne, through marsh and forest, to Fort Edward, on Hudson's River, in which direction the enemy had retreated, felling trees all along the way to obstruct our pursuit. Because of the Indian knowledge of the country an Indian messenger was selected by General Burgoyne, and this redskin, a young Algonquin recommended by the Chevalier St. Luc, commandant of the savage allies, I succeeded in making understand, through an interpreter of his tribe, to whom he should deliver my packet in Montreal. As the General had orders which he wished me to transmit to Ticonderoga, I decided to accompany, with the interpreter, our messenger as far as that point and assure myself that he got safely under way.

It had been determined that we should set out at evening, and I found myself with some hours of waiting on my hands. During this interval occurred an unpleasant incident which not only gave fresh proof of Wilde's deep-rooted cynicism, but taught me a lesson in discretion. I chanced upon him in the camp, and we sat down together

on a log and chatted for a time on indifferent subjects. Presently a group of Indians came by, stopped, and began to finger a large flag which trailed from a tent pole. Wilde gave a jarring laugh.

"There," said he, "is real veneration for the emblem of our country. They are thinking what enchanting breech-cloths it would make."

"Surely they have some conception of its stirring meaning," I protested,—*"some respect for the power it represents."*

"The latter, mayhap; I would not venture much more. Indeed, I would not attribute too high conceptions or motives to the average soldier who wears the red. Abstract affection for that piece of bunting, or pay and rations,—which brings him here?"

The fallacy was evident, and I was moved to dissent strongly.

"Patriotism——" I began warmly.

"Spare me," interrupted Wilde with his inevitable shrug. "Don't prate of that. Honest old Johnson is right: patriotism is the last resort of a scoundrel."

"You are hopelessly out of joint with the higher motives, Wilde," I said frankly.

"So," he retorted quickly with an angry flush, "if you would be personal, so will I. What high motive brought you to America, Rob Heatherington? You know right well it was a girl's pretty face. Patriotism spells Dorothy Vaughn in your lexicon, deny it if you can."

I was too astonished to refute the charge had I been able. Before I could collect my wits he went on:

"I grant that your true motive is all-sufficient. Men have gone farther for less. I quite appreciate your anxiety to reach Cambridge. Don't call it patriotism, that's all."

"May I ask the source of your information as to my—*anxiety*?" I demanded angrily.

Wilde gave a maddening smile before he spoke. I could have crushed his face in.

"It is said to be difficult to carry water in a sieve," he remarked in an impersonal tone. "There are some people who find it quite as difficult to carry confidences."

I understood whom he meant clearly enough. I had confided in no one save General Burgoyne. Wilde got leisurely up to go.

"Your motives in coming here were doubtless lofty," I said by way of charitable parting.

He laughed easily.

"Perhaps I, too, admire some pretty colonial face," he replied, and turned upon his heel.

The retort stuck in my mind and rankled. Did he mean Dorothy?

VI.

THE HOUSE IN THE FOREST.

It was about dusk when I left the house of Major Skene, in which the General and his staff had found quarters, and joined the two Indians on the shore of Wood Creek, so-called, an arm of Lake Champlain, down which we purposed to pass by canoe to Ticonderoga. I seated myself in the stern, and we began to follow the windings of the stream, the savages paddling noiselessly. As the moon had risen we kept within the shadows of the eastern shore, and the canoe shot steadily ahead under the swift, powerful strokes of the Indians, whose painted faces looked sinister enough in the uncertain light. Do what I would to stifle them, there arose a hundred and one misgivings and forebodings, born of the tales of savage brutality and treachery of which I had heard all too many of late. Lurid pictures of scalp-takings, exquisite tortures, foul murders, death at the stake amid whirling, howling devils, all the acts of wanton cruelty known of or attributed to the Indian, played out their harrowing drama in the troubled theatre of my brain. My nerves became quiet in time, however, and the beauty of the night and scene absorbed my thoughts. I watched the flight of an eagle, now dipping towards the ripples of the lake all agleam with the moonbeams, now soaring to the height of the mountains which, full of mystery, loomed in dark masses beyond either shore. The horrid scream of a wild-cat once suddenly broke the silence. To the Indians it was but a familiar voice of the forest, and they sat unmoved, but a chill ran through me and my heart seemed to pound against the breast of my uniform.

We pressed on for perhaps an hour; then, as we rounded a heavily wooded point where the water was shallow and our bark grated for a second on the sandy bottom, a branch in the dense shrubbery which overhung the water's edge snapped suddenly like a pistol-shot. This time the Indians were alert, and ceasing to paddle they listened with hands resting on their muskets. The night grew still save for a faint rustling as of a bird or snake in the fallen leaves, which served to intensify rather than interrupt the quietude. Reassured, the Indians talked for a moment in low, guttural tones, and then resumed their paddles. At that instant three dark figures leaped from the bushes and threw themselves upon the canoe. Startled beyond measure, I seized my pistol and fired without aim and without effect. The savages with a cowardly yell plunged into the water and swam off in the darkness. It was now one against three, but there came to me a courage which I knew not I possessed, and, snatching up a tomahawk, which one of the Indians had dropped in his flight, I aimed a blow full in the face of my foremost assailant. He was more agile than I. The descending weapon

was parried with the butt of a musket, and it flew from my grasp with a hurtling sound and harmlessly splashed in the lake. All three were instantly upon me and I was powerless.

I was dragged to the shore, blindfolded, and my arms bound behind my back. Then I was hurried forward through the forest, my face lashed by the underbrush and my feet tripping over moss-grown, slippery fallen trees, and sinking into pitfalls which my captors could avoid, but which I was allowed to encounter without hinderance. My stumbling evidently delayed them, for presently they unbound my eyes.

"Now walk, you damned Britisher," commanded the man whom I had attempted to strike down and who seemed the leader.

"I am quite at your disposal, gentlemen," said I, and did as I was bid.

With my recovered sight I took the measure of my captors. The spokesman was of gigantic stature, and his weight could have been no less than twenty stone; his companions were lean, muscular men, and both in excess of six feet. Clearly in a trial of brute strength the least of them could worst me. Their brown tow shirts, rough coats, and boots were seemingly those of farmers or trappers rather than soldiers, although uniform was no criterion in the American ranks. But one of them carried a musket; the others were armed with long fowling-pieces, and wore slung over their shoulders shot-bags and powder-horns; one of these horns, I took note even then in the dim light, was curiously though rudely carved.

For some half dozen miles, I should judge, we hurried on until we paused in a forest clearing before a log cabin from which streamed a faint light. The door was unbarred by a woman in homespun garb, and my captors entered, pushing me before them. One of the men trimmed the wick of the flickering candle on the table, and its revived rays showed me the rough interior of a two-room cabin from whose smoke-stained rafters hung tobacco, hams, the bright pods of red peppers, and strings of dried apples. Little time was given me to look about, for as soon as they had searched me and taken my papers and what money I carried, I was thrust into the darkness of an adjoining shed and left, with my arms still pinioned, to my reflections.

As soon as my eyes accustomed themselves to the gloom I perceived that the candle-light from the room into which I had at first been taken shone through a crack in the door, and I found that by listening closely with my ear to the opening the conversation on the other side could be heard with tolerable distinctness. I presently discovered that they were, as I had surmised, farmers, a father and his sons, that they were not connected with the forces of the enemy in any regular way, and that my capture had been wholly unplanned and accidental. They

had been hunting in the vicinity of the lake, and espying at some distance our canoe creeping along the shore, they had run out to a point which we must pass in order to scrutinize us more closely. The capture of a British officer had suddenly occurred to them as a valuable service to render the Colonial cause, and they threw themselves upon us. "Fightin' on our own hook," they called it, and despite my danger I could not but admire their daring.

They now began to spell out my papers with much difficulty, and the feat was only achieved by the aid of the woman, who was less illiterate than the men and read with considerable fluency. Their contents caused disappointment, for, as the General's message to Montreal was in cipher and the one to Ticonderoga verbal, the intelligible documents consisted only of letters from my father, those intended for the Montreal clergyman and Judge Vaughn, and a little packet containing the few brief lines that Dorothy had ever written me. These last evoked a coarse laugh from the younger men and a grunt from the father. "Some one he loves," said the woman softly. Then came a discussion concerning what should be done with me. They recognized that I could not long be confined by them with safety, for my rank seemed such that a search would ensue. One of the younger men suggested that I be turned over to some person of authority—I could not catch the name—whom they expected at the cabin that night. This idea was promptly rejected by the father with the remark that no one should take from him the credit of my capture, and that he asked no outside help to put me securely within the American lines. It was therefore decided that I should be taken by a roundabout course to the enemy's forces now retreating towards Fort Edward, a part of whom, they seemed aware, with a fulness of knowledge as to its strength and movements which was astonishing, still lingered at Fort Anne. I chafed at the thought that this information in its completeness was not known to General Burgoyne, for he had that day sent Colonel Hill with our Ninth Regiment to seize that post.

"I wish to God Schuyler might string him up ez Howe did Nathan Hale," was the eldest man's benevolent hope for my future.

"No! no!" protested the woman, "not that! not that, poor boy. Don't wish him that. He wouldn't harm you."

"Wouldn't he?" returned the man grimly. "He would hev split my head with a tomahawk quick enough ef I'd a-let him. He's not ez mild ez he looks."

Their talk now drifted once more to the expected visitor. Much that was said was without meaning for me, but presently it came out that the unknown was an officer of militia from one of the settlements which lay to the east and south. I pricked my ears at this, and tried to piece the broken fragments of their conversation into something

coherent which should explain the coming of this man by night. The key of the puzzle was soon mine. He was to meet some one here by appointment; there were to be *two* visitors instead of one. What had at first seemed trivial began to take on an air of mystery, and I strained my ears for a further clue. None was forthcoming. The farmers themselves were ignorant of the meaning of this nocturnal interview: they only knew that in some way it was for the furtherance of the American cause. All speculation on my part was cut short by the arrival of one of the men in question: it was the officer of militia. He greeted the farmer, bowed gravely to the others, and glanced keenly around the cabin.

"The other—gentleman has not come yet?" he asked, consulting his watch.

It struck me that he uttered the word gentleman with something like derision. To the farmer's negative he observed that it was not quite the hour set, and seated himself in a dimly-lighted corner of the room. No one made much attempt at talk and, so still was it, I could occasionally hear the faint click of the woman's knitting-needles. Perhaps ten minutes had dragged by when there came a second knock at the door. The officer of militia immediately arose.

"I will admit him," he said, and, with a meaning gesture towards the other room of the cabin, waited for the family to withdraw. They passed out at once. I was as forgotten as the ancient dead.

Despite the fact that the night was warm, the new-comer was muffled in a long cloak which obscured his countenance. He laid this garment aside, as the officer greeted him without much show of cordiality, and sat down upon a stool with his back towards me. His dress was mean and of ill-fitting stuff, seemingly little suited to the owner of the well-shaped, rather delicate looking hand which rested upon the table near by. The militia officer glanced towards the door of the other room, and in a scarcely audible tone suggested that they move their stools a bit farther away from possible listeners. This they did, all unconscious that they had now approached within a few feet of another auditor far more dangerous to their peace. Once more in their seats, the officer proceeded briskly to the matter in hand.

"Well, sir," said he, "what information have you to impart touching the expedition of General Burgoyne?"

I could scarcely credit the evidence of my ears. The second man was then a spy,—nay, worse than that; no American need hedge himself about with such precautions within his own territory; this wretch, whom it had been so strangely granted me to unmask, was beyond doubt a traitor from the British ranks. He turned his face towards me as he framed his answer, and in sharp outline against the light of the candle I beheld the features of Raoul Wilde.

There was no time given for surprise or regret. It behooved me to ascertain what this man was about to betray to the enemy. There was enough, God knows. He was too cunning to submit papers in his own hand, but his clever brain was charged with statistics and memoranda of our strength, our weakness, our plans, our hopes, our fears, our knowledge, and our lack of it.

The American heard him through without comment, interrupting him only now and then to jot down a note or ask a repetition of some important statement. He made no reference whatever to the Colonial forces or to their plans. Wilde's recital at an end, an appointment for a second meeting was arranged, he replaced his cloak, and went out into the night. The officer of militia tarried only long enough to summon the farmer and bid him good-night.

VII.

SHOWING THE CHARITY OF CHANCE.

WITH the departure of Wilde and the officer the thoughts of the inmates of the cabin presently reverted to me, and they began to consider the ways and means of delivering me into the hands of the enemy. It was at last agreed that the father and one of the sons should take me to Fort Anne in the early morning when they should have rested. This settled, the farmer and his wife again withdrew to the other room, one of the sons lay down in a bunk over against the wall, and the other remained on guard. The fellow chosen for my sentry seemed not ill disposed towards me, for he came into the shed, threw down a bear-skin for my bed, and loosened a trifle the leathern thongs which were paining my arms severely. Then I was once more left in darkness, and a heavy bolt shot into place on the farther side of the door.

Again at my crack, I watched my keeper kick off his great boots and settle down beside the table; slowly, as though fatigued, he rubbed his tired joints, leaned heavily against the table, closed his eyes, drowsed for a space, lifted the heavy lids for an instant, and then fell quite asleep. While this was transpiring I worked at my thongs, and after much effort freed one hand, with which I quickly released its fellow. I was instantly on my feet examining my prison. The one door of the shed was that through which I had been thrust, and the only opening aside from the door was a square window too small to permit of my worming through had it not been securely spiked. The walls were of logs and as immovable, for aught I could avail, as Gibraltar. In despair I began to try the roof, which sloped down from the main wall of the cabin to a height easily reached from the floor; it was of bark laid over and firmly fastened to poles which still retained their rough natural covering. To my joy I hit upon a spot which gave under pressure.

I stole softly back to the crack and reconnoitred my guard. He slept as one drugged. By dint of lifting with one hand and slowly working to and fro with the other, I contrived to loosen a piece of the bark, which I laid noiselessly on the floor. Another followed, and another, and I effected a small aperture through which I could see the starlit sky. An anxious moment and I had cleared the hole to admit of my body. Then, unluckily, I was delayed. The loosened bark brought down a shower of dust, which blinded my eyes and irritated my throat. In spite of all I could do, I could not help choking, although I muffled the noise somewhat with my coat-sleeve. A sound as of one stirring in sleep came from the adjoining room, and my heart almost ceased to beat. Once more all became quiet. Little by little I raised myself by sticking my toes between the logs. Now my head cleared the roof, now my shoulders; now I cautiously drew myself up by my arms and sat at last upon the low roof, breathing heavily. It was a warm night, as I have said, the air of the shed had been stifling, and as I sat for a minute to regain my breath I noticed that I dripped with sweat. I paused but for an instant and prepared to drop to the ground. Then a noise from below startled me, my leg was gripped as by iron, and the shining muzzle of a rifle was poked up through the opening I had made with such care and thrust against my breast.

"Come down," commanded a raucous voice, accompanying the words with a sharp jerk, and ignominiously I suffered myself to be pulled down through the hole.

"'Cute, but not 'cute enough," commented the farmer, for it was he, as he shoved me with no gentle hand into the main room of the cabin and rebound my arms, this time with a security which knew no doubt.

"You're a damned pretty guard," he growled at the crestfallen youth who had given me my opportunity. "Ef it hedn't 'a' b'en for mother our bird would hev flown. Ther' ain't much ez she don't hear, 'sleep er 'wake."

For the remainder of the night he guarded me himself. I was not taken back into the shed, but assigned to a pile of skins in a corner of the room occupied by the men. Thoroughly exhausted, I dropped into a fitful, broken slumber, harassed by evil dreams.

It was barely dawn when I was roused by a vigorous poke in the side, and awoke to find all the family astir save my somnolent guard of the night, who lay snoring in one of the bunks. The other men were making their preparations for departure, while the woman, unkempt and slatternly, clattered among the pots and kettles on the hearth. The atmosphere of the cabin was foul from the many breaths united with various unclassified odors given forth by the cooking and the establishment generally. In a short time the breakfast, if such it can be called, was set upon the rough board table, and I was told to fall to;

but after the unappetizing sight of its preparation I had little stomach for the coarse bread and warmed-over stew of potatoes and meat which constituted the meal, and I ate sparingly. The others were troubled with no such squeamishness, and bolted the food in solemn silence.

For a moment before we set out I was left alone with the woman, and to my surprise she took this opportunity to hand me hastily the little packet containing Dorothy's letters.

"They ain't no use to us," she said with an embarrassed air, "but mebbe they are to you."

I thanked her heartily, to which she, hearing the step of her husband, responded only by laying a finger upon her lips with a look of warning.

My captors and I now sallied forth, taking, as near as I could judge by the sun, which was rising, a southwesterly course through the wilderness. My arms were still tied, but loosely, and in such fashion that I could move them freely and protect myself when I fell, which happened often, for it had rained late in the night and the roots and leaves under foot were wet and slippery.

Our way followed no defined path, for paths there were none save those of animals, but with confident, unhesitating strides my conductors pushed on through great pillared halls of pine, thick-carpeted with the sweet-smelling needles; through dense underbrush, brilliant with blue and scarlet berries and rank vegetation of a thousand hues; and through marshes and morass whose treacherous ooze and slime glittered in countless shades of green. At times they would follow the rocky bed of some brawling forest stream down through shadowy ravines, full of little cascades and dark pools stained with rotten leaves and overhung by wild tangles of vines. Never had I been so face to face with nature.

The bronze-skinned men who hurried me on were morose and silent, but I could see that their woodsmen's senses were keenly alert. Only the bubbling laugh and chuckle of the brooks, the whistle of a cat-bird, or the chatter of a squirrel broke the cathedral stillness of the forest. In such manner we pressed on for some hours, although after a time my fatigue forced them to slacken their pace. In truth, between the hardships of the night and the rapid march of the day, my strength was well-nigh spent. My weakness was observed with expressions of derision and contempt by the iron-muscled athletes who dragged me along. With the waning of my strength my spirits also flagged, and I abandoned the vague, indefinite hope of escape or rescue which had all along sustained me.

It was high noon when a far-away rattle of musketry brought us to an abrupt halt. The firing was now in volleys, now irregular, but for the most part steady and continuous. My captors stepped a few paces

away from me and conversed in low tones. They paused but an instant, and then, coming back, each seized one of my arms and we hurried forward in the direction of the firing. I was buoyed up with sudden hope. From words these men had let fall I knew that we were in the vicinity of Fort Anne, and this bit of intelligence, coupled with my knowledge of the movements of our Ninth Regiment, made it clear that the sounds must proceed from an engagement between a body of our troops and the enemy. The surface of the ground was now much broken by hills, and as we traversed their summits the shots and shouts of the conflict would ring clear through the tree-tops and then die away as we descended into the hollows. Then came a time when it all ceased as suddenly as it had begun.

We now diverged slightly to the left, and after a long scramble through rocks and underbrush, that left me almost breathless, we halted on the bank of what I afterwards knew to be Wood Creek, and stood within sight of Fort Anne. Ever since they had noticed my weakness my captors' vigilance had relaxed, and now, in their eagerness to ascertain what had occurred, they paid but slight attention to me. Of a truth, there was small likelihood of my eluding them with my hands tied and the unpleasant sight of them ever fingering their pieces as they screened the lock and pan from the rain which was beginning to fall. The smell of burned powder was strong, and the smoke, beaten down by the rain, hung low in the trees. I too looked out through the branches and saw that the fight was at an end. Up the stream was Fort Anne, with flames bursting from block-house and palisades alike, while beyond the rear of the retreating Americans was just vanishing in the forest. In the opposite direction gleamed a blessed vision of red-coats, some of whom were caring for the wounded in a narrow defile between the creek and a rocky ledge, where I judged that the attack had been made, while another detachment, thank God, was coming my way. All this I saw with a glance of the eye.

I drew back and looked hurriedly at my captors. Their astonished gaze was still fixed upon the burning fort and the retreating forces of the Americans. I realized that, after all, they were not soldiers, but rustics, whom the sight of the unexpected had momentarily thrown off their guard, and I took a desperate chance. They were upon the very edge of the bank, which in this spot had a sheer descent of several feet; the son half knelt, peering through the bushes, and the older man stood over him, craning forward. Gathering all my strength, I made a running plunge and thrust my tied hands full in the back of the hindmost man, and the two of them pitched, scrambling and cursing, into the stream. Instantly I took to my heels, and began dodging among the trees to disconcert the aiming of the bullets which I expected would come whistling after me. There was only the snap of flint on water-

soaked priming which would not ignite, and then I heard them come crashing through the underbrush in pursuit. I ran and ran, it seemed for hours, though mere minutes measured the time, and stumbled at last, breathless and exhausted, almost into the arms of Colonel Hill. Upon seeing the soldiers my pursuers stopped, disappeared in the forest, and I saw them no more.

With General Burgoyne, who, alarmed for the safety of the Ninth Regiment, had himself hurried forward with reinforcements, I returned towards evening to Skenesborough, having been absent but a night and a day, but grown older by many years.

VIII.

A POINT OF HONOR.

It was no blithesome matter for thought which now confronted me. Duty demanded that I instantly make known to General Burgoyne my knowledge of Wilde's treasonable conduct. The information touching our army imparted by Wilde to the officer of militia might already have set in motion schemes of the enemy which would make for our undoing. The fate of our expedition might hang upon my promptitude or my procrastination. And yet I juggled with questions of honor and welcomed the trivial military assignment which took me out of the General's sight for a brief space after our return from Fort Anne. I wanted time—time; and for what? Time to wander in the maze of mixed motives which underlies every question of duty and honorable dealing; time to return again and again to the relentless, immovable fact that silence was not now a thing of my volition. Speech was required of me, and never did it seem more reluctant to fall trippingly from the tongue. It seemed a most malicious whim of fate that pitched upon me as the chosen instrument of Wilde's downfall. I had no liking for him, certainly, yet no one could have wished for his ruin less; even the seeds of suspicion of a possible rivalry for Dorothy's favor implanted by him bore no such tares and nettles. Indeed, because of this self-same suspicion it was the harder to be made the very weapon of Nemesis. These unwelcome thoughts hammered in my brain as I performed the duty required of me and loitered irresolute in the dark places of the Skenesborough encampment. Dodge my responsibility I could not, as I recognized from the outset, and the moment had to come when I must reënter the stone dwelling of Major Skene and put my unlucky eaves-droppings before General Burgoyne.

As I stepped within the hall the clink of glasses, immoderate, vinous laughter, and the words of a ribald song echoed from the direction of the General's room, and one of Skene's negro slaves hurried by with a huge bowl of punch. As I usually had ready access to the

General's quarters, I went directly to his door. A servant saluted me respectfully, but barred the way.

"The General is not to be disturbed, Captain Heatherington," he said; "he is entertaining friends."

"But I am a member of his staff," I protested, somewhat puzzled.

The man spread his hands deprecatingly.

"My orders, sir," he replied.

I walked slowly down the corridor. It was not an unusual thing for my chief to make merry by night, even when the day just past or the one about to dawn was fraught with anxiety and care. There is no wooing a Sybarite from his gods, and the luxurious habits of London imperiously demanded indulgence in the camp. I could not understand, however, why he was denied to me. I went to my own apartment, which was in another section of the house, and encountered there a fellow officer, my room-mate for the nonce and, like myself, one of the General's military family. As I pushed open the door a burst of laughter and hand-clapping sounded from below, and the officer glanced up from the letter he was striving to write with a scratching, sputtering quill.

"Wine, woman, and song," he said with a grin. "Who can resist them?"

"Is there a petticoat below?" I asked in some surprise.

"Surely; and a pretty woman in it. Where have you been not to have observed our new staff officer?" he asked facetiously.

"I have been away for a day and a night," I answered, "but I'm not over-observant at any time. What do you mean?"

"Oh, I'm no scandal-monger," he returned. "Still," he added, "it's camp talk and easy to verify. The General's taken up with the piece of baggage with whom that man Wilde used to run about; that's all."

"The commissary's wife?"

"That's the trollop," he replied briefly, and returned to his writing.

I walked back down stairs.

"Tell General Burgoyne that I am reluctant to intrude upon him," I said to the man at the door, "but that I am come on an urgent matter."

The fellow demurred, but I insisted warmly. He yielded and stepped within. The commissary woman's coarse laughter sounded shrill through the opening. In a moment he reappeared.

"It's all right," he assured me, and stood aside for me to pass.

The room was brightly lighted with candles, and about the table, which was surmounted by many choice dishes not to be found among the common rations and a brave array of wine bottles rallied about the punch-bowl, sat one or two regimental officers, Major Skene, Raoul Wilde, General Burgoyne, and the wife of the commissary. All were

flushed with drink, and the General, with one arm thrown carelessly about the woman's waist, held unsteadily aloft a glass of champagne.

"Come in; come in, Heatherington," he called jovially. "Did that beggar at the door stop you? Sit down; sit down. Fill your glass."

"I beg your pardon for my intrusion," I said. "I come to speak with you concerning a matter of importance. Can you not give me your ear for a moment?"

"Let it rest; let it rest," he returned carelessly. "I did not call you in to talk of affairs. I want you to drink a toast: a toast to the handsomest woman that ever twinkled her skirts in a camp." And he ogled his companion, who leered in return.

"Fill up; fill up," charged the General, getting unsteadily to his feet. "Quick, Heatherington, you Puritan, fill your glass."

I obeyed in no cheerful compliance.

"To you, madame," said the son of Mars with a profound sweep, and we drained our glasses to this woman of checkered past and uncertain future.

"A song, Queen of the Revel, a song," insisted her maudlin admirer.

"A song! a song!" shouted the others hilariously, and hammered the table with their glasses.

The woman affected reluctance, and tapped the General roguishly with her fan. He caught her fingers and kissed them.

"You must," he declared; "you shall, even if I have to sing with you."

She clapped her hands.

"The very thing," she cried shrilly. "I sing one verse, you the next, and the last we sing together with the whole company."

"You hear, gentlemen?" he demanded thickly, with drunken seriousness: "the lady first, as is fitting; myself next, being the ranking officer; lastly, the whole company."

The poor creature broke into a loose drinking-song, and my heart grew sick as I watched her. Naught so proclaims a bad woman as her voice, either in speech or song, but most, I think, in song. The interpreter of the soul of the pure in life, song is no less a confession of the inmost nature of the vicious, and as this woman of the camp sang she told her whole pitiful story of abandoned sensuality.

Of the General's contribution to the performance the less said the better. When he had done he sprang to his full height.

"To your feet, men, to your feet!" he shouted, and the final verse was howled with a gusto which made the window-panes rattle. I scrambled to my feet with the rest, but join in the rouse I could not. No one observed me, however, save Wilde, who threw me a glance of

malicious amusement. As we sat down again he whispered something over the table to General Burgoyne, who immediately turned to me.

"Now, Captain," he said, "a song from you. Wilde here assures me that you sing like a nightingale. Come, sir, no lagging."

Then followed, to my disgust, a prodigious burst of applause, led by Wilde, and my nearest neighbor dragged me to my feet. They could easily read my distress, but it did not deter them: they were determined to make sport with me. For once my none too ready wit came to my relief.

"I am but too sensible," I began with a show of good-humor, "that Captain Wilde's praise is tipped with irony, and no one knows better than he that my singing is liker the cawing of a rook. I ask you, therefore, to drink yet another toast."

"Why, yes, a thousand if you like," readily assented General Burgoyne, and pinched his companion's cheek.

"Fie, sir," cried the siren playfully, "you toper."

I took up my wine.

"To the loyalists of America," I said with a bow towards our host, Major Skene. "May their allegiance to the King be ever steadfast, may *treason* never sully ours."

I watched Wilde closely. He merely touched lip to rim.

Under cover of a boisterous dispute as to the color of the woman's eyes which presently sprung up between Skene and another, I again asked the General if I could not speak with him aside; and again he good-humoredly protested that he was not in the mood for affairs. Wilde now began to relate a story amid shouts of laughter from his auditors, and General Burgoyne turned away to listen. I thought upon the scene of the foregoing night and marvelled at the story-teller's nonchalant composure. Seemingly a load of treason never rested upon more indifferent shoulders. I rose to withdraw as he finished, and asked the General if I could see him at an early hour on the morrow.

"Egad!" he exclaimed, "this business of yours bobs up at our little feast like Banquo's ghost. But as you will; at any hour you please."

I retraced my steps to my chamber and lay down upon my bed with a sore spirit, and the thoughts that I thought would have been deemed insubordinate to a degree had they been fitted to spoken words in the hearing of the commanding general of our army. The outcome was a kind of sneaking compassion for the debonair wrongdoer below stairs, who, although he could jest at the mouth of the pit, would yet drink no hypocrisy, and the query which demanded its answer all through that sleepless night was whether I might not somehow serve Wilde and my country too. Rightly or wrongly, I decided that I could. Spartan I am none, and the course which I was now determined to pursue may seem to many most culpable; it was at least human. I must apprise

General Burgoyne of the perfidy of his trusted associate, but I would first warn Wilde of my unlucky knowledge and of the use I felt bound to make of it. He should have his opportunity to excuse, if he could, the inexcusable, and, failing that, a chance for his wretched life.

IX.

AS MAN TO MAN.

I AROSE betimes, but waited for the camp to get astir before I should seek out Raoul Wilde. Imperative as it was that I find him shortly, I had no mind to be seen with him at an unusual hour. When the exposure once came, I well knew that the tongue of gossip would busy itself with Wilde's every act, and I was keenly desirous that the coming meeting be in nowise marked. After some thought it seemed best that I should not go to his regimental quarters in search of him, but trust to encountering him somewhere about the encampment, as if by chance. Fully two hours after sunrise I espied him at some distance through the trees, and with no show of haste made my way towards him. He seemed in excellent humor and greeted me with cordiality. He said that he had only learned of my recent misadventure after I had left the General's room the night before, and asked my present destination. I replied with an invitation to a stroll down the ravine towards the lake, which he accepted. I chose a little-frequented by-path, well apart from the tents, and at his request, as we walked by the water's edge, I recounted in briefest outline the circumstances of my seizure and escape. I purposely made no reference to the forest cabin, nor did I reveal the personal interest I had felt in the Montreal despatches.

"I could have told you that that loyalist scheme was hare-brained had you asked me," he commented, regardless of the fact that I had not mentioned it at all. "Burgoyne was no fit adviser."

"I perceive," said I rather crustily, "that the 'sieve' still leaks."

"It is merely the old leak," he laughed. "I knew of your rainbow-chasing project before you set out, and could have assured you of its futility. I know the country and appreciate the difficulties of such an undertaking. Not being asked, however, why should I volunteer information?"

"To be sure," I returned tartly, "why should you? Your knowledge of America seems very thorough," I could not help adding.

"I know something of it. I saw service here before the rebellion broke out, you know."

"I did not know," I answered.

"No? What strangers we really are. Yes; I've been about the Colonies some. I've seen New York and Boston and that Quaker town with the long name—Philadelphia."

"Boston?"

"Surely; and Cambridge too. I was made royally welcome at the Vaughn home."

He plainly enjoyed my surprise.

"You never mentioned it," I said weakly.

"No."

"Nor the Vaughns in their letters."

"We may have had our reasons," he insinuated, stressing the "we" in an irritating way.

I fear that I poorly cloaked the disquietude I felt. Wilde's open admiration of Dorothy in England, his previous innuendo that perhaps he, too, was interested in some colonial girl, the mysterious unmentioned visit to the Vaughns, his continued and, as it seemed to me then, groundless animosity towards myself, all pointed to the conclusion that we two loved one woman. I found myself wondering if he could have come between me and Dorothy, but straightway brushed aside the thought as unworthy of either of us. It was no time, moreover, for brooding upon my personal grievances, and I nerved myself for the plunge.

Despite his Gallic blood, Wilde was as averse to scenes as any Englishman: it was his way to thrust and have done; accordingly he changed the subject to our military operations, of which we had often talked.

"Do you approve of our choice of route to Hudson's River," he asked,—“this unlovely mixture of Skenesborough and swamps?"

The question came pat to my purpose.

"I consider Skenesborough and its neighborhood vitally dangerous to the success of the British arms," I replied promptly.

"So bad as that?" he rejoined carelessly. "That seems a bit strong."

"A fact," I added, "which no man in our expedition knows better than yourself."

He looked at me oddly and with a shadow of suspicion.

"What a superior creature I am," he remarked jocosely. "But it would seem that you share my omniscience."

"I am face to face," I went on, "with the most trying duty of my life. I have matters of the utmost gravity to lay before you, and I must use plain speech. I ask that you be frank with me in return; that we speak as man to man."

My voice shook with stress of feeling. Wilde stared at me in astonishment.

"Are you quite well, Heatherington?" he asked.

"Quite," I responded. "Listen:" said I. "Two nights since two men met in a forest cabin not many miles from our lines. One was an American, an officer of militia, the other an English officer in disguise;

the latter there and then betrayed his country. Are you aware of his identity?"

For a breathless interval there was no sound save the distant noises of the camp and the chatter of the squirrels in the branches overhead. Wilde's face whitened beneath the tan, then flushed an angry red; his eyes never left mine.

"Are you?" I repeated.

The sound of my voice roused him from his momentary lethargy.

"This is an odd jest," he said, wrenching a pitiful smile to his lips.

"It is no jest," I answered. "Would God it were. I saw you in that cabin; I heard you."

The poor mask of a smile dropped.

"What do you mean?" he demanded slowly, each word loitering in his teeth.

"I mean that I was imprisoned there against my will. Have you any reason consistent with loyalty why you should have been there willingly? It was to ask you this that I sought you out."

Drowning, he clutched at straws.

"I perceive that you are self-deceived," he said, speaking rapidly and striving to master himself. "Yet I do not wonder that the sight of me in such surroundings should arouse your worst suspicions. But had you not the wit to reflect that I might be there in the secret service of our cause? Do British officers hesitate to hazard the dangers of a spy's mission when it is required of them? I thank you, though, for coming first to me with this business, and not annoying the General."

"You may thank the General. His disinclination to hear me last night was your gain. Otherwise he would now know——"

"That his secret plans are likely to be spread abroad through your indiscretion," he sneered, gaining confidence as he went on. "Be advised by me, an older man. In a policy of silence lies wisdom. You have stumbled upon matters in which you have no concern."

"I don't think you quite understood me, Wilde," I replied quietly. "I said that I *heard* you that night. I lay bound in that cabin within three feet of where you sat."

He admitted the checkmate with a shrug, but remained very still, with features almost expressionless. Then his eyes narrowed unpleasantly.

"What do you propose to get out of this?" he demanded harshly.

"Do you then think so meanly of me?" said I. "It was my thought to aid you, not profit by your plight. I warn you that this wretched piece of information must soon belong to General Burgoyne; it should by rights now, but I found that I hadn't it in me to stab you in the back. I therefore tell you plainly what course I must pursue, and in so

doing I too, doubtless, play the traitor. That, however, is my affair. As for you—well, I give you the chance to cut and run.”

He said nothing for a moment, but stood staring into the foliage. A chipmunk flashed from a dwarfed oak to a sumac. He followed it with his eyes until it disappeared. Then he turned again to me.

“I ask your pardon, Heatherington. You’re not the sort I thought. And my chance?”

“I must see the General in one hour.”

“An hour.”

“Good-by,” I said with a lump in the throat.

“Good-by,” he replied absently, and walked off through the trees.

Sixty minutes coursed by. I spent them in the wood where Wilde had left me, and although it does me little credit, I confess that I fervently hoped that each one removed him farther from pursuit. The hour expired, I walked slowly to the General’s room. This time there was no delay at the threshold, and I passed through to a scene widely different to that of the night. At the table, which was now littered with papers, sat General Burgoyne, his head bent over a rough map of the Champlain country. I thought that his face wore a worried look, but his greeting lacked nothing of its usual courtesy. I waited in silence until he put an end to his scrutiny of the map. Finally he rolled it up and turned in his chair.

“I tell you, Heatherington,” he said wearily, “there’s a deal of difference between planning a campaign in London and carrying it out in America. I would that some of our coffee-house acquaintance who fight our battles for us over their wine could have a try at these damned morasses and creeks.”

I struck without further dalliance into the midst of my errand. I had given him while at Fort Anne a hurried report of my mishap without much heed to detail. I now went over the story of my captivity and repeated the gist of the conversation between the emissary of the rebels and the traitor from our ranks. He interrupted me with a demand for the man’s name.

“I would that I could say to you that I do not know,” I said. “It must needs pain you to hear as much as it does me to tell.”

He smote the table with his clenched hand.

“A traitor is a traitor. Out with it! His name?”

When I had told him his face flushed painfully, and I forebore to look at him. After a long moment’s silence he asked in an odd voice:

“Are you quite sure?”

“I would take my oath,” I replied.

There was another pause. Then he knocked sharply on the table, and an orderly who waited in the hall without entered and saluted. In crisp tones the General gave the order for Wilde’s immediate arrest.

"Let the prisoner be brought here," he added.

The door closed and we were again alone. The General stared abstractedly at his papers.

"Why did you not bring this to my notice before?" he asked presently.

"I did make an effort, but you——"

He stopped me with a gesture.

"I remember," he said. "The fault is mine."

I made a movement as if to go.

"Be good enough to wait here, Heatherington," he requested.

I bowed and sat down. A half hour dragged by; then another.

"Strange," he ejaculated, jerking out his watch.

The orderly reappeared, saluted, and stood at attention.

"Well, sir, well?" rapped out the General.

When the soldier had reported that Captain Wilde could not be found, I would have sworn that the same feeling of relief which stole over me was reflected in the face of General Burgoyne.

X.

ALBANY.

THE weeks following Wilde's disappearance were full of strenuous action and stirring life. Misfortunes swarmed like vultures scenting the death of our hopes, and from Skenesborough on each forward step, like the struggles of a man in the quicksands, brought perdition but the nearer. The dreadful fate of beautiful Miss McCrea—whose lover, a loyalist officer in our army I knew, poor man—cast its gloom upon our spirits and made the presence of our Indian auxiliaries the harder to stomach. The sight of the bloody scalp of Jenny McCrea put to flight any sentimental notion of the inborn nobility of the savage which I may have fostered in England, and my only regret when the entire treacherous band deserted us was that General Burgoyne did not first hang, as was his impulse, the fiendish Wyandot, Panther, at whose hands this amiable girl had met her death.

Fort Edward and Hudson's River attained after a slow progress through the choked streams and wretched roads, the fallen trees, the slimy swamps, and the thousand and one obstacles which the ingenuity of General Schuyler threw in our way, it was a bitterness to find that the people of this smiling valley country, on whose loyalty we were unwise enough to count, fled for the most part before our coming or lingered to harass and delay our march. From the north and east, too, there now endangered our flank an incensed, hornet-like swarm of the yeomen of New England, untrained but undaunted, and hot to avenge the murder of Miss McCrea; Bennington and the slaughter of our Ger-

mans taught us their sting. Treading close upon the heels of the disaster at Bennington came the tidings of the rout of St. Leger at Oriskany, and so snuffed out all thought of reinforcement from Fort Stanwix. Wanting news of Howe, wanting supplies, wanting hope even, our army lay for a fortnight and more among the hills about Fort Edward, while below us, from Stillwater to the Mohawk, stretched the waxing strength of the enemy. I have no heart to dwell longer on the story. Bemis Heights, Freeman's Farm, Saratoga—these were the succeeding links of the chain which fettered us at last.

The humiliation of the 17th of October at an end, we put the memorable heights of Saratoga forever behind us, and a two days' journey brought in sight that Albany wherein the General had once laughingly predicted that we should as victors eat our Christmas dinner. There fell to us here a kindness such as seldom softens the rigors of war. Some days before our surrender it had been found necessary to destroy the country-house of the American General, Philip Schuyler; the mansion, its out-houses, the mills, were put to the torch, the very grain in the fields was seized, and ashes and devastation swiftly blotted out the labor of years. A man possessed of the ordinary passions could not but have borne some resentment towards the author of such a deed, be it justified by rules of war or no. Not so with the gentleman whose cherished estate we had thus laid waste. He was one of the first whom we met in the camp of the victorious Colonials, and General Burgoyne's embarrassed apologies were courteously cut short with the charge to think no more of the matter. Nor was this all: he pressed upon the General the services of his aide-de-camp that he might find suitable quarters in Albany. Being come there, and led to a spacious house of brick, all set about with trees and gardens, what was our astonishment to be greeted by no innkeeper, but by Mrs. Schuyler herself. Such magnanimity, I am sensible, is rare, and as a mere tithe against the debt of gratitude which we owe him do I gladly herald the nobility of Philip Schuyler to such as these pages shall come.

I slept that night a grateful sleep, albeit 'twas upon a mattress spread on the floor of General Burgoyne's apartment. Some score of us in all cumbered the dwelling of this generous family, and it was my fortune, in common with several others, to share in this manner the floor of the drawing-room. As I slumbered I dreamed of England, of victory, and of Dorothy. I awoke, roused by a sound of childish laughter, to the dawn of another day and an added sense of our unhappy lot. The little son of General Schuyler stood peeping through the doorway in frank, innocent amusement at the sight of us English collected there.

"You are all my prisoners," he called playfully, and clapped to the door.

It was a trivial happening, but it augmented our depression percep-

tibly, and I think no occurrence of the whole sad series of our misfortunes was more galling to the taste than the little drop of bitterness let fall by this laughing boy.

Towards evening of this same day—which I had spent in toil upon certain matters of detail needed by the General in the preparation of his despatches to the Government—I thought to see something of the old Dutch town of Albany, and sauntered up towards it just as the sinking sun was burnishing the blue surface of the river with brazen gleams and teaching the gorgeous October foliage a yet brighter glow. Once within the actual limits of the town, I had scarcely begun to tread the devious windings of its umbrageous streets when I was startled by the sound of my own name called softly from a half-closed casement. I wheeled abruptly. The voice had come from an old dwelling which thrust its terraced gable to the street and overshot the very sidewalk with the gutters of its eaves. As I hesitated the cautious summons was repeated.

"Heatherington, a moment with you. It is I."

"Who is 'I'?" I inquired, feeling for my sword-hilt: our side-arms had been left to us, and I had that much protection against possible foul play. The man in the shadows must have seen the movement. He laughed a low, mirthless laugh which sounded a familiar note.

"Don't quake; it is I, Raoul Wilde."

"You!" I exclaimed, not over-pleased at the encounter.

"Will you not come in? I have something to say to you. There is a gate to the left there in the fence. I will meet you at the door."

I paused irresolute, then lifted the catch of the wicket and walked the length of a little gravelled path bordered by box and a few belated marigolds. Wilde was at the door, and I passed into a low Dutch kitchen with heavy beams overhead and blue tiling around the hearth. Wilde shut the door and advanced with outstretched hand. I mechanically extended my own and then, almost without conscious volition, withdrew it. I could see, even in the obscure candle-light, that a faint flush stained his face. His hand dropped listlessly to his side.

"Very well, if you had rather not," he said with his old shrug, and drew me a chair to the fire.

"At least, not in this uniform," I answered, smitten with an unreasoning pity for the man. A great change had come over him since that morning in the ravine. He seemed to have said farewell to youth. There were new lines about his mouth,—hard ones.

"You're such a Methodist in your ways," he complained, poking the embers into a flame. "Was it his Majesty's soldier or just yourself who gave me my chance up at Skenesborough?"

"I cannot see that it matters now."

"I dare say you are right," he rejoined moodily. "Still, I'd prefer to talk to the human being rather than to one of the royal chessmen."

"It was the human being who came in, Wilde," I said gently.

He made no immediate response, and I glanced around the room. He observed and misinterpreted the action.

"We shall not be seen," he reassured bitterly. "The landlady is in bed and I'm the one lodger."

"Isn't it rather lonely?" I asked, in default of something better to say.

He laughed harshly.

"Oh, I'm rare company for myself these days. But enough of that. I called you in to thank you for what you did for me. I knew that you were here with the—with the rest of them, and I meant to get speech with you. I was a bit churlish when I cut the camp that day, I admit, but, believe me, I'm obliged to you. It was the act of—of a friend."

My face burned; there is a gratitude that stings. He hesitated a moment, then asked abruptly,—

"What do they say of me at the mess?"

"Surely you don't care to hear——"

"That they charitably wish me hanged? No; I don't think that I do. Let it be then. And the General?"

"Since the day I told him he has never mentioned your name."

Wilde was silent for an interval, but his mouth twitched nervously. He arose, leaned for a moment against the chimney-piece, peering gloomily down into the fire, and then began restlessly to pace the floor. Suddenly he stalked to my chair and stood over me, his face convulsed with rage. In the flickering light his distorted features looked almost grotesque.

"He never mentions my name!" he broke out with a volley of oaths: "he drops me like a sucked orange! he chooses to forget me utterly! I, who was his faithful friend,—who would stick at nothing he might ask, for whom no dirty job was too low; I, who made myself his court jester, his creature, his lickspittle, his pander——"

I sprang up, placing my hand over his mouth, unwilling to listen longer to his self-abasement.

"Be silent!" I implored; "this is naught for my ears."

He flung himself impatiently away.

"And for what," he cried, "for what? To see myself jumped at promotions by some mere boy, to be dropped like some foul thing when I revolt."

I knew better than to gainsay the whirlwind, but I tried what feeble conventional words would do to divert its course. His mood veered like an April wind, and to storm succeeded dejection. He collapsed into a

chair and drained deeply at a tankard of ale which stood at his elbow. Presently I made an awkward attempt to lighten his gloom.

"Put your past where it belongs—behind you," I counselled. "If you cannot return, why look back? The future is yours, and who shall say what you may not attain among the Colonials, for whom now, God knows, no victory is impossible. I suppose that they—that is"—I stumbled—"they have rewarded your conversion?"

He made no answer.

"Haven't they?" I asked curiously.

"Should I be cooling my heels here if they had?" he demanded surly. "But they will," he added fiercely, detecting commiseration in my look; "I swear they will."

"Of course," I responded soothingly, and rose to go. Wilde roused himself with a forced return of his old insouciance.

"A man is a dolt to mope," he said with a hollow laugh. "How goes the old catch:

'Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the holly!

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly!'"

"Good-night and good-by," I said, with my hand upon the latch.

"The captured troops are to sail for England from Boston, I'm told," he remarked musingly, disregarding my farewell.

"Yes, by a kindly whim of fate," I answered. "It was a fortunate pen-stroke for me that wrote 'Boston' in the Convention of Saratoga."

"Ah, yes, I see. The Vaughns, of course."

His tone and the black look which accompanied it goaded me to a puerile indiscretion.

"The Vaughns," I assented. "I don't mind telling you," I added, as I stepped over the door-sill, "that I go to claim my promised bride."

I instantly regretted the speech. Why, pray, should I add to the melancholy of an embittered man?

"Indeed," he said slowly. "Are you quite sure of the lady's mind?"

"Quite," I responded.

"Don't be," he advised, and closed the door.

XI.

TORY ROW.

I COUNTED it indeed a happy whim of fate that by the terms of the Convention of Saratoga our army was to be permitted to embark for home from Boston. It was the one thing which for me made tolerable our surrender. Embark for home. The words seem a mockery now; but then no one foresaw that that army would never embark; no one foresaw the faithlessness of the American Congress and its repudiation

of solemn promises; no one foresaw the army's long captivity, moved from place to place, its officers slowly exchanged and its ranks decimated by paid desertion, the whole dwindling gradually away, to be absorbed by the victors at last, and to find new homes and new relationships in the land it had come to conquer. This the future mercifully cloaked, and although finally to reach the goal of my wanderings as one of a defeated army was far from the picture I had painted of a triumphal march, with Dorothy crowning the end, still I welcomed most heartily our enforced excursion to the New England metropolis, and extracted from our lot a degree of cheerfulness which the other officers were far from sharing.

It was, in truth, hard to be cheerful with the consciousness that our splendid army had been simply thrown away. Not that we blamed the General much; it seemed to us that he had done what he could with his hands tied. The blame belonged, rather, across the water, with the men who, snug within four walls, thought with map in hand to plan our campaign, saying "Here thou shalt do this," and "There thou shalt do that," and in their ignorance consigned us to humiliation and defeat; there was the bitterness.

The march through New England, from Albany to the sea, is graven in my memory with a vividness which time cannot dull. Through mud and rain and snow, wagons breaking down, men cursing, women shrieking, children squalling,—a bedlam of confusion,—the army dragged its way along in charge of two or three American officers and a handful of soldiers. One pathetic incident which came under my notice gave an added touch of misery to it all. Amid a blinding snow-storm, and unprotected in the baggage-cart where she lay save by a bit of old oil-cloth, a soldier's wife gave birth to a child. She should have called its name Tristram. All along the march the Yankees, a most inquisitive people, flocked about us, brimming with questions and trying to catch glimpses of the more noteworthy among us. It was no ordinary spectacle to see celebrated generals, Englishmen of noble birth, and members of Parliament led about the country like animals in a travelling show, and these people were not inclined to let the opportunity slip by unimproved. Yet after all, poor as they were and our enemies, their hearts beat as they should and their humanity and kindness seldom failed.

Among the spoils of war at Ticonderoga were many reams of the Continental paper dollars, which most of the English had treated with contempt. Acting under the advice of a veteran, I had secured a quantity of them, which now in New England, where loyalty to this tawdry currency was an inculcated virtue, stood me in good stead. While others parted reluctantly with their good guineas, I cheerfully paid out the paper which had cost me nothing. This saving of my gold proved of

service, for later I had urgent need of it, while my present abundance often procured me better accommodations than I should otherwise have secured at the country taverns, which in general were indifferent at their best. There is, however, one of these wayside hostelries, not far from our journey's end, which I recall with pleasure, for its warmth and good cheer, following a weary, rain-soaked day, brought out a genial good-fellowship in us all. The English and American officers alike joked and fraternized over their punch in the great room of the inn as though comrades serving under one flag; the yeomen of the neighborhood, whose custom I observed was to gather at the taverns for news, much as we in England would frequent the coffee-houses, lounged about the bar in the corner or before the great cavern of a fireplace, sipping their toddy and cider, and plying the Englishmen with questions; occasionally a traveller would enter, throw down his coat and saddlebags, and stand stamping and shaking before the blazing logs; here, there, everywhere darted the rotund landlord, the spare-formed housewife, and their apple-cheeked daughter, solicitous of the comfort of the guests, who stowed themselves about on stools, forms, settles, chests, in every available place, even upon the sanded floor.

In a chamber above-stairs General Burgoyne and some of his staff amused themselves over cards and champagne, for his supply of the latter had endured even into captivity, to the lightening, I doubt not, of his misfortunes. Still, I little begrudged him his luxuries or an evening in which he could forget care. The strain he had undergone was beginning to tell upon him, and his ill-health had of late been patent to those who saw him most. Now and then, as the laughter and jingle of glasses echoed down the stair, the rustics about the bar glanced at one another with knowing looks.

"He keeps up well," I overheard one say.

"Lord, yes," replied another; "they say that at the surrender he bore himself like a conquerin' king, all tricked out ez he wuz in feathers an' gold lace. You'd thought Gates wuz the dog ez wuz licked."

At this juncture one of our younger officers thought to crack his wit upon the innkeeper's pretty daughter. Many of us that night tasted for the first time an American dish called pumpkin-pie, which is a kind of tart prepared from the pumpkin (pronounced by them punkin), a vegetable of deep yellow hue which I have seen growing in the maize fields, where it is commonly planted, to the bigness of three feet diameter.

"Tell me, sweet," drawled the fellow with an insufferable air of patronage, "is it this pie, as you call it, which causes the beautiful skin of you Yankee women?"

She shot him a glance of amused tolerance, and answered him with a clever imitation of his drawing-room languor,—

"I cannot say as to that, sir, but it breeds men of the stamp who whipped you at Bennington and Saratoga."

A shout of laughter from both English and Americans greeted the laconic retort, and the discomfited Macaroni for once, at least, blushed.

Late in the evening I chanced to hear the word Cambridge fall from the lips of one of the Americans leaning against the bar, and I moved over within easy earshot. By this stage of our march I had learned that the fates, still propitious, had assigned us to Cambridge itself pending embarkation, although Boston, probably, would have better pleased the others. The Yankee, I soon perceived, knew the country around Boston thoroughly, and when he dropped the information that some of our officers would probably be quartered in the deserted houses of the Cambridge loyalists, with whose fortunes he seemed familiar, I edged nearer with the determination to sound him.

I readily got into a chat with the man, a lank, cadaverous fellow of nasal speech, who, if of humble origin and trade—he was, I think, a pedler—nevertheless possessed something of the shrewdness which seemed to characterize the Americans from their great Doctor Franklin down. He talked with the fluency of his trade, and ranged with versatile flight from the price of calico to the affairs of nations. He expounded the American theory of no taxation without representation, and to my astonishment quoted Mr. Fox and Mr. Burke to lend weight to his arguments. A query rightly put drew him finally to Cambridge, of which he discoursed with the same facility, and soon hit upon the topic of "Tory Row," as he designated the street upon which the more influential loyalists of the town had lived.

"Ther' they dwelt," he said, punctuating his words with long whiffs of tobacco-smoke, "sev'ral fem'lies of 'em in ez fine style, I cal'late, ez meny of your English country gentry; but they've took chances with the wrong side an' the Commonwealth has cast 'em out. Now their fine manshuns belong to the people—to the people, Capt'in."

So saying, he stuck his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat and swelled with pride. I laughed within, and asked him with a show of indifference if the loyalists were all gone from Cambridge.

"The worst of 'em is," he replied. "The red-hot Tories hev mostly went, but ther' be some of the betwixt-an'-betweens ther' yet. Take old Judge Vaughn fer instance."

My heart leaped at the sound of his name, but I had no wish to compromise Francis Vaughn in any way by revealing his relationship to an English officer, and asked with assumed carelessness,—

"Who is this Judge Vaughn, and what has saved him from banishment?"

"Oh, he's moderate; an old man, tu, feeble and shaky. Thet's kept him out o' mischief, I reckon. Still, now thet we've got the upper hand

an' air goin' to Burgoyne the rest of you Britishers, I fer one 'ud hate to stand in eny Tory's shoes."

This opinion did not conduce to my peace of mind as I took my candle and followed the landlord up to the chamber which I was to share with five of my fellow-officers for the night.

A day later, the 6th of November, 1777, we entered Cambridge. During the last days of the march there had fallen incessant rain, and, chilled and shivering, we had toiled on through a country, blithe and gladsome enough in summer, but now bleak and forbidding with the bare trees tossing in the wind and the roads ankle-deep in mud and fallen leaves. Finally we passed through the village of Watertown and came upon the outskirts of Cambridge. Splashed with mud, soaked with rain, the storm pelting us, an unheroic spectacle, we entered Tory Row to pass, I had no doubt, Dorothy's home. I was near General Burgoyne, who with his staff rode just behind the advance guard at the head of his troops. Gloomy, sullen, with eyes fixed upon the ground, rank after rank tramped on. To me this moment brought the keenest humiliation; this, then, was the coming of the victors!

I glanced at the houses as we passed, wondering which could be hers; hoping to see her, yet praying that she might be spared the sight of us. A memory of Dorothy's description of her home long ago made me hit upon an old mansion somewhat apart from other dwellings and far back from the highway. Great elms overhung the house, which, painted in the yellow and white so frequent in these colonial homes, was half overrun with ivy, some of whose last brilliant leaves still clung and fluttered in the wind. Between the Doric columns of the entrance stood a girlish figure, one hand shielding her eyes from the rain, the other striving to hold her cloak, which tossed about her in the gale. The distance was too great for recognition, yet something—the form, the attitude, or my heart—told me that it was she.

XII.

CAMBRIDGE, COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX.

IN an instant we had swept by, straight on through the town to the quarters on Prospect Hill where the weary troops looked for rest, at least, but found chill comfort. This spot selected for the quartering of the English troops had been fortified by the rebels during the siege of Boston the year previous, and overlooked the waters of the Mystic and the Charles, the towers and spires of Boston, and the noble bay beyond. An attractive view, however, could not in a New England winter render tolerable miserable board huts crowded with humanity; it could not warm the straw, their furnishing, compensate for scanty fuel and provisions, or stay the wind and rain and drifting snow that filtered

through the cracks. If such was the lot of the English, picture that of the Germans, who entered Cambridge the day following our arrival, the Americans having made two divisions of the captured army, the British in one, the Germans in the other, which marched by different routes. Ragged, ill-smelling, filthy, the men raising a cloud of smoke from their pipes, the women staggering beneath the burden of camp furniture and small children, they were herded together, men, women, and children, twenty, thirty, even forty of them in a single hut, in a spot most aptly called Winter Hill.

We officers in general fared better than the troops, and for the nonce I found shelter with the General and others in a tavern not far from the buildings of Harvard College.

The morning after our coming I received two letters. One was from my father, from whom I had heard at irregular intervals during the campaign. Written some three months before, it had been sent by way of Quebec with other mail for General Burgoyne and his subordinates; falling into the hands of the enemy, it had been courteously forwarded by the American commander after the surrender. At the date of writing, the news of the taking of Ticonderoga had just impressed all England with the notion that the death-blow of the rebellion had been struck, and in the light of Saratoga, the unhappy knowledge of which had not yet crossed the ocean, parts of my father's letter proved sad reading.

"I was in London when the good news came," he wrote, "and everywhere was rejoicing and praising of General Burgoyne. The King, they say, was almost beside himself with joy, shouting and clapping his hands and exclaiming: 'I have beat them! I have beat all the Americans!' I felt proud enough, Rob, at the thought that a son of mine had in some measure contributed to this glorious victory. God grant now a speedy close to this unfortunate war, and rest assured that when it does end, a grateful government will not forget the men by whose work it came to pass."

What a treacherous business is prophecy! How little could he forecast the storm of obloquy and censure which was to break in England!

"I have been tormented with gout of late," he went on, "from which may a kindlier dispensation preserve you. It is somewhat the harder for me to endure with patience, since I am sensible that it is not my own intemperance, but that of my three-bottle ancestors, which I have to thank. As this last attack pinned me to a bed in London, whither I had gone for a fortnight, I became primed, between the twinges, with the gossip of the town; this through a host of my old friends—among them Selwyn, looking as hearty as a prelate—who came to condole and exchange symptoms and remedies. The world and his wife still talk of the 'School for Scandal,' young Sheridan's new play,

of which I wrote you in May. I did not get to see it myself, having clung to Holton right persistently; when I lay sick in town, however, my visitors dinned it into my ears without ceasing, until I sent to my bookseller for a copy and took it to bed with me one night. I confess that I read until the candle sputtered out, with rare enjoyment. What a faithful picture 'tis. I am well acquainted with an old dowager in Devon who is the positive counterpart of 'Lady Sneerwell,' and I'm not so sure that I haven't met old 'Teazle.' The 'Charles Surfaces' are common enough these days, tho' God be praised, that blood does not run in my family. Your comrade Raoul Wilde is something of that ilk, with a liberal dash of the 'Joseph Surface' in him too. So I infer, at least, from the stories of his doings in London last winter. They do say that he once whisked a lady behind his screen as her husband mounted the stair, quite in the manner of the stage 'Joseph.' Ah, well; I mustn't compile a chronicle of scandal for you, and perhaps I do that young man injustice, for I admit that I am wholly out of patience with him, and should feel no surprise to hear of any villany laid at his door. Do you see aught of him?"

I smiled sadly and wondered what would be his thought when he should read my last letter.

"I need not charge you, Rob," he concluded, "to press heartily on Francis Vaughn, when you see him, my invitation to Holton. Even should the war come presently to its termination, party rancor will not as suddenly cease; nor will his danger be wholly at an end. I have become lately the more sensible of the feverish state of the Massachusetts colony through talks held with some of the leading loyalists now in London. Mr. Curwen repeated to me much that he said to you, and both Judge Oliver and Governor Hutchinson, whom I met with him at the New England Tavern, told me things even more alarming. Take no denial and enlist Dorothy as your ally."

My second letter was handed me by a servant of the tavern whom I met scurrying through the halls with his arms stacked with dirty pots and dishes. On seeing me he deposited his load upon a bench and fished from some hiding-place about his uncleanly person a note, once dainty, but now smeared with the grease of the kitchen. I could have cuffed him soundly, for it came from Dorothy.

"Father wishes me to say," it ran, "that ill-health alone prevents him from paying his respects in person to the son of his dear friend and kinsman Sir John Heatherington, and he begs that you will join us this evening at tea."

Then below the "Yr. Hble. Servt., Dorothy Vaughn," was a little postscript wherein spoke Dorothy herself:

"Thrice welcome, Rob."

The blood fairly danced in my veins that day, and with the time-

lavishing impatience of youth I would have gladly stricken from my life the dragging hours which must elapse before evening. Casting about for some diversion, the whim took me to visit the buildings of Harvard College, which lay within bow-shot of the tavern. To me, not long from the secluded quadrangles and ivy-grown colleges of Oxford, each with its memorable past, these few plain structures of brick, unclosed even by a fence, seemed bare and austere. The chief hall of the college,—named, I think, for the founder,—the little chapel, the house of the president, and three other buildings for the housing of the students summed up the most ancient and noteworthy institution of learning in the English colonies.

As I walked slowly through the college yard I became, by reason of my uniform, the target for the abuse and presently the missiles of a knot of the urchins of the village who were clustered around the Harvard pump. There is no argument save good-nature which will appeal to such a gathering of juveniles, however much one may long to crack their little skulls. Accordingly I assumed the particular species of dignity which the adult mind is wont to summon up when thus assailed, and with deliberate haste went by. My armor, as is too sadly frequent, proved of vulnerable stuff, and a well-aimed ball of mud took me fairly between the shoulders, while a shower of similar filth rained round about. I wheeled suddenly, and the youngsters scattered with a jeer. I was not left without my champion, however. A student who had witnessed the affair from the door-way of one of the college halls promptly seized the ringleader of the crowd, adjusted him nicely over his knee, and calmly and thoroughly spanked him; this done, he righted the astonished boy, set him firmly on his feet, and strode towards me. He was a fine figure of a man, younger than I by a brace of years perhaps, with a frank, winsome smile that went straight to one's liking.

"I hope, sir," he said apologetically, "that you will not judge the courtesy of Harvard by the behavior of these urchins of the street."

"By you rather," I replied with a bow, holding out my hand. "I am not long out of college walls myself," I added, "and had the wish to see how things are done in New England."

"If you will permit me, I shall be glad to show you what there is," he volunteered with an eager, boyish kindness that was vastly taking, and I made short work of my acceptance.

As I followed him through the cheerless buildings I realized, as I had not before, that surroundings alone do not make the scholar. What with his account of their manner of life—a day beginning with prayers at cock-crow and studies before breakfast, and ending with prayers again and an early curfew, which frowned upon all employment save study until bedtime—a monastery seemed blithe in comparison. The students' fare, too, was coarse, and their rooms bare and comfortless.

My guide was good enough to show me his own study, and, although it seemed as luxurious as any, it contained simply a bed, a desk, one or two chairs, and a shelf of books, and the most flesh-mortifying anchorite would not have quarrelled with their plainness. He was now in his final year, he told me, and the four years of his college career had witnessed a troubled epoch in the college history. In terse, graphic phrase, he described the hurrying off to Andover of the philosophical apparatus after the outbreak of hostilities, the exodus of students, professors, and president to Concord, and the transformation of the college buildings into barracks for the Continental army. Fourteen months they were thus exiled until the seat of war was transferred to other colonies. Now, when they had returned and were settling once more into their accustomed ways, the coming of the troops of the Convention, whose officers must in some way be quartered, threatened to oust them for the second time from their academic groves.

"I wish," said I in taking my leave, "that I might return this courtesy of yours at my own college in Oxford. I am of Magdalen."

"Oxford!" he exclaimed, his eyes kindling; "I would give much to see it. But how new and raw must Harvard seem to you by contrast. What are our battle-scars beside yours! Just think what it must have been to wear a student's gown at Oxford when King Charles held court there!"

I smiled at his boyish enthusiasm.

"I did not think to find such a staunch Royalist in New England," I remarked.

"Nor am I," he laughed. "Had I been living then I should have sung psalms with the Roundheads it is likely. None of my good ancestors were with Rupert's cavaliers."

"Mine were," said I. "And you?" I went on, "how is it that with your martial blood you are not with Washington?"

"I bide my time," he answered. "Until college closes the pater forbids. After that he'll not stop me. We shall be enemies then, sir."

"But we're friends now," I rejoined, shaking his hand. "My name is Heatherington."

"And mine is Winthrop Dean," he responded heartily. "We must meet again."

XIII.

THE RIFT IN THE LUTE.

UPON inquiry I found that the house I had marked on entering Cambridge was of a certainty that of Judge Vaughn, and at dusk I took my way across the Common past our captured artillery, which the Americans had begun to draw up there and which there remained, an ever-present reminder of our misfortunes, and cut into Tory Row. I

thought as I walked beneath the elms that the town must once have been delightful, with its shaded streets, its college, its fine old homes, and cultivated families; but now, with its public places turned to arsenals, with the old mansions forsaken by their loyalist owners and falling to decay, with its streets a mass of half-frozen mud, and with its trees stripped of their foliage by the bitter, wintry wind which blew over from the marshes of the Charles, it was little to my taste.

The lights streamed cheerily out from the windows as I turned in at the Vaughn gateway and strode quickly up the path. In answer to my eager attack upon the great brass knocker, I could see through the narrow, leaded panes at either side of the door Miss Dorothy herself dance partly down the stair, then stop and tenderly assist her father, who slowly and painfully followed: I adored her for the action. In an instant I was welcomed as warmly as ever man was, and I felt that here indeed was a home. Before me, resplendent in spotless white, stretched the broad hall at whose farther end between Ionic columns rose the staircase to a wide landing, whence it branched to right and left. On the landing ticked a solemn clock within whose shining case a man might step and stand erect. From either side of the hall opened spacious rooms. We passed into one of these, the library, cheery with candles and a roaring, crackling fire, whose light gleamed in the polished fire-dogs, danced in the long, gilt-framed mirror between the windows, and painted the bindings of the books in changing hues, now black, now russet, now golden-brown.

For all this, though, I had then but a glance, for as I answered their many questions my eyes were glued upon Dorothy. I took note that her beauty had grown yet more striking; it was become the beauty of a woman—sweet, tender, radiant. Her every movement added to my delight in her loveliness and grace, and when we presently seated ourselves at the supper table, and she, taking her place beside the silver tea-urn, busied her white fingers among the cups with an air half girlish, half matronly, I felt that I had never seen a fairer sight, and fell a-dreaming how she would brighten old Holton when I should transplant her there. And the tea! I would have drunk the sorriest stuff from her hands that night and swore that it was nectar.

"I've been told that tea-drinking was once a crucial test of patriotism hereabouts," I said, as I took my cup, having in mind how the Bostonians had some years since made a tea-pot of their harbor.

"Indeed, sir, 'twas a serious business," answered Judge Vaughn. "Men eschewed their tea-cups as if they contained poison, and the women even formed societies against the harmless leaf."

"The college caught the fever too," added Dorothy with a dimpling smile. "I remember how some of the students carried tea into commons to show their loyalty; but they had to desist, poor boys."

"It seemed much ado about nothing to us over the sea," I remarked.

"It needs but a tiny peg on which to hang a principle," Judge Vaughn replied. "Frankly, too, I think Parliament was and is much in the wrong. If England would but take thought she would perceive that the Provincials do not, like boys, fight from mere contentiousness. The pity of it is that it should be deemed necessary to fight at all. 'Tis a parricidal war."

Then they would have me go over my doings from the time of leaving England: the voyage to Canada, the ascent of Champlain, Ticonderoga, my capture by the farmers (out of which I dropped all mention of Raoul Wilde), the brood of disasters on Hudson's River, Saratoga, our march through New England—all this and more I recounted with Dorothy's hazel eyes watching me, and I thinking of Othello and wishing that the poor tale of my adventures might also win for me a Desdemona.

"Oh, to be a man!" was her comment; but while I accepted the flattery of her interest with complacency, I thanked heaven that she was born a woman.

"The welcome at the journey's end," I added, "more than compensates for all the discomforts by the way. You must surely have received my London letter?"

"Months after it was penned," said Francis Vaughn. "It reached me through a Salem merchant who had been in England. Mr. Curwen, you see, is a man of his word. With your letter came one of his own which trumpeted your praises and told of your meeting him at Vauxhall Gardens. We expected to greet you, therefore, with the arrival of the troops of the Convention, and sent to Bradish's Tavern as soon as we learned that the English officers were there."

"Was it you then," I asked, turning to Dorothy, "who braved the storm yesterday as we marched by your gate?"

"I chanced to be out-of-doors," she made answer with lowered lids.

Then was I confident that she had not forgotten the past, and I longed to speak with her alone. However, I could not be unmindful of my message to her father, for in it was wrapped up my happiness, and when we had returned to the library, he leaning upon my arm in all too evident feebleness, I put to him our fears for his safety, as a loyal subject among desperate and determined rebels, and my father's hope that he and Dorothy might come to England and live with us in peace.

"The transports for our troops ought soon to arrive," said I, "and I know that at your request and mine the General will arrange for you. Come; be persuaded: make Holton your home: it is my father's dearest wish."

The old man's eyes filled with tears.

"John is a good friend," he said, and sat gazing at the fire.

"Persuade him, Dorothy," I pleaded.

She slipped to his side and smoothed the gray hair from his forehead.

"My father knows what is best," she answered.

"Come at least until this rebellion is repressed," I urged, "if you cannot find it to your mind again to make England your home. Come for the present."

"And leave one more home deserted?" he rejoined. "One more home like Vassall's or Oliver's or Sewall's? One more home to degenerate into a barracks or to house disloyalty? There are too many such here. No, Robert; this, not England, is now my home, and here must I abide. I do not fear that I shall be molested now. The Continental leaders are honorable men, and they know that even if my allegiance is owing to the King that I still love my country, and would neither take up arms against her, were I not decrepit, nor join hands in any way with her oppressors. Both sides have their wrongs."

"I cannot share your hope of safety," I replied. "I do not question the honor of the Continental leaders; indeed, I can personally bear witness to their humanity. But they cannot answer for the unthinking many. The success of the Americans is already drawing the lines more sharply; no man can now stand neuter. The rebels say harsh things of the Tories, as they call them."

"True; harsh things, even in jest. Some one at a dinner defined a Tory as a thing whose head is in England, whose body is in America, and whose neck should be stretched. He forgot the heart."

"A grim jest," I responded; "yet when such as Doctor Samuel Johnson can mouth such abuse as to speak of the Americans as a race of convicted felons, they are not without retort. But it is not a question of calling names. If they treat other loyal subjects with violence, the unwashed populace may yet attack you."

"So be it then," he replied firmly. "I must take my chances. They shall never call Francis Vaughn an absentee."

I took no pains to conceal my disappointment. Added to my anxiety for his safety was the selfish yet not unnatural concern of a man who sees an abstract, intangible principle thrust between him and his palpable, living love. Past gainsaying, the Cavalier poet voiced a noble sentiment when he wrote:

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more."

But when that honor is another man's uncomfortable punctilio it is a hard thing to have it play the fly with your own sweet-savored ointment. Hence I could look with but slight patience on a decision

which, in all likelihood, would defer indefinitely my happiness. If I showed my annoyance, it was unobserved by Francis Vaughn, for he was busy with his own melancholy thoughts. Dorothy sought to relieve the tension with some question touching my campaign, and in the desultory talk which followed a general cheerfulness was in some measure restored, although I could not wholly shake off my depression.

A trivial circumstance presently augmented the unpleasant burden of my discontent. In some way, how I am uncertain, for I had no wish to introduce his name or tell the story of his misdeeds, I let fall some mention of Raoul Wilde. I chanced to be looking at Dorothy as I spoke, and I noted with an uncontrollable sinking of the heart that she had become most obviously embarrassed. I glanced at her father. His heavy brows were contracted in a frown. Had I been older I would have changed the subject; as it was, I continued it.

"Perhaps you are not aware," I said, "that Captain Wilde was for a time connected with our expedition."

"No," was Judge Vaughn's laconic response.

"He mentioned to me something of former service in America," I went on,—*"something of a visit here in Cambridge."*

Dorothy rose and, under cover of snuffing a candle, for some space of time kept her face turned from me. Her father chose to drop the matter summarily.

"Did the air seem warm enough for snow this evening, Robert?" he inquired.

I made some answer or other, and strove to stifle the miserable suspicions which sprang up like noxious weeds in the fair garden-spot of my love. I could recall only too vividly the challenging insolence of Wilde as he shut the door in my face that night in Albany; I could see him as with one hand on the tankard he derisively sang,—

"Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly."

A knock at the outer door put a sudden end to my recollections, and a servant appearing in the doorway announced a seemingly familiar name.

"Fetch him in here, of course," ordered Judge Vaughn. "A student in the college," he explained, "the son of a Boston physician who is one of my oldest friends. We try to make Cambridge more of a home for the boy."

The "boy" proved to be my champion of the college yard, but the pleasure of meeting Winthrop Dean again was marred by one more of the disagreeable happenings which spoiled for me this much-anticipated night. It might have been the creation of my bearish, distempered fancy, or the mere caress of the firelight glow, but it seemed to me that

as Dorothy welcomed him she blushed, and I grew sick at heart. Had I then come for this? Wilde or Dean, Dean or Wilde, it little mattered; the soft, rosy confusion was not for me. With bitterness I foresaw myself sailing with a defeated army for England, having failed in my mission to Francis Vaughn, and smarting with the knowledge that Dorothy's heart was in another's keeping.

I saw no chance that night for a word apart with Dorothy, and as soon as I decently could I took my leave. Dean also rose to go, saying that he would bear me company a part of the way. As we stood for a minute in the hall, and I remarked the handsome head with its well-tied queue and the erect figure in its becoming coat of blue with breeches to match and close-fitting black hose, I reflected dolefully that it would be most unlikely if she did not love him. He was far more prepossessing than I and the sort that women like. I could not help liking him, too, and as we walked back together, he to the college and I to the tavern, we fell into a chat about Oxford which lasted until we said good-night on the Common, where our paths diverged.

XIV.

IN WHICH THE RIFT WIDENS.

A WEEK hence found me to my surprise still in Cambridge; then another slipped by; another, and another, and many another after that, for on some pretext or other the coming of the transports was continually delayed. The troops settled down in their indifferent quarters, which General Burgoyne put forth every effort to make habitable, while the officers secured lodgings in the crowded houses about the town as best they could. The latitude of choice was not illiberal, for the officers' parole ultimately comprehended not Cambridge alone, but the villages of Watertown and Mystic as well, although a stern prohibition lay upon a nearer approach to the coveted Boston than the Charles-town ferry. Go where we might, however, prices were pretty much of a piece, and for what we got we paid dear. Judge Vaughn was courteously bent on my becoming his guest, but, though sorely tempted, I steadfastly refused the invitation. I felt that the presence in his household of an English officer, even though a kinsman, would but serve to increase the prejudice against him among the most radical of the disaffected. Moreover, it was General Burgoyne's wish that I locate myself nearer his own quarters, for certain important clerical duties had lately fallen to my share of staff service. The General had been assigned to a dwelling neighboring the college, which these rigid descendants of the Puritans, ever suspicious of Popery, had comically dubbed the "Bishop's Palace" at a time when they feared that the Church of England would create a bishopric in the colony: not that

the aspect of the building was markedly palatial, nor yet episcopal; it had chanced merely to shelter the former rector of the parish church which Francis Vaughn, in common with the other loyalists, had been wont to attend until the war broke out and turned the sanctuary into a barracks. The clerical tenant had been thought to covet lawn sleeves, hence the fantastic christening of his rectory. The "Palace" was a pleasant enough house, whose windows overlooked the river, and near it I found lodgings and ready market for my hoarded guineas.

Meanwhile the gulf between me and Dorothy seemed daily to yawn the wider. The primal cause of dissension I clearly saw to be Raoul Wilde, for had not his words at Albany put distrust in my head I should not, it is likely, have caused myself such uneasiness over Winthrop Dean. Wilde's own rivalry did not at first fret me greatly; apparently he had thrown away his cards. Then, despite her tell-tale blushes at the mention of his name, I was loth to believe that Dorothy could ever have been led to affect such a man as he, although aware that a knave cuts a pretty figure now and then in many a pure woman's eyes. I was ripe to scent rivalry in Dean, however, whom I met often at the Vaughns', and whose coming I attributed to Dorothy's warm encouragement. I therefore bore myself aloof from tenderness, never mentioning the past, and wearing what I must call, as I look back on it, the air of a sulky school-boy. For her part, Dorothy bore my behavior with an equanimity which provoked me the more, and while I told myself that she was heartless, I felt that I was a dolt.

With Dean himself one could not with good conscience be uncivil, and my churlish mood must have contrasted meanly with his frank gentlemanliness. Fortunately for my credit, this juxtaposition was not lasting. The arrival of the troops of the Convention of Saratoga brought a fresh element of disturbance into the scholarly routine of Harvard College, and although the institution escaped with the voluntary surrender of a recently acquired building for the use of a part of the English, its work suffered the interruption of a two months' vacation. Soon after our coming the students were dismissed until February, and with the rest went Winthrop Dean to his Boston home.

The night before his departure we happened together at the Vaughns', and the memory of that evening is not fraught with pleasure. No topic of conversation was to my humor, and I make no doubt that I rendered myself odious, for Dorothy fell to addressing me as "Mr. Heatherington." Dean at this juncture laughed, and as I saw nothing humorous in our talk, I readily concluded that I was the source of his merriment, and I longed to stuff his laughter down his handsome throat. Then, under pretence of her trying a new air on the harpsichord, they both went into another room, leaving me to solace myself with Judge Vaughn, who was in anything but a cheerful frame of mind;

when not lamenting the deaths or misfortunes of his bygone friends, he sat staring at the fire. The music, it took no large amount of wit to perceive, was but a flimsy pretext. Dorothy made merely a show of playing, and the sounds which came to us from the other room were chiefly whisperings and laughter, which I angrily construed as love-making and derision of myself. Truly old Burton has wisely accorded preëminence to jealousy, among all the bitter potions which love-melancholy affords.

Dean away, and my perturbation on his account in some degree abated, I must needs revert to Wilde, turning his innuendo over and over in my mind and pondering that visit of his to Cambridge, which neither he, nor Dorothy, nor yet her father chose to discuss. The thing so preyed upon me that I never saw Dorothy but that it came to mind, and as surely as it did recur the foolish temptation beset me to probe yet farther. Ultimately I yielded to this folly. Encountering Dorothy in the street one day, I accompanied her down Tory Row to her own gateway. A fresh, cold, yet not keen wind from the river one moment tugged strenuously at her scarlet cloak, and the next gently blew her chestnut curls across her eyes; her color was exquisite. The love-words were trembling fairly on my lips when the dour figure of Wilde fitted maliciously across the field of my mental vision and froze my tenderness unspoken. The revulsion was severe, and when I spoke it was with a harshness that contrasted strangely with my manner of a moment before.

"Doubtless Raoul Wilde's visit here was a pleasant episode," I said, diving brusquely and without other introduction full into the matter which fretted me. To my annoyance the same conscious reddening greeted Wilde's name that had so vexed me before. It teased me as the banderillo the bull, and bull-like I plunged recklessly on. "The renewal of earlier acquaintance must have been such a source of pleasure. Wilde is a plausible talker, too, with a touch of mystery and a hint of buffetings endured at the cold world's hands, all of them passports to feminine sympathy. Indeed, I am told that he is fairly irresistible among the women."

It was a sour, ill-mannered, and irritating speech, and drew a spark of something akin to anger from her eyes.

"Mr. Wilde talks well," she answered icily.

My dudgeon rose the higher.

"And is irresistible?" I hinted.

"And has good manners," was her reply.

I had the grace to appreciate the justness of her retort and took my leave with more courtesy. I could not dissemble my chagrin, however, and I dare say Dorothy was heartily glad to be rid of my Melancholy-Jacques countenance.

To what deeper depths of asininity I might in those days have blundered, had not a woman's common sense restrained me, I blush to consider. Destiny is frequently kind to the simple, and so was I guided to open my heart to one of those mentors to whom the callow youth often owes his salvation from utter foolishness: I mean a woman older than himself. My saving mentor was Lady Riedesel. With this courageous and charming woman, wife of Baron Riedesel, commander of the Brunswick troops, I had made pleasant acquaintance during the past months. Her unflagging buoyancy of spirit was an inspiration to others and, I doubt not, a treasure to herself and family. She must often have had crying need of it in the dark days following her start from the German home over seas to join her husband in Canada, when with her three little children, one a babe in arms, she resolutely faced the journey to England, the long voyage to America, the fatigues and hardships of the wilderness, and the dangers of a campaign. She too had enjoyed after the surrender the tactful hospitality of General Schuyler's family in Albany, but in the ensuing march through New England her lot was often cast in stony places, and her welcome to Cambridge was cold indeed. The sunshine broke through the clouds in time, however, and after a fortnight or so of discomfort the Baron had placed at his disposal one of the untenanted houses of the loyalists. Here not the German officers alone, but also the English, were sure of a kindly welcome, and as the Baroness spoke our language, the red coats of the latter usually fixed the predominating color of her drawing-room.

Not many minutes after my clash of arms with Dorothy I lifted the knocker of Lady Riedesel's door, actuated, it is likely, by the masculine impulse of easing the sting caused by one woman's indifference by the pleasing syllabub of another woman's smiles. I happened to find the Baroness alone, save for the presence of her little daughter Fredericka, who sat playing on the floor. She greeted me with informal cordiality, for she had once frankly told me that she liked my quiet ways and that I need not play the formal visitor at her house. I should not have interpreted this friendliness as license to be dull, but I fear that this afternoon I was thus guilty, for she rallied me on my moodiness.

"Be consoled, Captain," she counselled. "Home is not so far distant. The Americans will send our transports in good time. They are not bad people in their way, even these New Englanders, for have they not given me a love of a house? Think, too, of the good General Schuyler."

"You are never downcast?" I asked.

"To what end, pray? No, I thank God. In all my trials He so supported me that I lost neither my frolicsomeness nor my good spirits."

"I would that I could imitate you," said I.

"It is simple. Refuse to fret. Begin with the transports, for example."

"The matter of the transports is not what troubles me."

"No? The pain of defeat perhaps: It is sad truly, but why should you take Saratoga so much to heart if General Burgoyne does not?"

I smiled at this thrust in my commander's midriff: Lady Riedesel was not among his admirers.

"Nor yet defeat," I answered; "at least not the army's defeat."

An arch look came over her winning face.

"I'll hazard another guess," said she,— "it's a woman."

I laughed rather dolefully.

"A woman in a scarlet cloak," she added, "her tresses blowing in the wind, her cheeks like poppies either from the cold or——"

"Sorceress!" I laughingly accused. "How could you know?"

"I saw you from my window as you passed."

The wish seized me to confide in her, and I told the little idyl of my boyhood love for Dorothy and of my donning of a soldier's trappings because of it. I spoke of my disappointment at the coldness with which she treated me and the bitterness of the discovery that despite her maiden fondness for the boy, the man was little to her inclination.

"Ah, but do you know that?" interposed the Baroness.

I replied with my reasons for suspecting a tenderness for Winthrop Dean, and as my fair auditor seemed but slightly impressed with their importance, I touched upon the matter of Raoul Wilde.

"Love that traitor!" exclaimed Lady Riedesel. "My dear Captain, you are absurd. No good woman's affection would outlast a deed like that, and I doubt much that that fellow ever drew a tender thought from her. I've met your Dorothy, sir, and to my thinking traitors are not to her taste."

"But I do not think that she knows of his disgrace," I said.

"You've not told her?"

"Not I. If she does care for him she would hate me for the telling of it."

The Baroness looked at me fixedly.

"She shall know it," she declared.

"Thank you," said I.

"But mark you," she added, "I am sure that she cares naught for him. Do not heed much, either, her playfulness with that other gentleman, Mr.—Dean, is it? I confess I often teased the Baron thus before our betrothal."

"You have given me hope," I said gratefully as I rose to go.

"I have rid you of nonsense," she replied.

Thereupon little Frédrika dropped her German doll at my feet, and

as I stooped to restore her offspring to the tiny maid I affected to soothe its alarm. The child looked on approvingly.

"Kith her," she lisped; "kith Gretchen."

I obediently kissed the expressionless Gretchen. The Baroness laughed.

"Fritschen knows the true panacea," she said. "A kiss heals all, and Miss Dorothy shall prove it you."

XV.

CHRONICLING A REAPPEARANCE.

It was not permitted me to drain deeply of the cup of solace held out by the Baroness, for by evening a new cause for uneasiness had made its appearance; perhaps I should say an old cause in new guise. Returning from General Burgoyne's house to my own lodgings at about ten of the clock, I remarked in the shelter of a door-way the forms of two men in close conversation. One wore the uniform of an English subaltern, the other was a civilian in cocked hat and long cloak. I should have passed on unsuspecting, had not a familiar something in the carriage of the muffled civilian reminded me of Raoul Wilde. I paused in the shadow of a tree-trunk, listened, and was straightway convinced that it was he. Astounded at the man's effrontery in so coming among the English, I strained my ears to discover what new deviltry was brewing, but could distinguish little or nothing of the conversation. I caught the words "Congress," "Troops of the Convention," and the "public faith;" nothing more. Then Wilde drew his cloak more closely around him, bade good-night to the other, who stepped within, and strode off through the college yard towards the Common. I followed, keeping in the dark places of the way, and was in nowise surprised, but in considerable degree pained, to see him turn into Tory Row and head towards the Vaughns'. I thought harsh things until I perceived that his attitude as he approached the house was that of a spy rather than of a man confident of his welcome. He lingered hesitatingly at the gate, glanced furtively around him, lifted the catch, and stepped within the fenced enclosure. I moved a bit nearer, befriended by the murky, storm-brooding character of the night, and saw him forsake the walk leading to the door for the blackness of the shrubbery which bordered the lawn. A faint light which flickered through the drawn curtains of a window in the library was presently eclipsed by Wilde's head.

I was in some quandary as to what to do, when the great front door swung open and the figure of Lady Riedesel stood framed in the lighted doorway. Dorothy's arm was about the Baroness's waist, and a little to the rear I could see the bent form of Francis Vaughn. Then the door

closed and the Baroness came down the path. I glued myself to the umbrage of a spreading elm, and as she passed me, all innocent of espionage, I heard her laugh softly to herself. I was certain that she had told them, and I laughed too. The click of the gate sounded as Lady Riedesel entered the walk approaching her own house, which was situate not far from the Vaughns', and I once more directed my attention to Wilde.

As quietly as he had stolen in he came back down the lawn, avoiding as before the pathway, which was in some measure lighted from the narrow window-panes flanking the door. Again in the roadway he set off at a brisk gait, and again I dogged his footsteps without compunction. The town proved not to be now his destination, and he pressed on towards the prisoners' quarters at Prospect Hill. With the password for the night he appeared to be wholly familiar, for he brushed by the sentry without so much as slackening his pace and disappeared among the barracks. As I loitered, out of sight of the sentry, wondering what might be the meaning of these nocturnal wanderings, Wilde reappeared, leading a horse and chatting confidentially with the American officer in charge. The colloquy lasted but a moment; gathering up his cloak, he swung into the saddle and galloped off towards the ferry for Boston.

I rose on the morrow from a tumbled bed and short of my fair allowance of sleep by many hours. I began to think this man Wilde capable of any deed of daring or act of infamy, and I knew not what next to expect from him. A light was presently cast upon the events of the night by General Burgoyne. Early in our usual morning conference he startled me with the introduction of Wilde's name.

"Has Raoul Wilde been seen in Cambridge by you?" he asked.

I was nonplussed for a moment, but I quickly saw that he knew, as he could know, nothing of my movements of last night, and that his question presupposed a knowledge on my part of some rumor which had lately gained currency.

"I saw him last night," I answered briefly.

"You saw him? You are certain you saw him?"

"Perfectly certain."

"Where?"

"Near here for one place. He was talking with one of our subalterns."

The General's face grew dark.

"That settles it!" he exclaimed. "I believe it now."

"It?" I inquired politely.

"You have not heard? You know nothing of this villainy?"

I shook my head.

"Zounds, sir; it makes my blood boil. It is infamous, infamous! It must be evident to you, sir, as to all of us, that the American Con-

gress is loth to fulfil the obligations imposed upon it by the Convention of Saratoga. Here is December well-nigh gone, and our transports are still delayed. The public faith is already broken in this matter, and I am convinced that the Colonial politicians do but seek a fair pretext to shirk their duty utterly. The temper of Congress being thus, fancy my indignation at hearing that a base emissary has been among our troops, instigating desertions and seeking some proof that we English have been false to our word. Fancy, too, my feelings at the discovery that this hireling is an Englishman, a former officer in our army, in short, sir, as I have had it from your lips, Raoul Wilde."

"But I knew nothing of it," I protested.

"It does not matter. I have proof positive that some one has been among our men for this purpose; two different officers have thought that they recognized this agent as Wilde; but not until I asked you, who know his look as well as—as I do, could I believe that he had dared so to enter Cambridge."

I left the General's presence with a weight lifted, although, had I been questioned why, I could not have clearly said, for there was evil afoot for some one. Feeling sure that Lady Riedesel had not gone purposeless to call last night, I considered that it behooved me also to visit the Vaughns and observe the working of the leaven deposited by the Baroness. I found Francis Vaughn alone, Dorothy being out-of-doors with her daily marketing.

"You were just in my thoughts, Rob," he called as I entered.

"You do me honor, sir," said I, with a fairly good guess as to what he had been thinking. The Baroness had furnished the outline; I was to fill in the details.

"An odd piece of news," he began, "has come to me through Dorothy, to whom it was told by our accomplished neighbor, Lady Riedesel. I have just been apprised of the treason and desertion of young Wilde. You have never alluded to it."

"No," said I.

"Strange."

"I had my reasons," I remarked. "We were boyhood friends for one thing, and it is not pleasant to have boyhood friends turn out rogues. Then, too, it fell to my lot to find him out."

"The Baroness said nothing of that," exclaimed the old man in surprise.

"The Baroness did not know," I rejoined. "Few people do know the inner facts."

"If it be not a breach of confidence, I wish that you would add me to the number."

I thereupon recounted that part of the history of my night in the cabin which he had not already heard, and told him, furthermore, a

thing which I assured him I had told no man before, to wit, the confronting of Wilde with the proofs of his double-dealing and my offer of a chance to escape.

"It was my thought then, and I think now," I concluded, "that in so acting I trod the brink of treason too; but I would do the like again."

"So should I," declared the Judge, clapping me on the knee. "So should I; even for a worse man, I fear."

He fell into a revery which I did not interrupt.

"Still," said he abruptly after a time, "I cannot see why, Robert, you should have kept silent as to all of this. You could at least have told me as much as Lady Riedesel and all your army knew. I have considerable interest in the matter."

"Precisely," was my rejoinder. "I mistrusted your interest, and for that reason kept my knowledge to myself. I had no wish to cause you pain."

He looked at me in astonishment.

"You will recollect," I went on, "that the only time I did mention the man's name you were pleased to change the subject. To Dorothy as well the topic seemed embarrassing. Add to this the fact that I had been led to believe by Wilde himself that his place in your affections was in no sense ordinary, and you will surely admit that I held my peace not without reason."

"Damn his impudence!" ejaculated my listener, growing red in the face.

"I beg your pardon," said I with enforced gravity.

"I said, sir, 'damn his impudence.' The insolent cur!"

"Is it possible that I have been mistaken?" I asked.

"Hark ye, sir, and judge. Some years ago this—this scoundrel imposed upon my hospitality. I treated him fairly for your father's sake, for he used Sir John's name freely, and, moreover, because I remembered that during my last visit to Holton he was much about. Unbeknown to me, he occupied his time in my house in making love to Dorothy, who did not choose to annoy me with the recital of his puppy tricks until, having offered himself in marriage and been properly refused, he persisted in harassing her with his suit. By the time she brought the matter to my notice the child was in a state bordering on hysteria, and I made short work of showing Young Assurance to the door."

"I am inexpressibly relieved to hear this," I said, and my words gave little token of the pean which was sounding in my breast at the knowledge that mere spleen had fathered Wilde's disturbing utterances. "I should have been sad at heart to see you deceived or Dorothy's affections misplaced."

What more I might have added was checked by the entrance of a servant with letters from the post. As Judge Vaughn examined his mail I asked him if he knew of Wilde's present occupations.

"No," he answered, "but I am not likely to be surprised at anything."

He counted without his host, for at my next words he started from his seat.

"Eavesdropping beneath your windows is one of them," I said, and told him what I had seen the previous night and had this day learned. As I spoke I saw that his attention was divided between me and the letter in his hand. As I made an end of speaking he handed it to me. It was now my turn for surprise; the letter was from Wilde.

I can only give the substance, but the original was adroitly worded. It alluded gracefully to his "conversion to the principles upheld by the patriot party," and modestly cited General Monk's position at the Restoration as historic precedent for his own crime against honor. It intimated that the writer by reason of his acquaintance among the Colonials was fully cognizant of the feeling towards loyalist gentlemen, and that he should that evening take the liberty of calling on Judge Vaughn for the purpose of laying before him matters affecting his personal safety. He was, he said, aware that an "unfortunate prejudice" against him existed in Judge Vaughn's mind, but that a sincere desire to serve, "perhaps protect," that "amiable gentleman" led him to risk incurring further marks of his displeasure.

"What will you do about it?" I asked.

"Decline to see him," was the prompt reply.

"You are not afraid of his 'patriot' friends, then?"

"I am an honest man, and an honest man should fear nothing."

I met Dorothy just outside the door. With Wilde's sinister shadow no longer between us, my heart warmed to her in the old way, and I greeted her as if naught had ever ruffled our relations. She read my change of thought with feminine quickness and radiated sunshine in return: a coquette would have seized occasion to pout.

"I am just come from Lady Riedesel's," she said, "where I loitered on my way from market. She is to give a party and a supper on Christmas Eve, and I'll tell you as a great secret that you are to be invited."

"And you, too, surely? May I take you?"

She gave a significant glance towards the gate where we had quarrelled yesterday.

"Will you behave?" she laughed.

"Try me," I responded.

XVI.

IN WHICH THE BARONESS RIEDESEL ENTERTAINS.

THE prospect of a Yule-Tide gathering at Lady Riedesel's came as a welcome diversion to those of us who were in her good graces. To our stay in Cambridge we could foresee no immediate end, and the regular inspection and general parades, which became necessary to enforce discipline among the restive troops, afforded no very absorbing occupation to men accustomed to the winter gayeties of England. The officers resigned themselves to make the best of it, however, living as comfortably as they could and amusing themselves as soldiers are wont. Yet the life was perforce sedentary, for the streets and paths of Cambridge, clogged with drifted snow, offered small incentive to stir abroad, and, wanting healthier pastimes, dice and cards and wine-bibbing not unnaturally stopped the gap of *ennui*.

What with the finery of the ladies, the uniforms of the Brunswickers, the glitter of red and gold of the English officers, and the Christmas greens with which Lady Riedesel had caused her house to be hung, her assemblage of the losers in the game of war wore a blithe and merry mien, although individually, God wot, we had slender cause for merriment. No one save a curmudgeon, however, could pull a long face when the Baroness willed that he should smile, and such was the infection of her gayety that the most stolid German or phlegmatic Englishman among us would willingly dance to her piping what measure pleased her Ladyship best. Of the women Dorothy was easily queen, and her stately walking of a minuet made me, who had small skill in such matters, feel like a poor clod beside her. It was sweet food to my palate to overhear one of the English say to another, "Jove! she would grace St. James." I exulted in her beauty and thrilled at the thought that so much loveliness might yet, for all my fears, become the lamp of my life. A new hope sang within me, for the Baroness, amid all the responsibilities of the evening which beset her, had found time to whisper sweet counsel to me behind her fan.

"You were mistaken," she said, "or blind, I know not which. That young goddess over there waste a thought on such as Wilde! Fie, Captain, you are very dull."

"Thank you for your kind offices, dear lady," I made reply. "I know that you have made good your word."

"And now?"

"And now?" I repeated after her.

"You ask that! Must I propose for you, sir?"

I laughed and then turned grave.

"Do you really think——" I began.

"Think! I know. Not that I have been so clumsy as to ask 'Do

you love this man?' or 'Do you hate that?' We women, Captain, have other ways. But look you: if a woman's eyes ever spoke love at the hearing of her lover's praises sung, it was when I took the liberty of—of flattering you the other night to her."

"God bless you," I whispered.

"Every married woman of us is a matchmaker," she returned laughingly, and mingled with her guests.

If it was the intent of the Baroness that this sad-hearted company should for the hour forget the sombre past and darkling future in the happy now, she was in the main successful. Only once that night did the thought of our condition oppress. At the supper following the dancing General Riedesel rose, glass in hand.

"His Majesty," he said simply, and when we had drunk the toast we sang "God Save the King."

Sung among enemies by captives, the old air took on an added consecration, and although it was given with the fine marching martial note with which the soldier or the navee alone imbues it, it yet moaned in our heart of hearts like a Lenten litaney. No one looked in his neighbor's eyes, for he knew that, like his own, they were moist.

We broke up not long afterwards. As Dorothy and I stepped without the door we were startled to find the house surrounded by a curious, gaping throng, attracted doubtless by the lights and music. One fellow, to the tune which still vibrated in our hearts, croaked derisively,—

"God save great Washington, God damn the King."

As we walked home in the clear starlight I said little, but thought much. Spurred on by the Baroness, I was determined to make an end of dalliance, but what with turning over in my mind how I should best say that within me which clamored for speech, I found myself quite before the Vaughn doorway with the important words unsaid. Fortunately, the night had not yet waned to the small hours, and I seized with alacrity upon Dorothy's cousinly invitation to come in and warm my presumably chilled fingers: I would have sworn them frozen to gain the privilege. Judge Vaughn was long since in bed, and we had to ourselves the library, all aglow with a ruddy light from the embers on the hearth. Dorothy was for lighting the candles, but I blew them out again for her pains and told her that I had something to say to her.

"So," said she, which I thought a most inconsequential reply, and snuggled herself in the cushions of a great high-backed settle which she pulled before the fire.

"Won't you be seated, Mr. Heatherington?" she queried after a considerable pause, during which I stood above her, leaning against man's favorite vantage-ground, the mantel-piece, and watching the rosy light of the embers play about her soft hair and fondle her dazzling neck.

"Yes, thanks; or no, rather," was my absent-minded response. I wondered, as youth ever wonders, if angels could be more fair, though I now doubt much whether angels wear their hair piled high upon their heads with coquettish ringlets escaping here and there. I marvelled, too, as I watched, that I had never noticed how long were her lashes, but perhaps it was because I had seldom seen them drooping as now. Hers were frank eyes, fearless though gentle, which of custom looked you full in the face; now they watched the fire.

"What a vacillating mind," she observed in mock scorn. "Do you really know what you want?"

"Yes," I plumped out with an eagerness that made her color heighten, "I want——"

"Do you ever build castles in the fire?" she interposed quickly, clipping the pinions of my impetuous declaration before it fairly took wing. "Some people see faces, others animals, but I always build castles."

"What kind of castles?" I queried, chafing at the digression.

"Oh, just girls' castles," she replied. "You would not understand. You are a man. Yet some men understand women. They are not the men that boast that they do: the men who jeer at our intuitions and tread upon our nerves: not they. The ones that understand are silent, but they read us through and through."

I wondered jealously if she meant Dean. Then I broke out all at once:

"I don't care to talk about castles. I don't——"

"Don't you think that you are rather rude, Mr. Heatherington?"

"Dorothy!" I exclaimed, "why do you 'Mr. Heatherington' me day after day?—me of all others. Have you utterly forgotten Holton?—those love-perfumed days at Holton? Have you forgotten that I loved you? that you returned my love? Why do you ignore all this? Where, pray, is the constancy of women?"

Thereupon Dorothy threw back her head and laughed until the tears glistened on her lashes. Strung to a keen pitch of emotion, as I was, her mirth smote me like a cold douche. I was angered at this indifference and stood glowering down at her.

"A mere coquette, unworthy of a man's devotion," was my thought, and I make no doubt I thought aloud, for she laughed the more.

"Oh! oh!" she cried, holding her hand to her side and striving to restrain herself.

Then I gave the rein to my choler, for it is no easy thing to stand patiently the butt of ill-timed wit.

"You are heartless!" I thundered, whereat she had recourse to the cushions to smother what she could not otherwise control. I started for the door.

"I bid you good-night, Miss Vaughn," I said with dignity.

Dorothy straightened up, her face all serious now.

"Rob," she said softly, holding out her hand.

I walked back.

"Sit down," she commanded, and I stiffly took a seat opposite the settle. She looked at me for a moment with a puzzled expression.

"Don't you think that you are dreadfully stupid?" she asked, exhibiting meanwhile symptoms of a strong desire to laugh again.

I was for bridling up once more, thinking that she meant to carry on the jest.

"No, sit still," she said; "I am quite serious. Don't you candidly think that you are a bit stupid?"

"Why really, Dorothy," I returned, "I fail to see in what respect I am so dull of wit."

She was busy with her thoughts an instant, and seemed to be balancing a course of conduct in the judgment-scales of maiden reticence. Then she flushed deliciously, looked up shyly, flushed yet deeper, and looked down again.

"Let me suppose a case for you," she began in a low, hesitating voice, all the while studying most steadfastly the fire. "Suppose that about four years ago a young girl,—we will say such a girl as I was at sixteen,—living in America, accustomed only to the Colonies and colonial ways, went on a visit to England. Suppose that at the manor where she visited—a stately old hall, like Holton, we will say—she was thrown much in the society of the only son of her host, a youth scarcely older than herself, who——"

"Who was, we will say, such a youth as I four years ago?" I interrupted.

"Yes, we will suppose that, Rob. Well, she who was like me and he who was not unlike you loved each other and vowed that some day they would marry. Suppose, then, that they parted, he for the university, she to return to her colonial home. Suppose that four years and more go by, and that into that girl's home comes that youth, now a man. He never alludes to the past, never assures her that his love has not grown cold, never asks her if she loves him still. Suppose all this, Rob,—not such a hard thing, is it, to imagine?—suppose all this, and tell me if you think that it would be fitting for that girl to remind him of his plighted word?"

"Dorothy!" I exclaimed, "I am an ass!"

"Then you do think that you are stupid? Well, I rather like it in you. It shows, at least, that you are inexperienced at making love, which is precisely what I prefer."

The old settle now held two.

"What was your castle in the fire?" I asked after a time.

"I think," said Dorothy reflectively, "that it must have been Holton."

XVII.

HEAT LIGHTNING.

THE last month of 1777 drew to its close, leaving our situation in Cambridge unchanged. The promised transports came to seem as mythical as the Fountain of Youth, and our American guards, aping those above them in authority, showed us as scant consideration as did Congress. Our troops were constantly involved in petty yet irritating disputes with the Continental soldiers, from which neither side made much effort to refrain. The officers lived in tolerable peace, although there were plenty of the inhabitants who looked askance at us, from the ignoble rabble who hated us for our red coats, to the apprehensive mothers of boys and college students who feared the corrupting influence of men whom, in their abounding wisdom and lofty tolerance, they were pleased to regard as drunken, gambling rakes and children of Belial. All said, I have been in pleasanter spots and among people of kindlier intent.

Neither was the sentiment towards the loyalists of a gentler tone, and I could not live long in Cambridge without perceiving that Francis Vaughn was not so secure from molestation as he thought. There had been violence in the past, and there still existed a certain unscrupulous element in the neighborhood, swelled from time to time by the idlers who came out from Boston to gape and stare at the prisoners, which would not stickle at further baiting of the Tories. As for Francis Vaughn, he did not change his habits or his opinions a jot, but lived, as he had always lived, in respect of the law and with charity towards all. This is the nature which some communities cannot with patience abide.

I was told by Judge Vaughn that Raoul Wilde had actually heaped upon his Ossan assurance in writing of his intent to call, the Pelion impudence of presenting himself at the door. He got no farther than the door, however, and he saw no member of the Vaughn household save the servant who barred the way. Following this rebuff came silence, but with my knowledge of the man I did not look for tame acquiescence on Wilde's part.

A disquieting incident befell the night after Christmas. Judge Vaughn and I were in the dining-room chatting together over a glass of port. Dorothy was busying herself over a tambour frame in an adjoining room. She came presently to the door-way with a finger on lip and shining eyes.

"I think that some one is spying at the windows," she said. "I heard the sash rattle just now."

"The wind, my dear," suggested her father.

"There is no wind to-night," she answered.

"True," said I, and started for the hall. As I flung open the door a man leaped from the steps and dashed off into the shrubbery. I instantly gave chase, but could find no trace of him. It was not Wilde this time, I was convinced, for I had caught a fleeting glimpse of the man's face, which was strange to me. As I retraced my steps to the house I observed another figure stealthily shift its position behind a tree in the highway and steal away as I approached. Of this watcher's identity I felt sure: beyond doubt it was Wilde.

As I set foot upon the sill, I felt a slippery, clinging something beneath my tread. I examined my boot by the hall light. The heel was sticky with a black, shining fluid. Judge Vaughn, holding a candle low, touched my boot with his finger-tip and smelled of the stain.

"Tar," he remarked calmly, and walking to the door-way glanced at the steps.

They were smeared with tar and strewn with feathers. I scrutinized the window casements: they had been served the same.

"A warning," I remarked as I entered the door, with a coolness which was outward only.

"An intimidation," responded Francis Vaughn, unperturbed. "Tar and feathers have been used to frighten loyalists before. It is what one may call an argument to the emotions."

"I fear that it forebodes ill," said I.

"The work of some worthless miscreant merely," he reassured.

"A worthless miscreant granted, but abetted by those more powerful for evil," I replied, and told him of the figure lurking in the road-way.

"I did not think so meanly of him," was his only comment, and the matter dropped.

At my own suggestion I passed the night with them, but naught disturbed its tranquillity. Neither was the next night eventful, nor the next, and I began to share the calm of Francis Vaughn.

The last evening of the year I spent with Dorothy. Her father had complained that day of ill-health, and retired to his room at an early hour. In truth, he looked far from well, and despite his brave, unruffled spirit, seemed daily more feeble and stricken in years. Again Dorothy and I sat before the hearth in the library, a spot now dear to us with an hundred memories. Before its kindly glow, since the night when all went well, we had spent hours that seemed plucked from some Golden Age, retracing the past, glorying in the present, planning for the future. Here, too, we had come to Francis Vaughn together, and found him sitting with a miniature of his dead wife in his hand.

"I have come to ask for Dorothy," I said, as we stood in the doorway, she giving my hand an encouraging squeeze.

"And I for Robert, father," added my Dorothy, as she crossed swiftly over and wound her arms about his neck.

Her father's eyes twinkled.

"Ah," said he, "a joint appeal. With such unanimity as this, I suppose that it only remains for me to announce that you are yours."

Then he became grave, and exclaimed reverently,—

"I thank God!"

He looked again at the miniature.

"Robert," he began, taking my hand, "and Dorothy, I have not been so happy since that dear dead saint there pledged herself to me and together we found the joy which to-day is yours. Ever since John Heatherington has had a son and I a daughter I have hoped for the union of our children. To none other, Robert, could I give what is dearest to me with such content, and I know that you who receive her will appreciate the worth of the gift. You will not have long to wait; I realize that my life nears its close."

"God forbid, sir!" I exclaimed, and Dorothy kissed him in passionate protest.

"No, no," said he. "Hear me out; it is true. I have had that feeling for months; but, come the end when it will, I can say with Simeon, 'Lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace.' Now go," he commanded kindly, and as we went out I saw him lift the miniature to his lips.

On this last night of the year, then, as Dorothy and I sat upon the great settle, this time fellow-architects at the castle building, she told me about Dean.

"You have been such a good boy lately, Rob, asking no rude questions, that as a reward I am going to entrust you with a secret. You were jealous of Winthrop Dean, now weren't you?"

"Oh, I don't know," I began weakly, for no man likes to admit such a thing.

"Yes you were; acknowledge it: the night I played for him upon the harpsichord," she suggested, with a mischievous smile.

"I did not feel well," I returned, evading the admission.

"Well, I will tell you about it. Winthrop is in love."

"So I surmised. It's not for me to blame him," I retorted, with speaking glance.

Dorothy rippled forth a musical laugh.

"The same old blunderer," said she. "I'm not the one."

"Not the one," I echoed, incredulous.

"It's a friend of mine, a girl who lives here in Cambridge, a dear, dear friend, and Winthrop, knowing it, has been imploring me to aid

him. I think that I have served him a trifle, for that night when you were so distressingly jealous and ill-tempered he told me of their betrothal."

"Dorothy," I asked, with penitence, "do you think that I shall ever get over being a fool?"

Her reply was couched in that language of the heart whose true meaning poor words will not express and whose subtle aroma eludes translation. Badly interpreted, I should say that, in her opinion, there was still hope.

"I should like to see him," I said after a time. "I should rather like to tell him about—about ourselves."

"You would tell stale news then," she laughed.

"How so?"

"Do you think that lovers can keep a secret? She knows about us, and to-night he is to come out from Boston to see her. Do you fancy for an instant that by this time he does not know? Remember how I told you about them."

"Well," I said, "I should like to see him nevertheless, and shake hands with him. I owe him some reparation for the hard things I thought when——"

"When you were jealous?" queried Dorothy, sticking, womanlike, to her point.

"When I was jealous," I acknowledged, giving in.

I shall set down no more of these feints and sword-plays, tilts and tourneys of the lists of love. Inexpressibly sweet to their actors, to their actors alone are they wholly precious. To the sympathetic they may seem good, yet pale and juiceless beside those which dwell in their own memories; to the jaded and disenchanted they are puerile and of little worth; to the sordid they are without equivalent in money; to the cynic as wormwood and ashes. Yet God pity, say I, the life which has known them not, or, knowing, has come to see them through jaundiced eyes.

The great clock upon the landing of the stairs began to strike in its stately, solemn fashion, and I counted the strokes.

"Eleven," I sighed. "I must be going. How short are the evenings."

"Nearly the longest in the calendar, Rob."

"True," I answered, "but yet how short."

We lingered before the fire, neither saying much, and the merciless clock ticked its minutes off with offensive distinctness and brutal industry.

"Ah, well; if I must go, I must," said I, wrenching a specious kind of resolution to my aid, and I went to fetch my hat and cloak from the hall.

'Tis most essential that one warm his garments thoroughly before passing out into the frosty air, as Dorothy and I both agreed, and never were wrappings more thoroughly warmed than mine as I made ready to brave the icy wind which blew over from the river. Dorothy bundled me up with the maiden-maternal touch of the sweetheart, and I held my well-toasted fingers to the blaze for at least the twentieth time. Then the malicious timepiece on the stair struck the half hour, whereat Dorothy made a pretty pretence of surprise which would have deceived nobody.

"I don't see," said she, "that you have a shadow of an excuse to stay longer."

"Nor I, more's the pity."

We started towards the hall. Then there came a sound of shouts and the voices of many men.

"Drunken revellers," said I.

The sounds grew more distinct. Now they came from the roadway before the house.

"Why, they are coming up the walk!" I exclaimed.

The cries were almost at the door; there was no mirth in them; they were harsh and menacing. Dorothy whitened and clutched my arm.

"It is the mob," she whispered.

XVIII.

WHEREIN THE STORM BREAKS.

WE could hear them at the very door.

"Quick!" I exclaimed, "out of this room. They will be at the windows in a moment." And, avoiding the brightly lighted hall, we slipped to a servants' staircase in the rear and ascended to the floor above. The front chambers overlooked the lawn, and from one of them, ourselves in darkness and unseen, we could observe what happened below.

It was indeed the mob. All about the door and half way down the lawn was a moving mass of dark forms closing in upon the house. We could hear them at the sides and in the rear, and far away, where the iron gate-way stood in sharp silhouette against the snow, were yet others coming; beyond all, in the moonlight, glided the glistening Charles, not yet frozen, cold, cheerless, disheartening. To pick out individuals from the dark mass was impossible, and to say truly at the first sight of it one no more thought of its component parts than he would seek to analyze a cloudburst. It seemed without units; it was conglomerate. Weird, threatening, fearsome, the Thing almost fascinated. The dark throng became quiet presently, with only a drunken

laugh at intervals or an oath against the Tories. The leaders seemed to consult between the columns of the porch and were hidden from our view.

"We must call your father," I said, and started towards his room. He stood in the door completely dressed. He wore even his wig, which with him was largely a thing of ceremony that usually gave way about the house to a black skull-cap.

"I heard them," he said quietly. "Dorothy, call the servants."

She went and was back again in an instant.

"They have gone," she cried. "Their beds are untouched."

"The curs!" I broke out hotly; "they must have known."

"It does not matter," said Judge Vaughn easily. "Are you armed?"

"I have my sword," I replied, throwing open my cloak and laying hold upon the hilt. With us officers our swords were our passports and we wore them of habit. "I am without pistols, however."

"No matter, no matter," said he in the same calm, dispassionate tone.

I stared at him in amazement. Had he lost his reason?

Impatient blows rained upon the knocker echoed and re-echoed through the house and the mob began to shout.

"Open, you damned Tory, open!" they cried, and beat upon the door with clubs.

"I open to no such summons," said Francis Vaughn softly, as though speaking to himself.

The tumult ceased for the moment. They were taking counsel again, this time with loud voices.

"Perhaps he's out," suggested one.

"Out? you fool," retorted another, "he's not been out for days. The old fox is in his hole safe enough."

"Smoke him out then," urged a sinister voice.

"And burn the good stuff he owns with him, blockhead?"

"Fetch the rail," ordered one of the leaders. "If he's asleep we'll rouse him; but he's awake; he don't sleep with the lights a-shinin' like this."

Then a dozen men surged forward with the rail and rammed the door.

"Get up! get up!" they yelled, and a stone crashed through one of the windows. The glass fell upon the floor with a shivering sound. That was the signal for a general assault; a shower of stones and ice and frozen clods followed, the shouts and curses redoubled, and the blows of the ram battered viciously the stout old door. It groaned and creaked upon its hinges.

"It gives," they panted between the blows,—"it gives." Then

with a rending and shattering and splintering of wood the door crashed in and fell upon the floor. A howl of exultation went up, and the mob poured into the hall and began to scatter through the house.

Francis Vaughn started for the stair. Dorothy threw herself upon him and implored him not to descend.

"Don't think of it," I begged. "We can defend ourselves here far better when it comes to fighting."

"I must welcome my guests," he returned with a grim smile, and passed on. Calmly and deliberately he walked down the steps and stood upon the landing, with one hand resting on the great clock, and in full view of the crowd below. I threw off my cloak and followed, sword in hand. Dorothy was just behind. From the dining-room came the clink of decanters as the brutes guzzled the choice Hollands and Madeira, and over the balusters I could see a ruffian in the library seize a heavy candlestick and hurl it through a portrait of Judge Vaughn done by Copley.

Francis Vaughn gazed down upon them without the twitching of a muscle. He might have been watching a sunset on distant hills for aught his face disclosed. Catching sight of him suddenly, standing above them so calm and undisturbed, the rabble was silent, and those in the adjoining rooms came crowding out into the hall. There was something unreal about it all. Like a scene in a play, was the fancy which flitted through my head, and now, as I look back upon it across the years, so it seems still: Below, the mob, drunken, cruel, vindictive, with a respectable form here and there, but for the most part ragged and unkempt. Above, Francis Vaughn, his figure marked out against the white wood-work, and with a countenance fearless and inscrutable. Behind him was the pale, beautiful face of Dorothy, and to his left gleamed the red of my uniform. For a moment the stillness was such that the measured tick, tick, tick of the clock was audible throughout the hall. Then the spell was broken, and a nasal voice bawled out:

"How is it to-night, Francis Vaughn? Are ye for King George or 'King Hancock'? D'ye say 'God save the King,' or 'God save the Continental Congress'?"

Judge Vaughn pointed his finger at the fellow, and he became silent.

"I am indeed honored by this visit," he began in a slow, distinct voice. "I would not have thought such affection for me was held by my fellow-townsmen or by you, *gentlemen* of Boston,"—with a deep bow towards a group of dirty, villanous-looking faces unfamiliar to him. "To few is it given to be honored of the multitude. Had it been but certain ones among you—men whom I have long known and trusted—I could restrain my surprise. Peter Hard there," indicating with a gesture the fellow who had addressed him, "has doubtless come

to thank me for saving his family from starvation two winters since. Grateful Peter, do not overwhelm me with your thanks. Israel Daggett over by the door, soiling my wainscot with his dirty fingers, probably wishes to assure me that his debt of thirty pounds shall be paid to the last shilling. He has often done so. Rest easy, Israel; I am no Shylock. And Michael Finn: Are you too come to greet me? What is it this time,—the wife sick and the cupboard empty?"

The crowd stirred restively under his irony. Suddenly he changed his tone.

"You miserable dogs!" he thundered, "is this the way to make decent, peace-loving men turn Whigs? Is this the way to make men huzza for 'King' Hancock and the Continental Congress? Do you think that no man can love his country who also loves his King?"

A howl drowned his voice. "The rail! the rail!" cried some. "Tar and feather him!" "The red-coat too!" yelled others, and the foremost pressed towards the stair. Francis Vaughn never flinched.

"Be silent, fools," he commanded, and they paused. "Do you think that I fear your threats?" he asked. "Do you think that I fear even death? Listen to this: Could you inflict on me a thousand deaths, I would in spite of you at each cry with my last breath 'God save the King!' Do you hear me?" he demanded, going down a step,—“do you hear me? GOD SAVE THE——”

The sentence was unfinished. He gasped, put his hand upon his heart, reeled, and fell back into my arms. Then, pushing, struggling through the throng below, came Winthrop Dean, followed by an officer and a file of soldiers of the American guard.

"Is it too late?" he asked, rushing up the stair. "I heard of this," he said hastily, "and rode at once to the barracks for assistance."

Dorothy, brave girl, tore open her father's waistcoat and placed her hand over his heart. Then her white face blanched whiter still, and she withdrew her hand with a sob.

"Come," I said gently, "come away." And I led her up the stair.

With blazing eyes Dean leaped down the steps.

"Go! go!" he cried to the gaping crowd. "Go! you cowards! What would you with the dead?"

XIX.

DESCRIBING A WEDDING WITHOUT BELLS.

EARLY in the new year it became evident that Congress had no thought of keeping its faith. When our transports finally reached Boston the troops were not permitted to embark. Then Congress, setting at naught the solemn Convention, suspended our home-going until a contingency should come to pass which it knew well could not

occur. Such is the astounding dishonesty at which men, honest in their private lives, will connive when they act on the public behalf. From that body, then, there remained nothing to expect, and our one hope now lay in our exchange as prisoners of war. With this we must needs sustain ourselves, some of us for months, some for years.

During all this time of uncertainty I constantly saw Dorothy, and her sweet companionship alone made life endurable. After Francis Vaughn's death she had been urged by her friends to forsake the old house for one less saddened by tragic memories and more secure from harm. Dean's mother, especially, pressed her to share her home. She refused them all.

"Do they think," she said to me, "that if my father would not flinch that his daughter will truckle to those whom he defied?"

I agreed with her heartily. The respectable public had deprecated the action of the mob, and a repetition of the outrage was not to be feared. As near as it could be traced, the whole miserable business had sprung from the fumes of drink and the mouthings of a few chronic malcontents, rather than from any popular hatred of Francis Vaughn. Whether the hand of Raoul Wilde was implicated I never rightly knew. Of this I am certain, that it was he whom I surprised lurking in the highway the night of the smearing of the tar and feathers, and it is probable that he directed their laying on. I can conceive of his resorting to such blackguardism to the end that he might create a feeling of alarm and an inclination to accept of his precious services. That he knew of some individual dislikes of Judge Vaughn and had heard tavern mutterings against him is also probable; but that he deliberately poured oil upon the flame of anarchy and projected an assault upon the person and property of Francis Vaughn I cannot willingly believe. Wanting proof of guilt, I will not through prejudice condemn, and as far as me or mine is concerned, Raoul Wilde passed out of the story when he vanished in the darkness of Tory Row.

Of his subsequent career I cannot refrain from adding a word, for fragments of its strange story reached me in after years. It was hardly to be expected that Wilde would find life in America greatly to his taste. His bitterness of spirit in Albany led me to conjecture that the fondness of the Colonials for a traitor was not excessive, even though they might gladly profit by his treason. A few months of cool indifference to his claim upon their gratitude sufficed him, and when a trading vessel threw in his way an opportunity to ship for the West Indies, he blithely cut loose from the cause for whose "principles" he had betrayed the English. From the Antilles he drifted in time to Mexico, where, with no capital save his assurance and a dishonored sword, he contrived to curry some sort of favor with the Viceroy. It is said that he lent his devil's bravery to the single-handed capture of a notorious

bandit. It was not his way, however, to be wholly valorous or virtuous over long, and an intrigue touching nearly the Viceregal household lost him all that his daring had gained, and bade fair to cut short his existence with a poniard thrust.

I will not, indeed cannot, outline his errant life in its full. The world was a warlike planet then, and a purchasable sword like this man's seldom lacked its market. To the France of his birth—and I am convinced of his affection, so far as he loved any country—he returned at last, and in France he met his tragic end. Caught in the maelstrom-whirl of the Reign of Terror, a man of French manners, but English face, rode one night in a tumbril from the Abbaye prison to the Conciergerie. On the morrow—the sans-culottes knew it as the 9th Thermidor—he faced with coolness the dread Tribunal Revolutionnaire of the Palais de Justice. In answer to a question from the Tribunal, he said that he knew not wherefore he was suspect, that his services for the Republic were not unknown to those in power, and that no less than Citizen Robespierre himself could, did he choose, bear witness thereto. Replying to a demand of the public prosecutor, the prisoner admitted that his mother was a woman of the noblesse. The trial came abruptly to its end, and in Raoul Wilde, that night, the guillotine claimed yet another victim.

A housekeeper procured, and the ravages of the mob in some measure repaired, Dorothy and I set ourselves to wait until Providence and the Continental Congress should permit that I take her from these saddened walls to live anew at Holton. We were more like man and wife than affianced lovers. Her father had married, as I was to marry, an orphan, and his death left her no kin nearer than my father and myself. Hers was a brave spirit, but more and more she grew to rely on me, and I rejoiced in the trust.

I had written home fully concerning what had come to pass—our betrothal, the mob, the death of Francis Vaughn, and the perfidy of Congress—and in March came my father's reply, after undergoing a preliminary opening and perusal by the Boston officials. To Dorothy he wrote a letter so tender, and withal so comforting, that she wept over it again and again. Yet her tears were not like those blinding, hysterical ones that she had shed when all that dreadful scene was over and the tension was relaxed; these tears soothed, and I knew that my father out of the depths of his own experience had somehow poured oil and wine into the fresh wounds of her grief, and that the sharpness was now allayed. Her heart went out to this father of mine, who was to me father and mother both, and who longed to welcome us home together, and she assented to the counsel which he gave. He urged that whenever the prospect of my exchange seemed imminent that our marriage should not be delayed.

"I am no friend to the mingling of marriage and 'funeral bak'd meats,'" he wrote to me, "but you are now Dorothy's sole protector and should assume your responsibility. One's conscience is the truest judge of propriety."

It was my choice to act upon this advice at once, for, owing to General Burgoyne's ill-health, Congress had just resolved to permit him to return to England on parole, and the hope ran high that similar good fortune might befall other of the officers.

It was a matter of much grief with Dorothy—so strong with womankind is the force of sentiment—that she could not be married from the parish church within whose walls she had been baptized; for the closed doors of that sanctuary, of whose fate I have spoken, were so to remain until the lapse of many years. I tried clumsily to console her by pointing out that she was also debarred from the church of her confirmation, which was in England, for, the Colonists being without bishops, she had received the rite while staying at Holton. Was it not, therefore, as fitting to lament her separation from the second as well? This idea, however, she rejected as quite irrelevant, and, concluding that here was no subject for masculine comprehension, I made an end of reasoning. Not the church alone was lacking. What with the flight of their loyal parishioners, the closing of their churches, and their own well-nigh universal devotion to the royal cause, clergymen of the Church of England were not readily to be met with, and for our marriage none was available. In this strait we had recourse to a Calvinistic divine whom the Vaughns in less troubled days had counted among their friends.

Long afterwards Dorothy told me of the picture of her bridal which she, like other girls, had painted in her fancy. It was woven of "such stuff as dreams are made of," maidens' dreams, full of bright, warm hues and all-important nothings. There was the rustle of silks and laces, the shine of resplendent buckles, and the dignity of powdered hair and coach of state; there was the scent of flowers in spring-time, the chiming of bells, the turning of heads and the craning of necks in the parish church filled with the friends of her youth; then, too, the vision of her father's house decked as never before, ablaze with lights, joyful with feasting, ringing with music, throbbing with the rhythm of the dance. Such was the anticipation. This the reality. On one of the last blustering days of March, winter's final slap in the face of the coming spring, with the snow whirling thick and fast, in the old parson's study, grim like his creed, and all barricaded about with the heavy tomes of Jonathan Edwards and Cotton Mather and John Calvin, with few witnesses—Dean, his parents, and his betrothed, the Baron and Lady Riedesel, and General Burgoyne—we were made man and wife.

The one touch of festivity was the General, who came clad as for a

court levee, gorgeous in full-dress uniform and gold lace: another instance of the good-will which apparently had been mine since our first meeting at Brooks's. As he saluted Dorothy he said with his courtliest bow:

"The Government should vote you a 'triumph,' Heatherington. You are the one man of our expedition who will return a victor."

XX.

IN THE MIDST OF LIFE.

CERTAIN events in these lives of ours stand-out as milestones, their lettering distinct and ineffaceable, and by them we are wont to reckon the time and distance of our journeying: when this one was born, before that one married, after the other died,—no one is without them. I come now to one of mine, the memory of which is yet as fresh as on that April morning years ago when it befell.

It was General Burgoyne's last day but one in Cambridge. On the morrow he was to set out on his way to Rhode Island, whence he would embark for England, to meet with what cold greeting and bitter attack is known. I can recall most minutely the trifling happenings of that April morning, when the first breath of spring brought England and old Geoffrey Chaucer instantly to mind and set me repeating "When that Aprilē with his showrēs sote." I remember that despite the fact that it was New England, not old England, despite Dorothy's black garments and sad memories, despite my captivity, despite Congress, despite everything which might make for melancholy, the world seemed a brave, blithe world, and life's game well worth the candle. I remember that Dorothy rose with a song in her throat and I with a whistle on my lips,—that the matchless sauce of affection seasoned our meal,—and that the love-notes of mating birds sounded through the open windows. I remember that, as we stood looking out, I espied the first crocus of spring lifting its yellow cup to the sunshine, and I remember that, lover-like, I leaped through the casement to pluck it for Dorothy. I remember her happy laugh and the mingling of thanks for the flower and mock reproof for the mud with which I befouled her spotless wood-work as I clambered back through the window, scorning prosaic entrance by the door. I remember how, as cheek to cheek we watched Dame Nature rousing from her winter's nap, I spouted line upon line of the poetry which is quickened with the breath of love and the sap of life's springtime:

"Come live with me, and be my Love
And we will all the pleasure prove
That vallies, groves, and hills and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains yields,"

The Livery of Honor

I sang with Marlowe's passionate shepherd, and quick as thought Dorothy was at me with Raleigh's nymph's reply:

"If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love."

I laughed at her readiness and retorted,

"For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?"

and was kissed for my feigned indifference. Then came "Under the Greenwood Tree," fragments of the "Epithalamium," whose music was rare melody to me those days, "Cherry Ripe," "It was a lover and his lass," "Drink to me only with thine eyes," and I know not what else.

A message summoning me to the General's quarters put an end to our verse-capping and precipitated a tender farewell which would have sufficed a hero going to the wars, although it was scarce enough for me, who would be absent but some few hours at the most. I remember how, when the sweetly-sad business seemed properly accomplished, I came back under pretence of having forgotten my handkerchief, and insisted that it be done all over again. Let the cynic scoff and dotage point the finger. To Youth I appeal for sober judgment, to Youth the lover, or to young Benedict with his wedding garments not yet frayed: there is your "wise young judge" for causes such as mine.

I wondered with some impatience, as I strode along, what might be the General's reason for dragging me from home at a time which still lacked much of the hour at which I was wont of late to report to him. I attributed his early rising to his impending departure, and with a wish that Dorothy and I might accompany him, I slipped into a reverie of our future life in England, where, lulled in the quiet of Holton, there should be an end of irksome duties entailed by the wearing of swords and red coats. This engaging employment left no room for speculation as to the business of the morning, and I quite forgot about it.

As I stepped within the broad hall of the "Palace" and walked towards the reception-room, where I usually found the General, a servant hastened forward.

"General Burgoyne left word, sir, that you join him in his room," said he.

I turned accordingly and ascended the stair. I knocked at the door of his bedroom, and the General's voice called "Come." He was not yet dressed for the morning and wore an elaborate dressing-gown.

"Ah," said he in an odd voice, "good-morning. I wanted particularly to see you, Robert."

He had never before called me by my baptismal name, and I wondered at it and at his tone.

"A letter has come for you," he went on, stepping to an escritoire and searching among his documents,—“a letter from England addressed to you in my personal care.”

It cost him seemingly much thought and rummaging to bring the missive to light. At last he unearthed it and handed it to me, I thought reluctantly, with the address downward. Then turning his back he began again to rustle among the papers. I stared at him a moment, puzzled by his curious manner. Then I turned the letter over and read the superscription; it, too, had an odd look. I reread it with a dull, dumb feeling, and then read it again. It had a legal and formal look.

"Sir Robert Heatherington," it began.

The room was perfectly still. The General ceased to move among his papers and stood motionless, with his back yet turned. With the same numb feeling I walked to the window and opened the letter. Again this foolish Sir Roberting. It was from the family solicitor.

"After a short illness your respected father died on the 9th February, 1778," were the first lines.

I read it through and carefully folded it.

"What crabbed handwriting," was my thought.

Out through the window I idly watched a cat stealing along in the shrubbery, her tail sweeping slowly from side to side and her cruel, dilated eyes fixed upon a bird. The bird hopped about gayly and flew away as the cat crouched to spring. In the highway winding about the foot of the garden a horseman rode by, then came two English soldiers, then a Hessian with huge, clumsy boots and a long-stemmed pipe, then a woman holding up her skirts and picking her way daintily through the mud,—her petticoat was green. Beyond, the river caught my eye, and I counted listlessly a few great cakes of ice which hurried out with the tide. Then the General laid his hand gently on my arm.

"Drink this glass of wine, Rob," he said kindly.

I drank it mechanically and noticed that it was Madeira. Then my eyes strayed to the wall-paper, with its panels of pictured fruits and landscapes and classic ruins.

"Here, another," urged the General, pouring it out.

I shook my head.

"Do, my lad."

"No," I replied, "no," and went out. "It is hard to lose father and mother in one," I thought as I slowly descended the stair, and fell observing the carved balusters, each with its different design. Through the open door of the reception-room little details of the panels and

mouldings arrested my glance; then the blue tiles of the fireplace. Two officers greeted me in the hall, and some self that seemed not myself answered them. They stared at me strangely and one nudged the other.

In the street a soldier saluted. The same other self returned the salute. I walked aimlessly down through the market-place; then towards the river. I wanted to think. Perhaps the river would help me to think: it had often set my thoughts flowing in the past. But I only watched the water glide by, foul with the freshets of spring and sullen with the swish and crunch of drifting ice. I turned away and retraced my steps. Soon I found myself near the church-yard, and I began to wander among the graves, reading the inscriptions. I thought of Hamlet and the grave-diggers and of his gruesome question, "How long will a man lie i' th' earth ere he rot?" Then came an awful vision of my noble father. I roused myself with a shudder and turned wearily towards home. The self not myself saw Winthrop Dean walking along near the college chapel and waved to him a hand. He waved back and disappeared. Then more little things absorbed me: the tapping of a woodpecker, a bird struggling with a worm, a boy damming a roadside puddle with clay and twigs, the mud on my boots, which had spattered and smeared above the knee; I wondered where I could have so bemired myself, and then forgot to wonder.

Dorothy, seeing me through a window, met me at the door with frightened eyes and anxious questionings. I handed her the letter for answer and threw myself heavily in a chair. Presently a pair of arms stole round my neck and soft fingers smoothed my hot forehead. Then I wept as a child and was comforted.

There is but little more to tell. Three months later I was exchanged. The official through whom our appeals to Congress were made was not only poor, but unprincipled, and his avaricious fingers grasped willingly at gifts. The obvious necessity of attending to my affairs in England, backed by the more cogent argument of seventy guineas, procured from this patriot his favorable recommendation to Congress. The old house of the Vaughns was purchased by Dean's father and would, we knew, become in time the home of Winthrop Dean and his bride. To none other could Dorothy see it pass with such content.

In early July we sailed for England. It was evening when the vessel stood out with the tide, and the sails over our heads flapped and bellied in the breeze. The wind freshened, the sun sank low, and the New England shore grew purple, then hazy, and then quite dim. From landward came a last breath of flowers and new-mown hay.

"England is white with the clover now," I said.

"And aflame with the scarlet poppies," added Dorothy.

THE NOVEMBER METEORS

BY C. A. YOUNG

Professor of Astronomy in Princeton University

THE month of November is likely to be remarkable for its meteoric showers. It is probable that a brilliant display of the so-called "Leonids" will occur in the early morning of November 15 or 16; and it is quite possible that there may be a second shower on the evening of the 23d or 24th, due to an encounter with the meteoritic swarm which follows in the track of Biela's lost comet. Whether, however, both or either of these meteoric showers will be visible in the United States is something which cannot be positively predicted, even leaving out all consideration of the weather. While it is practically certain that the earth will pass through some portion of the Leonid swarm on the 15th or 16th of the month, the data are not sufficient to determine the precise hour of Greenwich time when the encounter will take place, or how long it will last; so that we cannot say in just what part of the earth the phenomenon will be visible,—whether in the Eastern or in the Western Hemisphere. On the whole, the calculations thus far published indicate that the favored regions are likely to be those that border on the Atlantic.

With respect to the possible Bielid shower the data are still more inadequate,—indeed, it is rather more likely that the shower will not occur at all than that it will.

Meteors, or shooting-stars, are by no means uncommon objects: an attentive observer will hardly ever fail to see a considerable number in an evening's watching. The majority are faint and very swift, but some are brilliant, remain longer visible, and are followed by long trains of light. Now and then, though seldom, one is seen as bright as Venus, or as the moon even; and if not too far away it roars like a passing railway train, explodes, and bombards the earth with fragments of stone or iron which are called "aërolites."

But these great meteors are very rare: perhaps on the average half a dozen or so a year are actually seen to fall, and furnish specimens to our museums. Those that are not thus recovered are, of course, many times more numerous—such, for instance, as fall in the ocean, or in uninhabited regions, or among savages.

There seems to be no certain ground of distinction between the faintest meteors and the brightest except as to size; but it is quite possible that the ordinary "shooting-stars," which make no sound and leave no perceptible residue, may be of different constitution from the larger ones,—puffs of dust rather than solid masses.

It is hardly necessary to say that the shooting-stars are not stars at all, as the name seems to indicate, and as people sometimes think. This was the mistake of the sailor on a British naval vessel, who had been set on watch during the star-shower of 1866 to count all the meteors he could see in a given fifteen minutes. When his time was up he begged to be allowed a minute longer, "because," said he, "I has my eye on a star that wiggles awful, and can't hold on much longer."

Shooting-stars are only little masses of matter,—bits of rock or metal, or cloudlets of dust and gas,—which are flying unresisted through space just as planets and comets do, in paths which, within the limits of our solar system, are controlled by the attraction of the sun. They move with a speed of several miles a second, far exceeding that of any military projectile, but are too small to be seen by us except when they enter our atmosphere, and, becoming intensely heated by the resistance they encounter, light up and burn for a moment; for, to use Lord Kelvin's expression, a body rushing through the air at such an enormous velocity is during its flight virtually "immersed in a blow-pipe flame," having a temperature comparable with that of an electric arc. As a rule they are completely consumed in the upper air, so that nothing reaches the surface of the earth except, perhaps, a little ash, settling slowly as an imperceptible "smoke." Occasionally, however, some mass larger than usual survives in part the fiery ordeal, and its fragments fall to the ground as specimens of the material of "other worlds than ours."

The total number of these flying pebbles in interplanetary space must be enormous, though estimates differ rather widely. An ordinary observer under ordinary circumstances will average about eight an hour in a clear, moonless sky. Schmidt, of Athens, however, in the clear Grecian air, nearly doubles the number, and reckons about fifteen to the hour for a single observer. It is found also that one person is able to note only about one-sixth of all that are visible at his station by a party of observers sufficiently large to watch the entire heavens minutely. If, therefore, we accept the estimate of Schmidt, it appears that about twenty-two hundred must ordinarily come within the range of vision at any given station every twenty-four hours, though, of course, those that fall in the daytime cannot be seen.

On this basis the late Professor Newton calculates that about twenty millions large enough to be seen from the earth's surface under favorable conditions enter our atmosphere every day. There are also multitudes of others too small to be seen by the eye, and it continually happens to a telescopic observer working with a low power that he sees minute meteors dart across his field of view.

An interesting and significant fact is that the average hourly number of meteors is only half as great in the evening as in the morning, and

in the evening their velocity is lower. The reason is that at sunset we have before us the point in the heavens from which we are moving in our orbital journey around the sun, while in the morning we face the point towards which we are advancing; in the evening we are in the rear of the earth, at sunrise in front. This increase in the numbers and speed of the morning meteors is just what ought to happen if they are bodies moving indiscriminately in all directions under the sun's attraction, and with the velocity (about twenty-six miles a second) which a body would acquire in falling towards the sun from a distance very great as compared with the size of our planetary orbits. We are justified, therefore, in assuming that the ordinary shooting-stars come to us as visitors from outer space. But we are careful to add that the statistics of the larger meteors, those from which *aërolitic* specimens have been obtained, do not indicate the same thing with respect to them,—at least not so decidedly, if at all.

The twenty million which encounter the earth daily are not, however, very closely packed in space: computation shows that they are at an average distance of about two hundred and fifty miles from each other. As they are very small, weighing probably hardly a quarter of an ounce apiece, on the average, the whole amount of foreign matter thus picked up by the earth each day cannot well exceed one hundred and fifty or two hundred tons, or from fifty thousand to seventy-five thousand tons a year, and is probably considerably less. The growth of the earth by this accretion, though real, is extremely slow: it must take nearly five hundred million years to accumulate an inch-thick layer upon her surface at the present rate of acquisition.

Nor is the amount of this dust of space sufficient to offer any sensible obstruction to light, or at least any that can be detected with certainty at present. There are, however, indications that perhaps it may act like a "haze," and count for something in affecting the brightness of the more distant stars.

But while the ordinary meteors are thus thinly scattered there are here and there flocks or swarms of these migratory birds of the sky, as Flammarion calls them, which are comparatively dense,—that is to say, where the average distance between the component particles is only a few miles, instead of being two hundred and fifty. It is to our encounters with such swarms that we owe our meteoric showers. If, for instance, in such a swarm the average interspace is only five miles, an observer would see more than two hundred and fifty a second while the earth was traversing it.

* Something like this really happened on the morning of November 13, 1833, when from midnight until daybreak to all observers in the then inhabited regions of our country the sky was filled with fiery missiles. They moved swiftly, but silently, ranging in apparent size

from the merest sparks to fire-balls larger and brighter than the moon. The ignorant, the Southern negroes especially, were struck with consternation, thinking that the day of judgment had come. A South Carolina gentleman, quoted by Kirkwood in his little book on comets and meteors, says:

"I was suddenly awakened by the most distressing cries that ever fell on my ears. . . . While listening for the cause I heard a faint voice near the door calling my name. I arose, and, taking my sword, stood at the door. At this moment I heard the same voice still beseeching me to arise, and saying, 'My God, the world is on fire!' I then opened the door, and it is difficult to say which excited me the most,—the awfulness of the scene, or the distressed cries of the negroes, . . . prostrate on the ground, some speechless, some with bitterest cries, but with hands upraised, imploring God to save the world and them. The scene was truly awful; for never did rain fall much thicker than the meteors fell towards the earth: east, west, north, south, it was the same."

The writer's father, who witnessed the display, used to assert that he never saw snow-flakes in a New Hampshire storm thicker than the meteors were at times. Some thought that the stars themselves were really falling, and Kirkwood mentions the case of a farmer whom he himself met the next afternoon, and who said, "I believe we shall see no more stars: they must all have fallen." To intelligent observers who were able to keep their wits about them the phenomenon was magnificent and full of interest, though at the time extremely perplexing; for its cause and significance were not then understood as now, and the general impression was that it was purely atmospheric, probably electrical, and perhaps in some way akin to the aurora borealis.

Nearly all the observers, however, noticed the fact that the meteors did not move "helter-skelter," but for the most part systematically,—in paths that emanated from, or could be traced back to, a point in the so-called "Sickle" of the constellation of Leo, making the sky to look, as an old lady expressed it, "like a gigantic umbrella." Many, also, soon recognized the obvious explanation. The appearance was simply a perspective effect, due to the fact that the meteors were all entering our atmosphere in lines nearly parallel, the so-called "radiant" point indicating merely the direction from which they approached us: the perspective "vanishing point" of their parallel tracks.

By comparison of observations made at different stations upon some of the more conspicuous meteors, such as were easily identifiable, it was ascertained also that they became visible at an elevation of not less than eighty miles above the earth's surface, and burned out or disappeared at a height of about thirty miles.

We have said that no noise was heard from them, nor did anything

reach the surface of the earth. The great preponderance of evidence fully justifies this statement: at the same time it is true that a few persons reported the hearing of faint sounds, like the rush and explosion of distant rockets, and a few declared that as dawn came on they saw the surface of still water on lakes or mill-ponds dimpled as if by falling particles. There were some instances also of persons who were quite sure that they saw meteors strike the ground, and the next morning found in the place a mass of "jelly." None of these reports, however, proved able to withstand the test of a critical investigation, and for the most part they are easily explained as the result of a rather vivid imagination, a good deal excited by the extraordinary circumstances. As to the "star-jelly," the substance was at once recognized by botanists as a species of *Nostoc*, an alga which grows up suddenly like a mushroom in damp, rich soil, and is often found in barn-yards and pastures. The belief that this is the residue of falling stars did not, however, originate on this occasion, but had long been current in many countries among farmers and herdsmen, though with no more foundation than the majority of the superstitions prevalent among such people.

It very soon became evident from the investigations of various persons, Professor Olmsted, of New Haven, especially, that this great meteoric shower was by no means an unprecedented or isolated phenomenon, and the study of historic records shows that a regular cycle is involved, and that something very similar had been observed many times before at the same season of the year, at an interval of about thirty-three and one-fourth years, or some multiple of that period. The earliest of these records dates back to A.D. 902, "The year of the stars;" and a dozen others follow at various intervals, all reconcilable, however, with the period named, though with many gaps at times when the star-shower probably occurred, but escaped observation or record. The last repetition of the phenomenon was in 1866 and 1867: in the former year it was seen in Europe and Asia, but only the end of it was visible in this country; in 1867 it was visible here, but not in Europe. In neither year, however, was it comparable with the great display of 1833. At that time the earth passed through the very centre and heart of the meteoritic swarm, but in 1866 only through the advance-guard, so to speak, and the next year through the rear,—the swarm being of such length that it occupies nearly two years in passing the point where its path intersects that of the earth. The meteors form a vast procession, at least fifteen hundred millions of miles in length, but not quite a million in width, since the earth passes through it in less than half a day.

It is like an army six or seven thousand strong marching by fours along a highway, only in front and rear the order is loose, while in the

centre it is compact. Then there are outlying stragglers on either side, as indicated by the considerable number of meteors met by the earth some days before and after her encounter with the main body, and also many that precede and follow the main body, which strike us a year or two before and after the principal display,—mainly after, for the densest portion of the host is well up towards the front, related to those that follow much as the head of a comet is to its tail. Nor is the procession regular in its structure: the meteors are by no means uniformly or regularly distributed, but travel in separate columns and squadrons, so to speak. This is indicated by the fact that during the shower there are times when the display almost ceases for some minutes, and then is renewed in full brilliance.

In 1864 the late Professor Newton, of New Haven, from a discussion of all the observations then available, had shown that the period occupied by the meteor-flock in moving around the sun might be either one of five: viz., a period of thirty-three and one-fourth years; or of one year plus or minus eleven days; or of half a year plus or minus five and a half days; and of these he considered the period of three hundred and fifty-four days as on the whole the most probable. At the same time he pointed out that there was a regular progression in the date of the showers, bringing them earlier at each return, and amounting to about a month in a thousand years. This is attributable to the disturbing action of the planets, and as this action ought to be different for each of the suggested orbits, he indicated that calculation would probably be able to decide with certainty between them. Professor Adams, who shares with Leverrier the honor of the discovery of the planet Neptune, undertook the laborious computation, and very soon announced that the thirty-three and one-fourth year period alone would fulfil the condition.

A remarkable discovery quickly followed. Knowing the period of the meteoric swarm and the position of the "radiant" of the shower, it becomes at once possible to calculate the orbit of the swarm; and when the results of such calculations by Leverrier and Schiaparelli were announced in January, 1867, it at once appeared that the orbit of the meteors was a long oval, extending out as far as the orbit of Uranus, and identical with that of a comet (Tempel's) which was observed during the winter and spring of 1866, preceding the meteors by about ten months.

Schiaparelli had already, a few weeks earlier, shown a similar coincidence between the orbit of the "Perseids," or August meteors, and that of a bright comet, known as Tuttle's, which appeared in 1862, and has a period of about one hundred and twenty-five years, though the length of the period is not very well determined.

This establishment of a near relation between the comets and the

shooting-stars is one of the most interesting and important extensions of the domain of astronomy which has been effected during the nineteenth century. Just what the relation really is, however, is still more or less uncertain: the view most generally held, though not free from objections, regards them as the product of the disintegration of comets after they enter our system. But a discussion of this matter would take us too far.

It may be accepted as certain that these flocks of meteors are not regular members of the solar system in any such sense as the planets. Whether they are or are not the dust of disintegrated comets, it is altogether probable that, like the comets, they have come to our neighborhood from outside, have been "captured" by some planet, and in this way brought under the sun's dominion, and compelled to move in a permanent orbit. In some cases it is possible by reckoning backward to determine with more or less probability the date when the capture took place, and the calculations of Leverrier indicate that Tempel's comet was thus brought into the system by the action of the planet Uranus in the year 126 A.D. Still, this can hardly be considered as fully proved.

After a meteor-swarm has thus come into our system its constituent particles will gradually scatter, because those that are on the inside of the group and nearer to the sun will make their circuit a little quicker than those outside. In time, therefore,—after thousands of years, if not sooner,—the flock, once compact, will become a thin, flat ring, somewhat like one of the rings of Saturn, but oval instead of circular, and far less dense of course.

In the case of the Perseids, or August meteors, this process seems to have become nearly complete,—the meteors are encountered every year, and for many days in succession; but with the Leonids the process is far less advanced, and the ring, incomplete as yet, still possesses a magnificent "gem," to borrow the expression of Miss Clerke, who thus designates the crowded portion of the flock which fills our heavens with fiery glory when we pass through it.

Hitherto the observation of meteors has been mostly confined to noting with the eye, at different stations some miles apart, the instant of appearance, the position, direction, length of path and duration, of conspicuous meteors, for the purpose of determining their height, etc., and the position of the radiant; and with these observations go systematic counts of the number visible in a minute, their brightness, color, etc. It is hoped on the coming occasion to supplement the work by photographic records: preliminary attempts made at Cambridge and New Haven last year gave encouraging results. It is worth mentioning that last winter and spring Mr. Isaac Roberts, so distinguished for his magnificent photographs of nebulae, endeavored to get a photographic sight of the meteor-flock in advance of its arrival; but, as he thought

would probably be the case, without success. The meteors are too small and too scattered, or perhaps too dark-colored, to make an impression on the plate. And we may note further that Tempel's comet, the forerunner of the swarm, has failed to make its appearance, or at least has not yet been seen. It is, however, unfavorably situated this year, and quite likely to elude observation.

We have left but little space in which to speak of the Bielid meteors, or "Andromedids," which may possibly give us a second meteoric shower a week later than that of the Leonids. The history of the comet with which they are connected is a curious one. It was first observed in 1772, and again in 1805; but it was not until after its discovery by Biela, in 1826, that its periodic character was detected. It is one of Jupiter's large comet-family, with a period of about six and a half years, and its orbit passes very close to that of the earth,—so near, indeed, that a collision would occur if the two bodies should arrive at the point of nearest approach simultaneously. In 1838 there was something like a panic in Southern France on account of a report that the comet would strike the earth in that region,—the predecessor of quite a number of similar comet-scares which have since occurred. In 1846 the comet for some unknown reason divided into two, and in 1853 the two parts were observed moving side by side, and for the last time. Since then it has never been seen with certainty, though a single doubtful observation was reported in 1858.

But on the evening of November 28, 1872, about six weeks after the comet, if still existing, ought to have passed the earth, a fine shower of meteors coming from a radiant in the constellation of Andromeda was observed both in Europe and this country. The radiant was precisely at the point in the heavens from which the comet would appear to approach the earth, and there is no doubt that these meteors were related to Biela's comet in the same way as the Leonids to Tempel's. As observed in 1872, the Andromedids were on the average far less brilliant, and moved more slowly than the Leonids, which meet the earth, while the others overtake it. On November 27, 1885, thirteen years, or two comet-periods, later, another finer shower from the same radiant occurred, best seen on the Eastern continent, but notable for an hour or two of the early evening along our own Atlantic coast. And on November 23, 1892, there was also another considerable shower, visible in this country. As observed by the writer at Princeton, some thirty thousand meteors fell within sight of that station in less than two hours. The fact that this was nearly four days earlier than the day on which the earth passes the node of the comet's orbit is notable. The computers attribute this to a change in the orbit produced by the action of Jupiter on the meteoric flock, which must have passed very near the planet between 1886 and 1892. It seems probable, also, that

the Bielids are no longer arranged in a single body, or lengthened train even, but that they have separated into a number of distinct herds, with rather wide intervals between them, and pursuing somewhat different orbits. Had it not been for the great disturbances lately caused by Jupiter, last year should have given us a repetition of the showers of 1872 and 1885: but nothing of the sort was observed, and though it is not impossible that we may encounter one of the Bielid swarms this year between November 22 and 24, the chances seem to be decidedly against it.

Perhaps, in view of certain sensational paragraphs that have appeared in magazines and newspapers, it may be worth while to add that there is not the slightest reason to expect any sensible effect upon the earth and the condition of human life as the result of our encounter with the meteors: no earthquakes such as the Austrian Falb predicts, nor unusual tides or pestilences: nor, on the other hand, any remarkably favorable conditions of things.

This is not saying, of course, that earthquakes and pestilences may not occur, or unusually abundant crops and other great good fortunes, only that if they do the meteors will be no more responsible for them than are the Cuban fire-flies.

OUR MOTHER THE SEA

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

LONG ropes of pearls the Mother Sea flings down
To the winged emerald daughters of her heart,
Who run in laughter and in laughter part
Upon the beach, though clouds to westward frown;
Low thunders from the sunset sudden drown
The light sea laughter, and the wavelets dart
Back to the Mother breast, again to start,
And weave the pearl ropes in a glittering crown:

White foam, green waves, such virtue in you lies
That, as you move, new essence is unrolled
To him who, like the palm 'neath sunsick sky,
For silver coolness and sweet grayness sighs,—
O strong, great Mother, made to God's own mould!
Who does not long to kiss thee ere he die?

THE LAST VICTORY OF "OLD IRONSIDES"

BY GEORGE GIBBS

THE old Constitution was out on the broad ocean again! And when the news went forth that she had succeeded for the seventh time in running the blockade of the British squadrons, deep was the chagrin of the Admiralty. This Yankee frigate, still stanch and undefeated, had again and again proved herself superior to everything afloat that was British; had shown her heels, under Hull's masterly seamanship, to a whole squadron during a chase that lasted three days; and had under Hull, and then under Bainbridge, whipped both the *Guerriere* and the *Java*, two of their tidiest frigates, in an incredibly short time, with a trifling loss both in men and rigging. She was invincible; and the title which she had gained before Tripoli, under Commodore Preble, when the Mussulman shot had hailed against her oaken timbers and dropped harmlessly into the sea alongside, seemed more than ever to befit her. "Old Ironsides" was abroad again, overhauled from royal to locker, with a crew of picked seamen and a captain who had the confidence of the navy and the nation.

Her hull had been made new, her canvas had come direct from the sail-lofts at Boston, and her spars were the stanchest that the American forests could afford. She carried thirty-one long 24-pounders and twenty short 32-pounders,—fifty-one guns in all, throwing six hundred and forty-four pounds of actual weight of metal to a broadside. Her officers knew her sailing qualities, and she was ballasted to a nicety, bowling along in a topgallant-stu'n-sail breeze at twelve knots an hour.

The long list of her victories over their old-time foe had given her men a confidence in the ship and themselves that attained almost the measure of a faith; and, had the occasion presented itself, they would have been as willing to match broadsides with a British seventy-four as with a frigate of equal metal with themselves. They were a fine, hearty lot, these jack-tars; and, as "Old Ironsides" left the green seas behind and ploughed her bluff nose boldly through the darker surges of the broad Atlantic, they vowed that the frigate's last action would not be her least. The Constitution would not be dreaded by the British in vain.

For dreaded she was among the officers of the British North Atlantic squadron. As soon as it was discovered by the British Admiralty that she had passed the blockade, instructions were at once given out and passed from ship to ship to the end that every vessel of whatever class which spoke another on the high seas should report whether or

not she had seen a vessel which looked like the Constitution. By means of this ocean telegraphy they hoped to discover the course and intention of the great American, and finally to succeed in bringing her into action with a British fleet. By this time they had learned their lesson. Single frigates were given orders to avoid an encounter, while other frigates were directed to hunt for her in pairs!

Charles Stewart had been one of old Preble's "school-boy captains" before Tripoli, the second in command. He had been one to suggest the expedition to cut out or destroy the Philadelphia, the envied command of which fell to Decatur. But he won distinction enough before the batteries there, and afterwards when he captured the French Experiment, of a much heavier force and armament than his own, in a brilliant little action. He had entered the merchant service at thirteen, had been captain of a ship in the India trade at nineteen, and thus from his boyhood had been schooled in the finer points of rough-and-ready seamanship.

He was born in Philadelphia in 1778, at a time when the blood of patriotism ran hot in the veins of the mothers as well as of the fathers of the race, and he then imbibed the principles he afterwards stood for so valiantly on sea and on land. On the frigate United States, that "nursery of heroes," he had for messmates Stephen Decatur and Richard Somers; and Edward Preble gave him ideas of discipline that later stood him in good stead. He was, like Decatur, of an impetuous disposition; but he had learned what quick obedience meant to the service, and among the men on the Constitution it was known that infractions of duty would be quickly punished. The men tumbled to the gear and handled the guns so smartly that with his picked seamen Stewart had not been out of sight of land a week before they attained a proficiency in manœuvre rarely surpassed on a man-of-war. It is related that once, having received an order from a superior officer to sail with his ship immediately, Stewart got under weigh, towing behind him his main-mast, which he had not had the opportunity to step.

Stewart was, of course, aware of the orders which had been issued by the English Admiralty, but with his ship in fine condition and provisioned for a long cruise he feared nothing that floated, whether one ship or two. In fact, just before leaving his young wife in Boston he had asked her what he should bring her home.

"A British frigate," said she patriotically.

"I will bring you two of them," he said, smiling.

Stewart sailed to the southward, in the hope of falling in with some vessels in the India trade. For two months, in spite of their fitness, the men were daily exercised in all weathers at evolutions with the sails and great guns, and part of the day was given to cutlass-work and pistol-practice. No emergency drill was overlooked, and from reefing top-

738 The Last Victory of "Old Ironsides"

sails to sending up spare spars or setting stu'n-sails they moved like the co-ordinated parts of a great machine. But one prize only having been taken, Stewart set his course for the coast of Europe, to seek the lion, like Paul Jones, on his own cruising ground.

On February 18, 1815, just two months after leaving Boston, the Constitution, being then near the Portuguese coast, sighted a large sail, and immediately squared away in pursuit. But hardly were they set on their new course before another sail hove up to leeward, and Stewart quickly made down for her. Overhauling her shortly, she was discovered to be the British merchant ship Susan, which he seized as a prize and sent back to Boston. Meanwhile the other sail, which afterwards proved to be the Elizabeth, 74, had disappeared.

The following day the Constitution was holding a course to the southward from the coast of Spain towards Madeira. A group of her officers stood upon her quarter-deck, watching the scud flying to leeward. They were a rather discontented lot. They had been to sea two months, and beyond a few merchant prizes they had nothing to show for their cruise. It was not like the luck of "Old Ironsides." What they craved was action to put a confirmatory test to the metal they were so sure of. The fo'e's'le was grumbling, too; and the men who had been in her when she fought the Guerriere and the Java could no longer in safety boast of the glory of those combats.

Had they but known it, the Elizabeth, 74, and the Tiber, 38, in command of Captain Dacres, who had lost the Guerriere, were but a few hours astern of them; and the Leander, 50, the Newcastle, 50, and the Acasta, 40, whom they had so skilfully eluded at Boston, were dashing along from the westward in pursuit. The seas to the eastward, too, were swarming with other frigates (in couples), who were seeking the Constitution no less anxiously than she was seeking them.

Stewart was not so easily disheartened as his officers. He knew that he was in the very midst of the ships of the enemy. Had he not known it he would not have been there. He came on deck during the afternoon in a high good-humor. He was a believer in presentiments, and said jovially:

"The luck of the Constitution isn't going to fail her this time, gentlemen. I assure you that before the sun rises and sets again you will be engaged in battle with the enemy, and it will not be with a single ship."

The morning of the next day dawned thick and cloudy. Though well to the southward, the air was cold and damp. The wind was blowing sharply from the northeast, and the choppy seas sent their gray crests pettishly or angrily upward, where they split into foam and were carried down to mingle with the blur of the fog to leeward. Occasionally, in the wind-squalls, the rain pattered like hail against the

bellying canvas and ran down into the lee clews, where it was caught as it fell and whipped out into the sea beyond.

Two or three officers paced the quarter-deck, looking now and then aloft or to windward to see if the weather were clearing. Saving these, the fellows at the wheel, and the watch on deck, all hands were below on the gun-deck, polishing their arms or loitering in the warmth near the galley, where the cooks were preparing the mid-day meal.

During the morning watch, Stewart, for some reason which he was unable to give, save an unaccountable impulse, changed the course and sent the ship down sixty miles to the southwest. Shortly after noon the fog fell lower, and so thinned out at the mast-head that the lookout on the topsail-yard could soon see along its upper surface. At about one o'clock the welcome sound of "Sail ho!" came echoing down through the open hatchways. While ordinarily the sighting of a sail so near the coast has no great significance, Stewart's prediction of a battle had aroused the men to a fever of impatience; and when they knew that a large sail, apparently a frigate, had been raised and that the fog was lifting, the watch below dropped their kits and tools and tumbled up on deck to have a glimpse of the stranger. Here and there wider rifts appeared in the fog-banks, and the midshipman of the watch, who climbed with a glass into the foretop, soon made her out to be a frigate bearing about two points on the port bow.

Stewart came up from below and immediately crowded on top-gallant-sails and royals in pursuit. Before long the weather had cleared, so that they could make out the horizon to windward, and from the deck could dimly discern the hazy mass of the chase as she hung on the lee bow, apparently motionless. In less than an hour the man at the mast-head reported another sail ahead of the first one, and noted that signals were being exchanged between them.

It was now almost a certainty that the vessels were those of the enemy. Forward the men were slapping one another on the back, and rough jokes and laughter resounded from the gun-deck, where the boys and stewards were clearing off the mess-dishes and stowing away all gear, in preparation for a possible action. On the quarter-deck wagers were freely offered on the character of the vessels, which looked to be frigates of fifty and thirty-eight guns respectively. Stewart glanced aloft at the straining spars and smiled confidently.

By this time the nearer frigate bore down within the range of the glasses, and they could see that she was painted with double yellow lines, and apparently cut for fifty guns. As it afterwards appeared, she had a double gun-streak, false ports having been painted in her waist. Lieutenant Ballard, who had been carefully examining her with his glasses, remarked to the Captain, who stood at his elbow, that she must at least be a fifty-gun ship. Stewart, after a long look, suggested that

she was too small to be a ship of that class. "However," he continued, "be this as it may, you know I have promised you a fight before the setting of to-morrow's sun; and if we do not take it, now that it is offered, we may not have another chance. We must flog them when we catch them, whether she has one gun-deck or two."

Signals were now constantly interchanged between the two vessels, and by three o'clock the Constitution had come so near that they were plainly made out to be small frigates, or a frigate and a sloop-of-war, both close-hauled on the starboard tack. The Constitution, having the windward gauge, now manœuvred more carefully, and, hauling her sheets flat aft, pointed up so as to keep the advantage of position.

As the vessels came nearer and an action became certain, the stewards came on deck with the grog-buckets, in accordance with the time-honored rule on men-of-war by which the liquor is served before a fight. Instructions had been given that, as the battle was to be with two ships, a double portion of the drink should be served. But just as the stewards were about to ladle it out, an old quartermaster rolled down from forward, and saying "We don't want any 'Dutch courage' on *this* ship," with a great kick sent the bucket and its contents flying into the scuppers.

About four o'clock the westernmost ship signalled her consort and bore down to leeward to join her. The Constitution now set her stunsails and went bearing down after them at a strain that seemed to menace her spars. She was rapidly drawing up with them when, just as she got well within range of the long guns, there was a sharp crack far aloft and the royal-mast snapped off at the cap. It was a doubtful moment, for the Englishmen crowded on all sail to escape, and rapidly drew together, flinging out their English ensigns as though in triumph.

But they did not reckon on the superb seamanship of the Constitution. In a trice the men were aloft with their axes, the wreck was cleared away, new gear was rove, and in half an hour a new mast was aloft and another royal was spread to the breeze.

But the ships had been enabled to close with each other, and Stewart had lost the opportunity of attacking them separately. They made one ineffectual effort to get the weather-gauge, but, finding that the Constitution outpointed them, they settled back in line of battle and cleared ship for action. Stewart immediately showed his colors and beat to quarters.

The fog had blown away and the sun had set behind a lowering bank of clouds. The wind still blew briskly, but the Constitution only pitched slightly, and offered a fairly steady platform for the guns, which were now trained upon the nearest vessel, but a few hundred yards broad off the port bow. The darkness fell rapidly, and the moon

came out from behind the fast-flying cloud-bank and silvered the winter twilight, gleaming fitfully on the restless water, a soft reproach upon the bloody work that was to follow.

At a few moments past six the long guns of the Constitution's port battery opened fire, and the battle was on. Both ships responded quickly to the fire, and for fifteen minutes the firing was so rapid that there was not a second's pause between the reverberations. The English crews cheered loudly. But the gunners of the Constitution went on grimly with their work, sponging and loading as though at target-practice, content to hear the splintering of the timbers of the nearest vessel as the double-shotted thirty-twos went crashing into her. Before long the smoke became so thick that the gunners could not see their adversaries; and Stewart, ordering the batteries to cease firing, drew ahead and ranged abeam of the foremost ship, with his port battery reloaded and double-shotted. He waited until he was alongside before giving the order to fire, when he delivered such a terrible hail of round-shot, grape, and canister that the enemy staggered and halted like an animal mortally wounded. For the moment her battery was entirely silenced, and during the lull they could hear the cries of the wounded as they were carried below to the cockpit. The English cheered no longer. Another such a broadside might have finished her; but before Stewart could repeat it he saw that the other ship was luffing up so as to take a raking position under the stern of the Constitution.

Nowhere did the wonderful presence of mind of Stewart and the splendid seamanship of his crew show to better advantage than in the manœuvre which followed. He quickly braced his main- and mizzen-topsails flat to the mast, let fly all forward, and actually backed down upon the other enemy, who, instead of being able to rake the Constitution, found her emerging from the smoke abreast his bows in a position to effectually rake *him*. The Constitution's guns by this time had all been reloaded, and a terrific fire swept fore and aft along the decks of the Englishman, tearing and splintering them and dismounting many of the guns of both batteries. So terrible was the blow that she faltered and fell off. Before she could recover from the first, another terrible broadside was poured into her.

The other vessel now tried to luff up and rake the Constitution from the bows. But the American filled away immediately and let them have her other broadside. Side by side the Constitution and the larger ship sailed, firing individually and by battery as fast as they could sponge and load. Here and there a shot would strike within the stout bulwarks of the American; and one of these tore into the waist, killing two men and smashing through a boat in which two tigers were chained. A sailor named John Lancey, of Cape Ann, was carried below horribly mutilated. When the surgeon told him he only had a few

moments to live, he said, "Yes, sir, I know it; but I only want to know that the ship has struck." Soon after, when he heard the cheers at her surrender, he rose from his cot, and, waving the stump of his blood-stained arm in the air, gasped out three feeble cheers and fell back lifeless.

Having silenced the larger vessel, Stewart immediately hurried to the smaller one, which had been firing through the smoke at the gun-flashes. The Constitution fell off, and, gathering headway, succeeded in getting again across her stern, where she poured in two raking broadsides, which practically cut her rigging to pieces. Returning to the larger vessel, Stewart rounded to on her port quarter and delivered broadside after broadside with such a telling effect that at 6.50 she struck her colors.

The other vessel, having in a measure refitted, came down gallantly but foolishly to the rescue of her consort. The Constitution met her with another broadside, which she tried to return, and then spread all sail to get away. But the American ship could outsail as well as out-point her, and under the continuous fire of the bow chasers of the Constitution she became practically helpless, and at about ten o'clock, when the dreaded broadside was about to be put into play again, she surrendered.

It was a wonderful battle. In a fight between one sailing-ship and two the odds were fourfold on the side of the majority. For it was deemed next to impossible to rake without being doubly raked in return. This obvious disadvantage was turned by Stewart to his own account by what critics throughout the world consider to be the finest manœuvring ever known in an American ship in action. He fought both his broadsides alternately, and luffed, wore, or backed his great vessel as though she had been a pleasure-boat. Neither of his adversaries succeeded in delivering one telling raking broadside. She seemed to be playing with them, and skilfully presented her reloaded guns to each vessel as it attempted to get her at a disadvantage.

The larger vessel was discovered to be the Cyane, 32, Captain Gordon Falcon, and the smaller one the sloop-of-war Levant, 21, Captain George Douglass. The Constitution had fifty-one guns, while the Englishman had fifty-five; of the Constitution's crew but four were killed and ten wounded. On the Cyane and Levant thirty-five were killed and forty-two were wounded.

After the battle, while the two English captains were seated in Stewart's cabin dining with the victor, a discussion arose between them in regard to the part each had borne in the battle, while Stewart listened composedly. Their words became warmer and warmer, and each accused the other in plain terms of having been responsible for the loss of the vessels. At a point when it seemed as though the bitterness

of their remarks bade fair to result in blows, Stewart arose and said dryly:

"Gentlemen, there is no use getting warm about it; it would have been all the same, whatever you might have done. If you doubt that, I will put you all on board again, and we can try it over."

The invitation was declined in silence.

For this gallant action Congress awarded Stewart a sword and a gold medal, and "Old Ironsides" soon after the war was over was temporarily put out of commission. Her day of fighting was over. But years after, refitted and remodelled, she served her country in peace as gracefully as she had served it gloriously in war.

MISS MELISSA'S MIRACLE

A STUDY IN CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

BY ELLIS MEREDITH

THE Martin girls let lodgings in La Vista Place. The "Place" and the girls had been younger and more prosperous, and they looked it. The "Place" had been an unwise investment. Its builder thought the time close at hand when Denver was to become an immense and crowded city, and built accordingly. In fifty years from now this terrace will accommodate perhaps two thousand souls if the present enlightened slum tenement system prevails, and furious Frank and fiery Hun will raise chickens and have market gardens in the bath-tubs. In the meantime the lodgings are not ill-kept, there is no objection to children, and the terrace is eminently respectable, even rather religious. Not with the old-fashioned, spontaneous religion of revivals, prayer-meetings, socials, and Moody and Sankey song-books, but with the resurrected religions of the past, amended to suit the times and believed in as revelations no less inspired than the Sermon on the Mount, and hardly less direct than the Mosaic tablets.

All the houses in the "Place" had lodgings to let, and nearly all the lodgers had "views," or "leadings," or belonged to or taught or studied some kind of mystic belief. Not that fortune-telling in any of its phases, or even palmistry, was practised by any of the cliff-dwellers in the "Place." These things were looked down upon as ignoble if lucrative, and as vulgar if unsuccessful.

Even "circles" were not much in vogue, and the Ouija board was countenanced, but not approved. There were two sun-worshippers, half a dozen avowed spiritualists, three or four theosophists, who smiled indulgently at the vagaries of their fellow-lodgers who knew not Karma

and to whom reincarnation was a sealed book, also a stray Israelite, who claimed late information concerning the end of the world and exclusive knowledge as to the ultimate disposal of the Philippines. Most of the "Place" people, however, never having read the Vedanta philosophy, being unacquainted with the great god Pan and the pantheistic religion, knowing, indeed, but little of Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus and less of Spinoza, subscribed for *Vibrations of Truth* or read *Science and Health*, declaring if there was any God, Mrs. Eddy was His only prophet. There were several brands of "Christian" and "mental" and "Divine" scientists in the "Place," and all of them believed firmly that the systems evolved by their leaders were the only true faiths, before which darkness had brooded on the face of the waters.

Had there been an inscription over the mansard roofs of La Vista, it should have been the irreverent Bostonian's, "What is mind? Never matter. What is matter? Never mind. What is soul? Immaterial."

In their youth the Martin girls had been Baptists, but when they lost their property they failed to find the consolation they needed in the family pew, especially when they felt it necessary to take less expensive sittings. To be sure, they took to staying away from church, and did not return the calls of the members who came to see them; but they forgot this, and first inveighed against the want of Christianity among Christians, and then began to have doubts about close communion. Every one knows about the broad and easy descent into Avernus. The Martin girls tipped tables and received marvellous messages from "Aunt Mary." They read *The Flaming Torch* and *The Messenger*, and listened to Herr Salathiel Bimber's account of the rapidly approaching grand finale with an uncomfortable query in their minds whether the catastrophe would have the kindness to occur just before rent-day. But, like the woman who suffered many things at the hands of many physicians, they were none the better, but rather the worse. Indeed, when the first floor front decamped, leaving two months' rent unpaid, the youngest Miss Martin openly lamented her departure from a belief in the doctrine of rewards and punishments, and the oldest Miss Martin admitted that it is a cold, cold universe when the lake of fire is omitted from its economy.

Carlyle says "Man's life was never a sport to him; it was a most stern reality, altogether a serious matter to be alive," and it is a singular fact that when life becomes mercilessly real many natures seek the most vague and unreal religion they can find, and derive therefrom unspeakable comfort.

The Martin girls became "Scientists." They spent some time in "the silence" and a good deal of time talking about it, and, since there is nothing nervous American womanhood so much needs as repose and

concentration, the results were most satisfactory. The acerbities of the eldest Miss Martin were noticeably ameliorated, and the two other Miss Martins found strength to bear their inability to pay the butcher and the baker with considerable fortitude. One of their theosophist tenants tried to persuade them that the butcher was an unnecessary evil, but as the editor of *The Messenger* laid no stress on this matter, they continued to owe for various soup-bones and boiling meat, and an occasional treat of Hamburg steak.

At one of the meetings of the faithful it was revealed that the middle Miss Martin had "powers." Aided by the strong vibrations of her sisters, there was no doubt but she would become a wonderful healer. This was a distinct shock to Miss Melissa, for she had never had anything that was entirely her own in her life. She had always given way to Miss Sophronia because she was younger, and to Miss Clara because she was older, and had followed the one or been pushed by the other. To be told quite suddenly, when you are forty years old, that you have "powers," not having had anything since the measles, is an overwhelming event. Miss Melissa accepted the glad tidings with becoming meekness, and prepared for the great work.

For a week she was much in "the silence." She was reticent concerning the revelations vouchsafed to her, but her ambitions increased, and after a month's time she quite longed for an epidemic, that she might show the world that spirit is all. But Denver never has epidemics, except of a political nature, and it was evident she must begin in a more limited fashion if she was to put her powers in practice. She was realizing this one May morning as she cleared the dishes from the table in the basement dining-room, and looked dreamily out of the windows at the feet of the passers-by. She heard the variegated tread, while she looked, of a neighbor of theirs. She had never seen his face, and did not know whether he was old or young, but he was evidently a victim of sciatica, for at times it was with great difficulty that he hobbled down the street.

Miss Melissa dropped the salt-cellar in her hand, and unconsciously threw a pinch of the spilled contents over her left shoulder to avert seven years' bad luck. Then she ran into the kitchen and told her sisters they must unite with her in holding their unknown neighbor in the vibrations of truth and life.

Nothing could have been more touching, more unselfish, or more faithful than the three Miss Martins in the performance of their self-imposed task. Every morning the dishes were hurried through with, that they might be sitting in undisturbed tranquillity below the dining-room window when the object of their sympathetic ministrations passed. Sympathy, however, is anathema to true Scientists, since it seems to admit a belief in the condition calling for it, whereas nothing could be

farther from the creed. The syllogism repeated in the case of the sciatically afflicted one would have run something like this:

1. Infinite Mind is All.
2. Infinite Mind cannot suffer.
3. Therefore there can be nothing wrong with Mr. —'s legs.

As day followed day, and weeks become months, there were times when the eldest Miss Martin doubted the powers of her sister, for Miss Melissa obstinately refused to try any other case until she should receive a sign that her ministry was blessed. When the summer passed with no evidence of improvement, she drooped visibly. Herr Salathiel Bimber hinted darkly that it was too near the end of the times and times and a half for any great work, and the neighbors in number Four spoke of cases of obsession where enemies of a patient, by their evil thoughts, kept him in subjection to the belief in ill-health. Finally she laid her case before the editor of *The Messenger*, and received the ancient assurance that all things worked together for good, and if there was no gradual recovery, the end, when it came, would be all the more striking and convincing, just as in cases where the first vaccination does not take and the operation is repeated until they all take at once.

It was early in October. As usual, the Martin girls were sitting in the basement dining-room, and the autumn sunlight shone over the scanty furnishing with kindly radiance. The eldest Miss Martin found it hard to concentrate that morning. The first floor front had grumbled because there was no steam heat, and the girls needed flannels. Besides, the gas-bill was unpaid, and it would be necessary to order coal, and Herr Bimber was sure the end was near, and she couldn't wear that old brown cloth another winter, and at a sitting the other night "Aunt Mary" had insisted that Melissa was mistaken. It was certainly very hard.

They had all grown to know the step, and had even learned the name of their beneficiary. He was Daniel Morris, of the firm of Morris, Wetherell & Co., and very well off. As the regular hour approached they listened, Miss Melissa with nervous eagerness, her sisters a little apathetically. The bedroom work was waiting, and then no one had ever said *they* had powers.

At a quarter of nine, rather later than usual, they heard the accustomed step, but was it the accustomed step? Miss Melissa started to her feet, and sat down again white and faint, and Miss Clara ran out at the basement door and up the three steps to the sidewalk. When the legs came opposite the window there was no doubt about it; the miracle had occurred: Mr. Morris was well. There was hardly a halt in his walk.

Inside Miss Sophronia was fanning Melissa with the big blue platter. Outside Miss Clara was pouring out the whole story to the amused

and astonished Mr. Morris with more coherence than might have been expected. Before he bowed himself away he asked permission to call that evening.

During the day the thought of the three women devoting themselves to his welfare for months, unknown to him, and not even knowing who he was, most of the time, struck him as infinitely pathetic, and at the same time that he laughed spasmodically, now and then he wiped away one or two tears that were not wholly the effect of his mirth. It was a good many years since he had been the recipient of the good offices of any disinterested person.

When he called that evening to thank Miss Melissa he heard the particulars of his cure, and in the threadbare carpet, the neat dreariness of the tiny parlor, he saw for himself the story of the troubles they had put aside to minister to his. He went away with no disposition to laugh.

The story of Miss Melissa's miracle went through the terrace with all sorts of spectacular additions. Herr Bimber cited it as absolute proof that the last day was come, and the spiritualists were inclined to be out of patience with "Aunt Mary" when she still insisted through the Ouija board that Melissa was mistaken.

It was several weeks after the wonderful cure that the Martin girls stood at the gate talking with Mrs. Roberts, who lived across the way, was interested in politics, and didn't even know what "the silence" meant. Miss Melissa said nothing of her inward satisfaction as Mr. Morris came walking down the street with a springy step that gave him a touch of youthfulness. Mrs. Roberts did not believe in Infinite Mind. As he passed them, lifting his hat gallantly to Miss Melissa, Mrs. Roberts said, "Why, I didn't know you were acquainted with Mr. Morris. How much better he looks since he has got his new wooden leg; the old one made him hobble along as if he were an old man all doubled up with rheumatism."

Miss Melissa did not faint, though she had a feeling that the terrace had leaned over and struck her on the back of the head. She did not have the courage to see Mr. Morris the next time he called, or the next. Possibly she might never have had it if he hadn't overtaken her one evening, struggling with her skirt, an armful of bundles, a stray kitten she had rescued, and a refractory umbrella. Mr. Morris took the umbrella and the bundles.

"I feel very much obliged to Mrs. Roberts," he said, "for I could never have told you myself, and as long as you didn't know I couldn't ask you to marry me. Now, if you don't mind, I shall bless it forever, because it was the means of my knowing you."

"But I've never done anything for you at all," answered Miss Melissa, wiping away a furtive tear with the kitten. "I didn't cure you."

"Well, you can now," he said, "for this time I've got a case of heart

disease that I shall carry to my grave unless you are willing to try the faith cure on it."

One of the clairaudients in number Four declared she heard "Aunt Mary" laugh as the Ouija board wrote, "Didn't I tell you Melissa was mistaken? But this is no mistake."

OLD AGE PENSIONS FROM A SOCIALIST'S STAND-POINT

BY HON. JOHN C. CHASE

Mayor of Haverhill, Massachusetts

THE closing years of the nineteenth century bring us face to face with problems weightier by far than any that ever confronted a people. Through the development and evolution of our industrial system we are met with conditions which makes the thoughtful man tremble for the preservation of the sacred principles of liberty and equality, and the unthinking wonder at the relentless severity of life. That a tremendous change in the condition of the people has taken place in the last decade no thinking man will deny. No student of social conditions will attempt to deny that the near future has in store for us greater changes still, and that in the onward march of time new systems will of necessity relegate old systems to oblivion. This is recognized by men and women of every station in life.

There is a certain excitement and perturbation of mind which is making itself more and more apparent throughout all classes of society. How long before this stirring of the conscience of the people shall reach its fruition depends largely upon free and open discussion. It is by the light of reason that progress is made. If a truth be proclaimed, discussion is bound to aid its growth; if an untruth be uttered, by the same law its death becomes inevitable.

Properly to understand the question of old-age pensions, it is necessary to become thoroughly familiar with our industrial system and examine carefully its evolution.

Through the development of machinery, the concentration of capital, and the formation of trusts, syndicates, and combines, a large and ever-growing number of people is thrown out of employment: the machine is rapidly taking the place of the man.

The machine, being owned by some individual member of society, and allowed by him to be operated only so long as there remains a market for his goods and a profit for himself, drives the man out to beg, steal, or starve, to become a tramp or a criminal.

The labor-displacing power of machinery is being constantly de-

veloped, and the number of individuals required to operate this machinery is continually growing less. The same result is being attained by the formation of trusts and monopolies. A less number is required for their management: a trust is simply a labor-saving machine.

As the result of all this development and concentration, millions of able-bodied men find it impossible to secure employment. Of course, there is no permanent or certain number unemployed constantly, and the number is always changing. One man finds employment to-day, and to-morrow loses it to another who perhaps, through necessity, underbids him. I often think, as an illustration of this, of the time when, a boy among the hills of New Hampshire, we went fishing with a pail of live minnows for bait. We would have perhaps a hundred minnows in a wire-covered pail filled with water. These tiny fish would vainly try to escape from their narrow confines and would rise from the bottom of the pail up through a myriad of others, bumping their heads against the cover in their struggles to escape, only to be crowded down by others more lively than they. Now and then one would turn over on his back and expire. The rest would not heed it, but keep on in the strife. So it is with the workingman of to-day. He no sooner finds employment and establishes himself, when a pair of hands, so to speak, are laid on his shoulders and down he sinks, overpowered in the struggle for existence, only to rise to the top and crowd down some other unfortunate who is weaker than he.

What, then, becomes of the weak and aged in this mad struggle?

There is no other course open to them except to continue the unequal contest. Now and then one is seen to turn over on his back and expire, but the melee continues. It is death to stop; yes, and death to continue, the only difference being that one prolongs the agony a little further. It is no wonder that men cry out, "How long, O Lord! how long?" It is no wonder that these men declare that there is no God. It is not to be wondered that these men, some of them, commit crime. The only wonderful thing is, that there is not more crime than there is to-day under such conditions. I am one of those who do not believe it necessary to sacrifice humanity on the altar of greed.

Here in this country, where nature has provided everything in abundance for the wants of humanity, here, where we have machinery enough, if properly managed, to supply all the wants of our seventy millions of people by four hours' labor per day of the adult population, I repeat, it is unnecessary, and not only that, it is insane and criminal.

When society shall awaken to the possibilities before it, under a rational industrial system, many of the questions of the present will find no place, but until such time we are obliged to meet them.

What are we to do with the aged? This is a problem we must solve.

Are we to allow them to fall by the wayside, one by one, after years of toil, that a few may live in idleness and luxury? Are we not as human beings bound to offer some relief to this poor old broken-down man, once a splendid specimen of the Master Sculptor's handiwork, or shall we pass over and leave him to his misery and sorrow? My friends, these men helped to build the structure we call Government; these men have toiled and suffered that others might live and enjoy the wealth created by them; they have made this nation what it is in all its wealth, beauty, and greatness. Shall we reward them by starving them to death in their old age? Shall we say to them, "Toil on, toil on. When you have given all of youth, all of manhood, when you are no longer able to lift your nerveless hands in humble entreaty for the right to live, we will bury you, and send your hungry children to the Reformatory if they are driven by the pangs of hunger to steal?"

No!—In the name of suffering humanity, No! Let us rather say to them, "Our country abounds in wealth, our productive capacity is great enough when all shall have contributed their share to allow every one who desires to retire at the age of fifty-five, and be provided for by the wealth all have created. Employment shall be provided for you so long as you are able to work, and your children shall be educated and given employment when they reach the required age."

I believe that would be humane, just, and rational.

It is a horrible sight to see the old men, as you can see them in every city, after years of toil for just enough to keep body and soul together, coming to the pauper department, begging for aid to keep them and those dependent upon them from hunger; begging for work at any price, so that they may be free from the stigma of pauperism. These men, day in and day out, come to the city officials. In my official position I meet them every day. They come, many of them, with tears streaming down their care-worn faces, telling the same sad story,—that they have toiled and suffered all their lives, and now, when they are old and incapable of laborious work, they are displaced by the younger men and left to the mercy of the pauper department. This is true of every city.

The secretary of the Overseers of the Poor in Lowell, Massachusetts, says in his report of 1898:

"In our city the mills have been running fairly well as a general thing, some of them working overtime, yet there are thousands of able-bodied men daily seeking employment. Want and distress overtake hundreds each year who have no other recourse than the pauper department, and once they are in the clutches of that octopus it is hard for them ever to get away. Many an industrious man and woman has been compelled to make application for aid during the past two or three years who loathes to do so. Go around Lowell on any day in the week and

see the number of able-bodied, sober-faced men you will find loafing on the street corners. It is a daily occurrence in our office to have men ask for any kind of work at a rate of wages sufficient only to keep away absolute want from themselves and family. Time and time again I have had men to whom 'going on the Town' was as repulsive as it was to our forefathers who were compelled to swallow that noble sentiment, after fighting for weeks to keep away, simply because they could find no work to do." This is the testimony of one man. Hundreds could be quoted, but space will not permit.

We should bear in mind that we are compelled to support in some way these men who are left on our hands unable to procure employment. The evils resulting from allowing these men to go uncared for are incalculable.

In the first place, they are compelled through the stress of poverty and suffering to accept work at any price, thus forcing downward the standard of wages, and the standard of living of the workingmen in general. In offering themselves for the small sum that they are forced to take, they are making the conditions of all so much worse, for this tends to establish the standard of wages for which all must work.

The employer of labor, knowing that these men will work for almost any price, uses them as a means of hiring all his employees at a lower wage. But the main evil is the injustice to the old and helpless. I claim that it is the duty of society to protect its members against needless suffering, against persecution and oppression.

If some foreign country should lay hands on the meanest of our citizens, the whole power of the United States Government would be called into play to demand that justice be done him, but men, women, and children may die of starvation in our midst by the thousands and not a word of protest is heard. Is it not more of a duty for us to help those thousands here among us who are persecuted through the greed of capitalism?

I am one of those who believe that no man is an independent unit of society. No matter how humble in life a man may be, I believe he has contributed his share to our success, and deserves something more from society than a place in the almshouse.

It were better that he had never been born if, after a life of toil and hardship, he found nothing but humiliating pauperism in his old age.

Sometime in the future, when the people shall awaken to the fact that individualism and competition are relics of barbarism, when they shall know that by organizing society on the principle of "each for all and all for each" suffering for the necessities of life will be needless, when they shall learn that by organizing their industrial system on a coöperative instead of a competitive plan, when every one takes his or her share in the production of wealth which will be shared by all ac-

cording to their deeds, then will life be worth living; then to be born will be to live, not merely to exist; then shall we see the aged retire at an age when they can enjoy a few years of happiness, free to bask in the sunlight of the smiles and caresses of their children and their children's children. In the meantime we are compelled to do our best while we work for the better day that is bound to come.

The questions naturally arise, Where is the "old-age pension" coming from? How are the funds to be raised? I shall endeavor to make plain in a few lines how the necessary fund can be provided and maintained. There are many methods that could be adopted in the form of taxation. It could be raised by general taxation, but this would beget the cry that it would be an increased burden to the taxpayers, and would therefore be unjust. In England the subject of old-age pensions has been agitated for several years, and the prevailing idea of the method of raising the pension-money is through a tax on land values, that is, the value of the land without regard to any buildings or improvements which may be attached to it. This idea prevails there undoubtedly because of landlordism. That being one of their greatest monopolies and the evils of it the most keenly felt, it is but natural that they should think of levying their tax upon land values. But that which would be practical in England would very likely not be best for us here in America.

Land monopoly is not what we are suffering under so much as industrial monopolies. We do not suffer from a system of land monopoly so much as we do through the gigantic combinations of capital in industrial enterprises. These combinations are constantly growing more powerful. They are in a position to levy a tax on the people at will and to force them to pay. My method would be to levy a tax on them for the support of the aged and helpless. Whenever a combination is perfected and organized into a trust or monopoly for the purpose of controlling any industrial enterprise a large number of persons are thrown out of employment, and, secondly, the profits of the enterprise, which formerly went to many persons, are concentrated in the hands of a few individuals, and I say that these two facts alone are enough to convince us that the trusts should provide for those whom they rob of employment. The most feasible plan, therefore, that I could suggest, would be this: Each State to create an "Old-Age Pension Commission," whose duty it would be to ascertain the number of laborers above the age of say fifty-five, and disburse among them the amount due them each month or each quarter, as a pension in part payment for services rendered, the State to raise the funds by an annual tax on all corporations and industrial combinations. This is a crude outline of a plan which, of course, could be improved upon, but one which will serve as a means of showing the lines along which the plan could be carried out.

Once the question of old-age pensions is taken up and discussed and they are found necessary, the way will be opened for their adoption.

I have written this from a stand-point which makes me believe that the measure is necessary only under existing conditions. I believe, also, that some day there will be a state of society under which no special aid will be required to provide for the average man or woman in old age.

A LANDLOCKED SAILOR

BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT

Author of "The Country of the Pointed Firs," etc.

ONE morning early in June Doctor Hallett, a young assistant surgeon in the navy, took it into his head to go trouting. It was his second day of leave after a long sea-service, from which he had come straight inland to his old home. On this first morning of the visit he had happened to wake very early and find the sky overcast and the wind in the south, and yielded at once before a temptation to leave an affectionate household sound asleep, except the old coachman at the stable, who was always stirring with the first birds. It took only a moment to choose the best rod that was left in a boyish den above the carriage-house, then there was a hurried breakfast to be stolen, and off the Doctor tramped gayly to find his favorite haunt, the Dale Brook, and follow it up among the hills.

Nothing better can fall to the lot of a busy, much-companioned man than just such a chance of being alone in a piece of well-known country long unvisited. It was some years since John Hallett had followed the Dale Brook before, but neither appeared to have changed. The brook had often suffered in its conditions from drought and freshets, and so had the man, but both were in good condition on that June day; the Doctor at least had that comfortable sense of existence and continuance which made him, for the moment, know and understand himself. One possesses very seldom this unaffected sense of self, the rarely felt self-acquaintance that fell upon us first at the first conscious step we took out of infancy. Solitary and undisturbed, we are now and then aware of ourselves: not the person the world takes us to be, not the ideal person our hopes and ambitions are trying to evolve, but the real man. This is the clear self-consciousness that mirrors the surroundings of a happy solitude. One might say that such moments as these, such closeness to nature, are like a Sunday rest to all one's activities. "In it thou shalt do no work;" in it alone one may "listen to the voices" and

receive what nature has to give and what man himself is hardly ever fit to receive.

The fern-filled crevices of the ledges, were familiar to the young surgeon's feet. He wandered slowly up the great wooded slopes where the brook came swiftly down, turning now and then to look through the branches where there was a glimpse of the lower country, and toiled hastily across teasing bits of swamp where the alders were tangled overhead and the light was dim and the brook shallowed out into black mud and bright green grass and sopping clods of moss. Now and then the sun almost shone out and quickly clouded over again: it was a perfect morning for fishing. The brook was full and clear, and deep by its flashing falls, where bubbles floated long and trout were hiding. There was a scent of new checkerberry leaves and bay on the high land, and of sweet-flag and mint in the swamps; overhead the cat-birds and yellow-hammers scolded together like disagreeing neighbors. Beyond the first long slope and the boggy strip of upland was a breadth of high, uneven farming country, where the best reaches of the little stream wound their crooked way; beyond this again rose the higher hills. The fisherman began to notice the pleasant weight of his basket as he tramped ahead towards the best pools of all, for although it was a good bit of distance even in his light-footed boyish days, he always made a point of going up to the very source of the brook in a cleft between the hills,—a tiny pond full of springs and shaded by noble oaks.

The strip of country which was about to be crossed was mostly taken up by sheep-pastures and tillage. At the edge of the woods, when Doctor Hallett was just pushing his grumbling way through a clump of alders and birches which fringed the brook in a fashion most provoking to the calmest angler, he heard the bushes cracking and rustling not very far off, and supposed his neighbor to be a wandering cow, but presently, just at the edge of the open pasture, he caught sight of the head and shoulders of a man. One is fiercely jealous by instinct of a rival fisherman. He hitched at his shoulder-strap with satisfaction at the weight of eight or ten good trout which the basket held,—they were safe enough at any rate; then the holiday surgeon stopped short and looked sharply at his antagonist, whose figure was unexpected enough but quite familiar. For one dark instant he was puzzled to recall the man's name; there was no rod in his hand.

"Holloa, Mike!" he shouted the next moment,—having rustled no bushes himself, out of respect to silence-loving trout,—"Holloa, Mike! How in the world do you happen to be here?"

"The devil may fly away wit' me if it ain't the Doother," said Mike, coming straight through the brushwood as if it were tall grass. "God bless you, sir; is it yourself, sir? I heard long ago that this was your own country and your folks lived down below there, but I thought you

were on the say. Well, well, Docther, I was often hoping for the day I'd see you again. Any luck, sir?" and the Doctor swung round his creel in silence.

"Faix, they did all be waiting for you then," said Mike handsomely, shaking his officer's hand in a warm, determined grasp, and looking at him with delighted eyes. "There do be plinty folks thramps up the old brook and goes home as impty as they comes. Dic'ration Day there wa'n't a b'y in the country that wa'n't fishing in it, and—well, you've got a thrick with the throat; that's plain, Docther."

"Those can find who know where to look," said the Surgeon, not displeased by such flattery, and they turned and walked side by side into the shade of some little pines. The sun was high and the morning was getting late, and the angler had begun to lose the first zest of pleasure.

Three years before, just when he was last ordered to sea, Doctor Hallett had been stationed at one of the marine hospitals, where Mike Dillon was brought one day with half a dozen bones broken and generally out of repair by means of a fall and bad crushing under a broken hoisting apparatus on board ship. They had known each other before as surgeon and patient on a long cruise, and it fell to Doctor Hallett's lot to mend him and patch him and pull him through his smart touch of surgical fever and at last send him out, a crippled man, into a careless world. He was pale with hospital bleach, and as weak as he was stout with rapid building up,—discharged for good, of course, and appealingly cheerful as they said good-by. The Doctor remembered well how he had wondered what the poor, good-natured, great fellow was going to do. He might turn into a shoemaker; but one couldn't force one's self to speak of it, for Dillon had the spirit of a rover. After the very best that could be done for him, one of his legs was a good deal shorter than the other. The Surgeon looked now to see how he managed with walking, and was pleased to notice that he seemed to be put to less inconvenience than had been feared.

"Mike," said he after they had recovered from a seizure of awkwardness born of mingled strangeness and old familiarity,—“Mike, you look as if you had turned into a farmer and got landlocked.”

“Wasn't I born a farmer then, faith!” answered Mike. “County Wexford, sir, parish o' Duncannon. The first thing I remember, Docther, was riding home top of a barrow o' little pertaties and me father trundling me, God rest him! No, I wa'n't born on the say, sir,” said Mike sweetly, “I'm a Wexford boy.”

The former patient was something well above six feet in height if he stood on his long leg. There was the look of an old-fashioned New England farmer, like a kind of veneer, over his Irish sailorhood. Conformity and ready-made clothes were to blame for it. The Doctor stretched himself like a dog in the sun; the breeze sung in the pines

and shone on the young birch leaves. "Oh, how good it is to feel the steady ground under you," he said. "Come, speak out, Dillon. You know I'm interested in your case. I should have as soon expected to meet old Parlow in a prayer-meeting as to come across you here in a pasture." Old Parlow was a hospital nurse.

"Sure he might forget himself an' talk very strange to the audience, sir," chuckled Mike. "He'd the most bad words of any man I ever talked with, but he'd a very tender hand with the sick. Parlow was like a mother to me some o' thim bad nights. He's dead, sir."

"Is Parlow dead?" exclaimed the Doctor.

"He is that indeed," answered Dillon with considerable solemnity. "I do be wondering sometimes if they've got it settled where they'd send him,—there was good in Parlow,—but I suppose he'll be after getting his orders to one place or the other by now. Were you back at the old hospit'l lately, sir?"

"No," said the Doctor, "not for more than three years. I'm just in from Valparaiso."

They were sitting together in a little open space at the woodland's edge where some fine sheep turf was just then well shaded, and near by were plenty of junipers and lambkill-laurel and low blueberry bushes. Just at the Doctor's back was a high-standing, fragile old pine-stump, where a great tree must have been cut in winter when the snow lay deep. He lay back against a knee of it with his feet stretched out over the soft grass, while Mike Dillon sat erect at his side, looking down affectionately now and then, and amusing himself by pulling great pieces off the powdery old wood, which sifted down, disclosing shiny black ants that hurried about in despair. Mike struck at them furiously or tossed the bits of rotten wood after a stray bird or butterfly, sprinkling his companion with brown and gray crumbs and chips and pieces of red-topped moss. Both the men had a comfortable, boyish feeling, but they were silent for a time; there may have been some sense of superior rank and old naval regulations, but the business of the man-of-war's man with the stump and the butterflies went steadily on.

"I suppose this was all pasture once," said the Surgeon at last, "for all these birches and young stuff have come up within a few years; they ought to be cleared. This turf is the best sort; good sheep-pasture, isn't it, through all this region?"

"You're right there, sir," said Dillon, clearing his throat deliberately, as if there were need of further comment and explanation, but he said nothing more.

"This must have been an enormous white pine," said the Doctor. "It's a very old stump and all worn away by weather, but it must be a good four feet across now at the butt."

"Pretty close to it," said Dillon, turning to regard the ruin. "I

does be minding some old story they tell about this stump; 'twas a known tree at any rate."

"How far do you live from here?" inquired the Doctor by way of leading question.

"In the old Dale place itself, sir, or up to Dillon's, as they say now," answered Dillon proudly. "I was walking me finces, having a little spare time."

"Good for you," said Doctor Hallett with large sympathy; but there was a pause in the conversation, and presently he went on:

"I left the old Minerva in Brooklyn only yesterday; she's likely to be there all summer. I think she's worse below decks than they were ready to believe."

"She'd more leaks than a basket this spring four years ago when I was aboard of her," asserted Dillon. "The innocent inspectors was ch'ated in a lot of copper sh'athing, and there was black-hearted contractors retired from business soon after to live 'asy on their means." Dillon spoke with an air of complete assurance. "There was rats in her the size of dogs, though, an' we knew by that she'd float longer, or we'd all gone ashore together. I always remimbered those rats for the biggest I was ever acquainted with. Anybody does be having great knowledge of rats that stays long in the service. My wife 'on't believe me when I speak of the size of them."

"Your wife?" interrupted the Surgeon with renewed interest. "I know all about those rats, but I never heard of your being married."

"Well, now I'm feeling homesick for the old days from seeing you, sir, I'm as well to be telling you honest, sir, but 'tis true for me I'm well married and settled since I was to the hospit'l," answered Mike with an air of pride. "Look here, Docther, let me pit the fish out here a bit further in the cool bushes. They're fine trout, an' it's growing warm." He got to his feet a little clumsily, took the basket from beneath a clump of juniper, and carried it down towards the brook, where he could be heard tearing off handfuls of birch leaves to cover them, and letting the young tree-tops swish back. The Doctor got his match-box out and a handful of cigars. When Mike returned he sat down a trifle further away than at first, so that he and the Doctor faced each other. The Doctor suddenly became aware that he personified for the moment all the delights of sea-going friendship, that he was a kind of embodiment of the service. Mike was looking squarely in his face and had lost all self-consciousness: they were only two sailors together.

"I ain't seen a navy man this long time to have a word with," said Dillon. "I does be thinking of the b'ys a good deal, sir. No, keep it yoursilf, Docther; you'll want to be smoking a bit as you're going home, an' I've got me pipe in me pocket'll do for me. I don't know did you

happen to see the old crew of the *Lion* was paid off last week, home from Gibraltar? I gets what I can on the papers, but that's not much," and Mike gave a sigh. "I was born a farmer, but I never thought I'd die one, sir."

The tobacco was well lighted; the desired moment for the narrative of Mike's adventures seemed to have come.

"God bless us! I'll have to tell you all," said Mike; "'tis a great story for a sayman that was always glad to be off shore. Whin I got left out o' hospit'l that time by yourself and Parlow I felt grand to be going; yourself knows how I'd been t'asing as if for me liberty out of jail, for all I had great kindness from every one there. I was none too strong, sir; there was no stringth in me legs, an' they so surprised with being mismated altogether. Aff I wint wit' me bowld air, but I didn't get far down the road on me leg that's too short an' me leg that's too long till I felt as if the two of 'em was punching through at me shoulders an' a great pain grinding in me back, so I had to go sit down in the side o' the road. I tried would I lay down, an' I tried would I sit up, an' I couldn't contint myself wit' neither one till I cried me heart out there in the dead leaves, an' a bird come an' lighted on a bush and made me swear wit' her little song that begun new every time and stopped short in the middle. I'd been light-hearted as a b'y, faith I had, for all me hurts, an' now me life was broke in two for me, an' I looked at me legs an' says I, 'Where'll you go now, Mickey lad, an' what'll you do whin you get there? You've got thim two damn legs an' a stiffness in your lift elbow; an' just feel o' your poor back and your side how they ache,' says I to myself, making the worst of everything. 'You're no sailor now,' says I, 'an' 'on't be a sailor again while the world lives, an' that's the only fag ind of a trade you've got. Look at that now for you,' says I."

"Poor fellow!" said the Doctor.

"I thought the sky'd turned dark, I did indeed, sir," said Mike; "I wished I was back in the old hospit'l; I thought I'd creep back and beg lodgings for what work I'd do about the place, an' then I minded how old Parlow'd lift me in his arrums and I knew I'd no stringth to do that for a sick man nor anything else, and I'd got sick of the smell of the medicines, besides being ashamed to go back to it after me coming away so bold. I'd been allowed a taste of somethin' to stringthen me by Parlow when I was l'aving, and my heart was wake in me wit' wanting more. I felt in me pocket for an ould knife Parlow gave me, mine being lost in the pocket of me bloody clothes the time I got hurted. I couldn't count the times I'd cursed Parlow as well as I knew how an' he paying me back the same way, but I cried for him thin wit' the knife in me hand for company, an' I in the side of the bushes by the fince. I never blamed any man since if I saw him a coward. 'Twas

intirely from walking the first mile away from the hospit'l whin I'd only been loafin' round the garden of it before."

"You had to start some time or other," said the Surgeon kindly. "I remember it was a good day, a little too warm perhaps. Picked up your strength pretty fast, didn't you, Dillon?"

"I'll tell you the truth, Docther: it wasn't the week's ind before I wouldn't take a bould word from anny one. My head was as high as ever, and I feeling pretty well and 'ating like the birdie that pays the rint, an' me pains didn't trouble me where me bones was minded. The weather was fine and smiling, and I kept on through idleness far up the country. Says I to myself, 'We'll take a hand wit' the planting for a while.' I heard great tark in the towns that help was very scarce on the farms, and I thought I'd go footing it along as slow as I liked and see all the places; and pick me a nice, 'asy corner where I'd stay for a while an' hear from me pinsion. I'd plinty of money first, thanks be to me frinds, to go in the cars, but 'twas fine to be out and always hungry, so I took time enough to fill me up, but I never could, sir, and I thought I'd get me poor legs used to travelling together. The green fields looked fine to me, I'd been so long at sea. I got lodgings handy to the road all the while, and I'd sometimes get a lift in a team from pity on me legs an' love for me buttons, and so I worked mesilf along, and I was very proud-feeling at first, but at the end I came to want, and I couldn't suit anybody's needs on the road. I'd no chance wit' the farmers, you'll see; they'd look me over, for all I was sure I could plant and hoe wit' any man, and they'd till me I might go to the women folks and get me dinner, or else they'd say I might get out of it an' they wanted no tramps. So the weather come hot an' I got surly, an' was as bad as troops on the march with rags and dirt after I'd had two weeks more travel. I'd spint me money, Lord-knew whin I'd have me pinsion, and everywhere I went 'twas full before I come; an' I went tark all day, Docther, but I'd fallen in great trouble. How'd I got there I d'know, an' how'd I get back I d'know, an' so I lost heart altogether or I was ready to fight the whole road by turns. Now I'm goin' to tell you me story——"

"Take a cigar; your pipe's out now, Dillon," said the Doctor encouragingly, and Dillon looked doubtful for a moment, then laid his pipe on the grass beside him, turned the cigar in his fingers, and after a moment of reflection cheerfully accepted a light.

"I was toiling up the gravelly road below here a mile or a mile an' a half, sir," he went on, with a fresh breeze in the sails of his story. "You'll mind how there's a long hill comes up this side of the old school-house, and beyant there's a little t'read of a brook that comes into this; there's trout in it too, in a place I'll be showing you where it's dammed by a tree or two across; I own woods there, sir; 'tis two miles from here, but the fish do be crowded in the wather."

"Good for you, Mike," said the Surgeon in a brotherly tone.

"Yes, sir; 'tis true for me, sir; I remimber thim old days in the hospit'l, sir. I don't be much for fishin' anyways mesilf. Well then," said Mike gallantly, "I was coming up that long hill an' I was as hungry as a saint's dog. I'd no pinny left in me pocket; 'twas noontime, an' I'd a mind if school was keeping to ask the childer at the school-house for a bite of bread an' cheese, an' I'd tell them a story to pl'ase them. 'Twas Saturday intirely, an' I'd forgot it, an' the door was shut. I looked round in the grass an' I saw the crust of a piece of pie, an' I picked it up as if 'twas money and ate it down and looked everywhere for another. That part of the country is very poor-looking land, and I sat awhile on the school-house steps thinking of the size of me for a fool. I didn't know what made me go so far from the salt water, or how would I get anybody to write a letter for me or give me a cint for a card to sind to a frind that would help me out. An' where was any frind I'd write to with the ship gone to sea, yourself having sailing orders with the rest, an' Parlow having told me he was going to the old country for a holiday. I come near makin' another whillalu over myself: me head was the last ind of me to get well, there's the truth, but that was the last day it ever felt hollow on me as it did then, an' the school-house hopped up and down when I tried to look at it to keep me steady. Oh, I'm too long wit' it all, sir, but I wa'n't so bad as the first time in the bushes. 'Go wash your face,' says I, 'an' get dacint, an' go up to the top of this hill,' says I; 'there's sometimes fine land on the top of gravelly hills like this, and then, if you don't find annything, turn round an' come back;' an' so I got laughing, an' there was courage in me crust of pie that I'd found, and I stepped meself on up the hill.

"Doether Hallett," continued Mr. Dillon with much solemnity, "whin I was on the top what did I see, an' I looking ahead to seek me fortune, but a fine figur' of a woman comin' out from a little white house beyant, an' she running whooping down the road towards me, as if she was expecting the likes of me all day; but she stopped by some bars and I walked on the best I could to meet the lady and tell her I was after being there intirely, and thin I saw what she was after. 'Twas not meself, but the crows that were pulling up her young corn by the roots and 'ating it. She'd run to and fro in her field like a boy, an' she yelling and shaking her apron. 'Lord be good to me,' says I, 'here's me chance! Me shirt wants buttons as bad as me inside wants bread,— 'tis a tidy-looking house; I wish I'd pl'ase the lady.'

"Let me do that, ma'am," says I. 'I'll stand still in the field and them little birds'll take me for a scarecrow.'"

"What did she say to that?" asked the Surgeon with interest.

"I don't want no tramps about me place," says she, as many another had said before her.

"'A lady like you,' says I (Dillon repeated the conversation in persuasive tones), 'oughtn't to be sp'iling her perty skin,' says I, 'out driving crows in the hot sun.' She was not young, sir, but she had good looks, an' I minded that the first thing. 'Go in, ma'am,' says I very gintle-spoken,—'go in, ma'am, an' rest 'asy; for here's a man, though but a poor one, 'll scare the crows in your stead an' be thankful for the kind privilege!'

"'They do trouble me bad,' says she. 'I don't want you round,' says she, very plain and hearty, 'but I'm baking pies the day, an' I'm all alone.' Then she caught herself up an' was sorry for having let on to me that she was all alone.

"'Don't mind me, ma'am,' says I; 'I'll defend you to the last drop of me blood before anny one shall lay a finger on you!' and she turned to me wit' a laugh an' saw I had the right feelings, and we tarked a little more, an' she wint in the house and I drove thim crows like a crazy windmill an' watched the blue smoke coming out of the chimney, and by the time the sun got over me head she come out by the fince an' set me down a fine plate heaped up three stories high with a Frinch roof, an' I ate every crumb that was there and set the plate down with a finer polish than was on it before. I niver thought of Parlow nor how would I get back to the hospit'l from that time."

The Doctor began to say something appreciative of the situation, but Dillon did not stop to listen.

"I got me plateful again for supper an' I thought out me course. It wa'n't best to do anything but go away out of sight that night, for fear she'd be plain with me that I couldn't stop at all, an' the gates of Heaven would be shut by me own fault. So I says good-night whin the sun dropped an' I goin' by the house, an' she come out an' offered me fifty cints for me throuble, but I says no; she'd given me in food an' kindness all the work was worth; an' so she invited me very wishful to stop an' see her if I come that road again, an' she hoped me leg would get better an' all them things. There was some navy buttons still left on me to show me trade, an' when I looked back she was lookin' after me too out o' the windy; but I wint down the road like the tramp I'd fallen to be, and when it came dark I stole back an' got into her tidy barn and I slept well there in the hay."

"Was she young?" asked the Surgeon, as if to gratify a neighborly curiosity.

"I'm afther telling you, sir, that she wasn't young. I should think she might be sixty years of age at the time or a little less, but a fine, smart lady, sir. No, she wa'n't sixty, I suppose, but she was that kind you wouldn't think how old was she, but only a fine shape of a woman, an' good-hearted looking. 'Twas your first thought of her that she was good-looking, and not old nor young."

The Surgeon could not help glancing up with a suspicious smile. Mike was not above forty, and his eyes and forehead and his curly hair had not lost their boyishness, and the Doctor smiled broadly, but Mike looked serious and innocent as he proceeded.

"The next morning was Sunday you'll see, sir, from the day before having been Saturday, an' I was out very early with the sun just blazing up. 'Twill be a fine hot day,' says I, 'an' the old lady'll be vexed wit' them crows, an' she'll want to l'ave home to be goin' to church, an' there's nobody to l'ave the crows wit' but me,' an' I see two or three black old thieves in the air that minute; an' I took a turn t'rough the orchard an' come up the road, so if she was looking out she'd think I'd spint the night far beyant. An' I dealt very bowld wit' thim birds, Docther, for I could see thim roosting all in the archard-edge and among the young pines overright it, one here and one there, keeping watch would I go away an' they'd all light down together. But I rose no noise; she'd had a hard day's work, the cr'atur', an' I says, 'Let her get her Sunday sleep; and whin breakfast-time arrives,' says I to my stomach that was complainin' o' me walking the field to and fro an' it empty, says I, 'she'll remimber you an' no fears o' that, me darlin'.' An' I wint on blowing a foul curse at the crows wit' me finger ends an' walkin' the field's deck till I thought she'd got a stroke or something, sir; the house looked like she was dead in it; an' of a sudden I saw the door fly open and up wint every crow into the air with a great flutter out of the trees. There wa'n't a black feather of them from the field. And she looked sharp an' saw me in the impty place, an' how the birds had all been sitting round as if they mint to pick me bones, an' I dead wit' the hunger, an' I heard her burst out laughing, an' she shut the door an' wint in. An' in a minute the smoke come out of the chimney as if 'twas the nose of a gun, an' I sat down and waited by the field side. 'Twas a good breakfast, sir. I got me willin' poor legs to carry me to it, an' 'twas by the kitchen table inside I was, sir, an' herself mindin' the crows from the door."

The story had reached a climax of triumph, and Mike and his surgeon both laughed, while the latter signified an eager desire to hear more.

"She wint to church the day, sir. I adwised her to it, the weather being fine, an' after me iligant breakfast I'd stop till night an' welcome, before I wint on, the nixt day being Monday; and she wint away down the road like a gerri with her house-key in her pocket. I was aisier with the crows for a while at noon, the sun being very hot an' she'd locked up her well in the shed, from not being sure of me charachter, so I could get no drink unless I wint far down the hill for it, an' I was most bate with the heat, I having always in the worst of times stopped off the road in the middle of the day. I'd a mind to go on, once, and

I've the crows in to their dinner, but for the lady thrusting me, an' so I stayed on till she come hurrying home looking an' looking to see would I be still there an' everything safe. I watched through the fince and rose up as she came by. 'I was afraid you'd gone,' says she before she took thought, an' I says, 'I gave me word to a lady,' I says; 'an you've mistrusted the wrong man,' an' she was very pleasant intirely. 'Don't mind the crows anny more for a while,' says she. 'Look at thim then,' says I, an' threw one o' me stones into a tree an' up they wint with a great clack and squawking into the air. 'I'd lost half me corn but for you, sir,' says she.

"'I'd best mind 'em for a day yet,' says I; 'they've come out of the whole country into the one field,' says I. I'd respict to her being a lone woman an' very helpless wit' 'em, Docther, and havin' nobody to call on for help."

"Of course," said the Doctor gravely.

"Wit' her I've, thin, I made me a fine little shady hut by the field gate out of some inds of old boards, a sintry-box you might call it ashore, an' I wint on duty there, an' she give me a large hand-bell and I made a little heap of stones, and wit' me pipe an' a song I'd a fine afternoon there, an' the good company o' meself whilst I was making a clapper I'd often seen at home whin all the boys do be out minding the crows for the farmers, and before long I was raising a great noise with it if a crow would fly down. 'Twas that same night I got the invitation in to drink tay with herself, and I el'aned me old clothes the best I could, though I was outrageous-like for a man-o'-war's man, I was indeed, but she was very r'asonable, and I told her me story, and other thravels of meself and frinds by land and say; and the evening was as short as the day was long, an' she had great pity on me troubles, and I got a bottle from her for me lame legs: to rub the short one so it would grow or to reef the lingsh of the long one, I forget which it was mint to do, for neither leg was the better of it. And she saw how well I could help her round the place, and that me heart was honest and me luck very bad, and I having been started at home a farmer's boy. Herself was disappointed wit' a man that had promised to come and work, and she'd all her land planted, and no courage how would she ever get through the s'ason.

"'Twas very hard for the lady, an' I'd seen it all from the begining, and me arms were pretty good, an' the farm all being on a side hill in respict to me legs was a great convanience. So she said I'd best stay till she minded up me clothes, I being a sailor and having served the country, sir, and hersilf having a young brother once that ran away to say and was lost. Betune it all we got on very well. I'm there yet, sir."

"Good harborage for you," said the Doctor warmly. He could not

help thinking how much better it was for the hearty, good-natured fellow than to have drifted into the miserable idleness of a sailors' refuge to waste his days in drinking and foolishness. Dillon wore an air of authority and looked very prosperous for a country farmer and a limping, disabled man.

"How soon did you get married?" the Doctor asked with interest, wishing to hear more of this seaman's pastoral.

The two men were on their feet now, but Mike had an air of wishing to make further confidence.

"Deed, then, I've been married two years and two months," said he. "I never thought I'd die on the land. We're fine and happy, sir, as the days are long, and they're very long too, this time of the year on the hills. I'd like to kape to the watch on an' off, as it is on board ship. Yes, I'm married, Dochter—you see the old lady's very sharp with the work an' 'twas very expinsive for her wit' me wages, so she made us no throuble."

"The old lady?" repeated the Doctor doubtfully, a little puzzled by Mike's tone.

"Oh, coom now, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Dillon with consternation. "Sure, Dochter, 'tisn't hersilf; 'tis the niece I married, a fine, pretty girl, one that she took very small to bring up and of late years promised the farm to her if she'd get a good husband. I'm that indeed, sir, too; their only fright is I might run away to sea. And we all drives the crows together!"

The Doctor laughed until Mike began to laugh too, and went away, still smiling, to get the creel from its cool hollow. His romance had taken such a sudden and unexpected turn that the listener resorted to professional interests at last to cover his amusement.

"You might have come out of that accident a good deal worse," he said. "You've done well, Mike; nobody in the world would think of hiring you for a scarecrow now."

Mike nodded. "Coom up wit' me to the house," he urged; "we'll thry the cider an' I'll drive you home in the cool of the afternoon, sir, —'tis too hot for you to be tramping t'rough the woods."

"All right," said Doctor Hallett, as Dillon went on ahead in the narrow sheep-path they were following. "You're a lucky fellow, Mike."

"'Tis the thruth for you, I'm lucky, thin," agreed Mike, looking over his shoulder. "I've got the beautiful wife, 'tis yoursilf'll say so from having seen her, an' the Lord is good to me legs in respict to its being a hill country. The old lady's a mother to me. But I made bowld to slip away from it for a while the day; 'twas thinkin' of salt wather and the gay old times wit' the b'ys I was whin I caught sight of yourself comin' t'rough the brush."

BAL DES QUAT'Z' ARTS

FROM NOTES OF EDOUARD CUCUEL

BY W. C. MORROW

Author of "A Man: His Mark," "The Ape, The Idiot, and Other People"

For a Forthcoming Volume entitled "Bohemian Paris of To-Day"

"A H! ah! vive les Quat'z' Arts! Au Moulin Rouge—en route!" wildly rang through the lamplit streets of Paris as cab after cab and 'bus after 'bus went thundering across town towards Montmartre, heavily freighted with brilliantly costumed revellers of les Quat'z' Arts. Parisians ran from their dinner-tables to the windows



and balconies, blasé boulevardiers paused in their evening stroll or looked up from their papers at the café-tables, waiters and swearing

cabbies and yelling newsboys stopped in the midst of their various duties, and all knowingly shook their heads, "Ah, ce sont les Quat'z' Arts!"

For to-night was the great annual ball of the artists, when all artistic Paris crawls from its mysterious depths to revel in a splendid carnival possible only to the arts. Every spring, after the pictures have



THE MOULIN ROUGE ON THE NIGHT OF THE BALL

been sent to the Salon, and before the students have scattered for the summer vacation, the artists of Paris and the members of all the ateliers of the four arts—painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving—combine their forces in producing a spectacle of regal splendor, seen nowhere else in the world; and long are the weeks and hard the work and vast the ingenuity devoted to preparations,—the designing of costumes and the building of gorgeous floats.

During the last three weeks the élèves of the Atelier Gérôme abandoned their studies, forgot all about the concours and the Prix de Rome, and devoted all their energies to the construction of a colossal figure of Gérôme's great war goddess, "Bellona." It was a huge task, but the students worked it out with a will. Yards of sackcloth, rags, old coats, paint rags, besides pine timbers, broken easels and stools, endless wire and rope, went into the making of the goddess's frame, and this was covered with plaster of Paris dexterously moulded into shape. Then it was properly tinted and painted and mounted on a chariot of gold. A Grecian frieze of galloping horses, mounted, the clever work of Siffert, was emblazoned on the sides of the chariot. And what a wreck the atelier was after all was finished! *Sacré nom d'un chien!* How the gardiens must have sworn when cleaning-day came round!

The ateliers in the École are all rivals, and each had been secretly preparing its coup with which to capture the grand prix at the bal.

The great day came at last. The students of our atelier were perfectly satisfied with their handiwork, and the massier made all happy by ordering a retreat to the Café des Deux Magots, where success to the goddess was drunk in steaming "grog Américain." Then Bellona began her perilous journey across Paris to Montmartre and the Moulin Rouge. This was not an easy task, as she was fifteen feet high; signs and lamp-posts suffered, and sleepy cab-horses danced as their terrified gaze beheld the giant goddess with her uplifted sword. Crowds watched the progress of Bellona on the Avenue de l'Opéra, drawn by half a hundred students yelling the national hymn. The pull up the steep slope of Montmartre was heavy, but in less than two hours from the start at the École the goddess was safely housed in the depths of the Moulin Rouge, there to await her triumphs of the night.

My friend Bishop, besides doing his share in the preparation of the figure, had the equally serious task of devising a costume for his own use at the ball. It was not until the very last day that he made his final decision,—to go as a Roman orator. Our supply of linen was meagre, but our only two clean bed-sheets and a few towels were sufficient, and two kind American ladies who were studying music and who lived near the old church of St. Sulpice did the fitting of a toga. The soles of a pair of slippers from which Bishop cut the tops served as sandals, and some studio properties in the way of Oriental bracelets completed his costume. I was transformed into an Apache Indian by a generous rubbing into my skin of burnt sienna and cadmium, which I was weeks in getting rid of; a blanket and some chicken-feathers finished my array. Our friend Cameron, next door, went in his Scotch kilts. After supper we entered the Boul' Mich' and proceeded to the Café de la Source, where the students of the Atelier Gérôme were to rendezvous.

The Boul' was a spectacle that night. Time had rolled back the curtain of centuries; ancient cemeteries had yielded up their dead; and living ghosts of the ages packed all the gay cafés. History from the time of Adam had sent forth its traditions, and Eves rubbed elbows with ballet-girls. There was never a jollier night in the history of the Quartier Latin.



TWO COSTUMES

We found the Café de la Source already crowded by the Gérôme contingent and their models and mistresses, all en costume and bubbling with merriment and mischief. It was ten o'clock before all the students had arrived. Then we formed in procession, and yelled and danced past all the cafés on the

Boul' Mich' to the Luxembourg Palace and the Théâtre de l'Odéon, to take the 'buses of the Montmartre line. These we quickly seized and overloaded in violation of the law, and then, dashing down the quiet streets of the Rive Gauche, headed for Montmartre, making a noise to rouse the dead. As we neared the Place Blanche we found the little streets merging from different quarters crowded with people in costume, some walking and others crowding almost innumerable vehicles, and the balconies and portes-cochères packed with spectators. The Place Blanche fronts the Moulin Rouge, and it was crowded and brilliantly lighted. The façade of the Moulin Rouge was a blaze of electric lights and colored lanterns, and the revolving wings of the mill flamed across the sky. It was a perfect night. The stars shone, the air was warm and pleasant, and the trees were tipped with the glistening clean foliage of early spring. The bright cafés fronting the Place were crowded with gay revellers. The poets of Bohemia were there, and gayly attired co-cottes assisted them in their fun at the café tables, extending far out into the boulevard under the trees. At one corner was Gérôme's private studio, high up in the top of the house, and standing on the balcony was Gérôme himself, enjoying the brilliant scene below.

As the Bal des Quat'z' Arts is not open to the public, and as none but accredited members of the four arts are admitted, the greatest precautions are taken to prevent the intrusion of outsiders; and wonderful is the ingenuity exercised to outwit the authorities. Inside the vestibule of the Moulin was erected a tribune (a long bar), behind which sat the massiers of the different studios of Paris, all in striking costumes. It

was their task not only to identify the holders of tickets, but also to pass on the suitability of the costumes of such as were otherwise eligible to admittance. The costumes must all have conspicuous merit and be thoroughly artistic. Nothing black, no dominoes, none in civilian dress, may pass. Many and loud were the protestations that rang through the vestibule as one after another was turned back and firmly conducted to the door.

Once past the implacable tribunes, we entered a dazzling fairy-land, a dream of rich color and reckless abandon. From gorgeous kings and queens to wild savages, all were there; courtiers in silk, naked gladiators, nymphs with paint for clothing,—all were there; and the air was heavy with the perfume of roses. Shouts, laughter, the silvery clinking of glasses, a whirling mass of life and color, a bewildering kaleidoscope, a maze of tangled visions in the soft yellow haze that filled the vast hall. There was no thought of the hardness and sordidness of life, no dream of the morrow. It was a wonderful witchery that sat upon every soul there.

This splendid picture was framed by a wall of lodges, each sumptuously decorated and hung with banners, tableaux, and greens, each representing a particular atelier and adorned in harmony with the dominant ideals of their masters. The lodge of the Atelier Gérôme was arranged to represent a Grecian temple; all the decorations and accessories were pure Grecian, cleverly imitated by the master's devoted pupils. That of the Atelier Cormon represented a huge caravan of the prehistoric big-muscled men that appeal so strongly to Cormon; large skeletons of extinct animals, giant ferns, skins, and stone implements were scattered about, while the students of Cormon's atelier, almost naked, with bushy hair and clothed in skins, completed the picture. And so it was with all the lodges, each typifying a special subject, and carrying it out with perfect fidelity to the minutest detail.

The event of the evening was the grand cortège; this, scheduled for one o'clock, was awaited with eager expectancy, for with it would come the test of supremacy,—the awarding of the prize for the best. For this was the great art centre of the world, and this night was the one in which its rivalries would strain the farthest reach of skill.

Meanwhile, the great hall swarmed with life and blazed with color and echoed with the din of merry voices. Friends recognized one another with great difficulty. And there was Gérôme himself at last, gaudily gowned in the rich green costume of a Chinese mandarin, his white mustache dyed black, and his white locks hidden beneath a black skull-cap topped with a bobbing appendage. And there also was Jean Paul Laurens in the costume of a Norman, the younger Laurens as Charlemagne. Léandre, the caricaturist, was irresistible as a caricature of Queen Victoria. Puech, the sculptor, made a graceful courtier of the

Bal des Quat'z' Arts

Marie Antoinette régime. Willett was a Roman emperor. Will Dodge was loaded with the crown, silks, and jewels of a Byzantine emperor. Louis Loeb was a desperate Tartar bandit. Castaigne made a hit as an Italian jurist. Steinlen, Grasset, Forain, Rodin,—in fact, nearly all



TICKET FOR THE BAL DES QUAT'Z' ARTS

the renowned painters, sculptors, and illustrators of Paris were there; and besides them were the countless students and models.

"La cavalcade! le grand cortège!" rose the cry above the crashing of the band and the noise of the revellers; and then all the dancing stopped. Emerging from the gardens through the open glass door, bringing with it a pleasant blast of the cool night air, was the vanguard of the great procession. The orchestra struck up the "Victor's March," and a great cry of welcome rang out.

First came a band of yelling Indians dancing in, waving their spears and tomahawks, and so cleaving a way for the parade. A great roar filled the glass-domed hall when the first float appeared. It was daring and unique, but a masterpiece. Borne upon the shoulders of Indians, who were naked but for skins about their loins, their bodies stained a dark brown and striped with paint, was a gorgeous bed of fresh flowers and trailing vines; and reclining in this bed were four of the models of Paris, lying on their backs, head to head, their legs upraised to support a circular tablet of gold. Upon this, high in air, proud and superb, was the great Susanne in all her peerless beauty of face and form,—simply that and nothing more. A sparkling crown of jewels glowed in her reddish golden hair; a flashing girdle of electric lights encircled her slender waist, bringing out the marvellous whiteness of her skin, and with delicate shadows and tones modelling the superb contour of

her figure. She looked a goddess—and knew it. The crowd upon whom she looked down stood for a while spell-bound, and then, with a waving of arms and flags, came a great shout, "Susanne! Susanne! la belle



LÉANDRE AS QUEEN VICTORIA

Susanne!" Susanne only smiled. Was she not the queen of the models of Paris?

Then came Bellona! Gérôme, when he conceived and executed the idea embodied in this wonderful figure, concentrated his efforts to produce a most terrifying, fear-inspiring image typifying the horrors of war. The straining Goddess, poised upon her toes to her full height, her face uplifted, her head thrust forward, with staring eyes and screaming mouth, her short two-edged sword in position for a sweeping blow, her glittering round shield and her coat of mail, a huge angry python darting its tongue and raising its green length from the folds of her drapery,—all this terrible figure, reproduced with marvellous fidelity and magnified tenfold, overwhelmed the thousands upon whom it glowered. Surrounding the golden chariot was a guard of Roman and Greek gladiators, emperors, warriors, and statesmen. From the staring eyes of Bellona flashed green fire, whose uncanny shafts pierced the yellow haze of the ball-room. Under a storm of cheers Bellona went on her way past the tribune of the judges.

Following Bellona came a beautiful reproduction of Gérôme's classical "Tanagra," which adorns the sculpture gallery of Luxembourg. The figure was charmingly personated by Marcelle, a lithe, slim, graceful model of immature years, who was a rage in the studios. Gérôme himself applauded the grace of her pose as she swept past his point of vantage in the gallery.

Behind Tanagra came W——, also of the Atelier Gérôme, dressed as an Apache warrior and mounted on a bucking broncho. He was an American, from Nebraska, where he was a cowboy before he became

famous as a sculptor. He received a rousing welcome from his fellow-artists.

The Atelier Cormon came next,—a magnificent lot of brawny fellows clothed in skins, and bearing an immense litter made of tree



BELLONA

branches bound with thongs and weighted down with strong naked women and children of a prehistoric age. It was a reproduction of Cormon's masterpiece in the Luxembourg Gallery, and was one of the most impressive compositions in the whole parade.

Then came the works of the many other studios, all strong and effective, but none so fine as the first three. The Atelier Pascal, of architecture, made a sensation by appearing as Egyptian mummies, each mummy dragging an Egyptian coffin covered with ancient inscriptions and characters and containing a Parisian model, all too alive and sensuous to personate the ancient dead. Another atelier strove hard for the prize with eggs of heroic size, from which as many girls, as chicks, were breaking their way to freedom.

After the grand cortège had paraded the hall several times it disbanded, and the ball proceeded with renewed enthusiasm.

The tribune, wherein the wise judges sat, was a large and artistic affair, built up before the gallery of the orchestra and flanked by broad steps leading to its summit. It was topped with the imperial escutcheon of Rome—battle-axes bound in fagots—and bore the legend, "Mort aux Tyrants," in bold letters. Beneath was a row of ghastly, bloody severed heads,—those of dead tyrants.

The variety and originality of the costumes were bewildering. One Frenchman went as a tombstone, his back representing a headstone, containing a suitable inscription and bearing wreaths of immortelles and colored beads.

At intervals during the evening the crowd would suddenly gather and form a large circle, many deep, some climbing upon the backs of others the better to see, those in front squatting or lying upon the floor to accommodate the mass behind them. The formation of these circles was the signal for the *danse du ventre*. The name of some favorite model would be yelled, and the orchestra would strike up the familiar Oriental strain. And there was always a model to respond. Then the regular dancing would be resumed until another circle was formed and another favorite goddess of the four arts would be called out.

It was three o'clock when supper was announced by the appearance of two hundred white-aproned waiters carrying scores of tables, chairs, and hampers of plate and glassware. The guests fell to with a will and assisted in spreading and setting the tables; almost in a moment the vast hall was a field of snow pricked out with the brilliant costumes of the revellers. Then came a frightful din of pounding on the tables for the supper. Again marched in the two hundred waiters, loaded with cases of champagne, plates of creamy soup, roasts, salads, cheeses, creams, cakes, ices,—a feast of Bacchus, indeed. The banquet was enjoyed with Bohemian abandon.

The twelve wise judges of the Tribune now gravely announced their award of prizes, and each announcement was received with ringing applause. The *Atelier Gérôme* received first prize,—fifty bottles of champagne, which were immediately taken possession of. The other ateliers received smaller prizes, as their merits deserved, and all were satisfied and happy. The banquet was resumed.

The feast wore merrily through the small hours until the cold blue dawn began to pale the lights in the ceiling. Strangely beautiful was this color effect, as the blue stole downward through the thick yellow glamour of the hall, quickening the merry-makers with a new and uncanny light, putting them out of place, and warning them thence. But still the ball went rolling on.

Though the floor was slippery with wine and dangerous from broken glass, dancing and the cutting of capers proceeded without abatement. The favorite *danse du ventre* and songs and speeches filled the night

to the end of the ball, and then the big orchestra, with a great flourish, played the "Victor's March." This was the signal for the final procession. The vast concourse of students and artists poured forth into the cool, sweet morning air, and the bal was at an end.

Paris was asleep, that early April morning, save for the street-sweepers and the milkmaids and the concierges. But the Place Blanche was very much awake. The morning air was new wine in stale veins, and it banished fatigue.

"En cavalcade! en cavalcade!" was the cry; and in calvacade it was. A great procession of all the costumers was formed, to march ensemble across Paris to the Quartier Latin. Even the proud Bellona was dragged along in the rear, towering as high as the lower wings of the now motionless red wind-mill. She seemed to partake in the revelry, for she swayed and staggered in an alarming fashion as she plunged recklessly down the steepes of Montmartre.

The deserted Rue Blanche re-echoed the wild yells and songs of the revellers and the rattling of the string of cabs in the rear. The rows of heaped ash-cans that lined the way were overturned one after another, and the oaths and threatening brooms of the outraged concierges went for nothing. Even the poor diligent rag- and bone-pickers were not spared; their filled sacks, carrying the result of their whole night's hunt, were taken from them and emptied. A string of carts heavily laden with stone was captured near the Rue Lafayette, the drivers deposited, and the big horses sent plunging through Paris, driven by Roman charioteers, and making more noise than a company of artillery.

When the Place de l'Opéra was reached a thousand revellers swarmed up the broad stairs of the Grand Opéra like colored ants, climbed upon the lamp-posts and candelabra, and clustered all over the groups of statuary adorning the magnificent façade. The band took up a position in the centre and played furiously, while the artists danced ring-around-a-rosy, to the amazement of the drowsy residents of the neighborhood.

The cavalcade then re-formed and marched down the Avenue de l'Opéra towards the Louvre, where it encountered a large squad of street-sweepers washing the avenue. In an instant the squad had been routed, and the revellers, taking the hose and brooms, fell to and cleaned an entire block, making it shine as it had never shone before.

Cabs were captured, the drivers decorated with Roman helmets and swords, and dances executed on the tops of the vehicles. One character, with enormous india-rubber shoes, took delight in permitting cabs to run over his feet, while he emitted howls of agony that turned the hair of the drivers white.

As the immense cavalcade filed through the narrow arches of the Louvre court-yard it looked like a mediæval army returning to its

citadel after a victorious campaign; the hundreds of battle-flags, spears, and battle-axes were given a fine setting by the noble architecture of the Pavillon de Rohan. Within the court of the Louvre was drawn up a regiment of the Garde Municipale, going through the morning drill; and they looked quite formidable with their evolutions and bayonet



COMING HOME AT SEVEN A.M.

charges. But when the mob of Greek and Roman warriors flung themselves bodily upon the ranks of the guard, ousted the officers, and assumed command, there was consternation. All the rigid military dignity of the scene disappeared, and the drill was turned into such a farce as the old Louvre had never seen before. The officers, furious at first, could not resist the spirit of pure fun that filled the mob, and took their revenge by kissing the models and making them dance. The girls had already done their share of the conquering by pinning flowers to military coats and coyly putting pretty lips where they were in danger. Even the tall electric-light masts in the court were scaled by adventurous students, who attached brilliant flags, banners, and crests to the mast-heads far above the crowd.

To the unspeakable relief of the officers, the march was then resumed. The Pont du Carrousel was the next object of assault; here

was performed the solemn ceremony of the annual sacrifice of the Quat'z' Arts to the river Seine. The mighty Bellona was the sacrifice. She was trundled to the centre of the bridge and drawn close to the parapet, while the disciples of the four arts gathered about with uncovered heads. The first bright flashes of the morning sun, sweeping over the towers of Notre-Dame, tipped Bellona's upraised sword with flame. The band played a funeral march. Prayers were said, and the national hymn was sung; then Bellona was sent tottering and crashing over the parapet, and with a mighty plunge she sank beneath the waters of the Seine. A vast shout rang through the crisp morning air. Far below, poor Bellona rose in stately despair, and then slowly sank forever.

The parade formed again and proceeded to the Beaux-Arts, the last point of attack. Up the narrow Rue Bonaparte went singing the tired procession; the gates of the École opened to admit it, cabs and all, and the doors were shut again. Then in the historic court-yard of the government school, surrounded by remnants of the beautiful architecture of once stately chateaux and palaces, and encircled by graceful Corinthian columns, the students gave a repetition of the grand ball at the Moulin Rouge. A strange and incongruous sight it was in the brilliant sunshine, and the neighboring windows and balconies were packed with onlookers. But by half-past seven every trace of the Bal des Quat'z' Arts had disappeared,—the great procession had melted away to the haunts of Bohemia.



FROM THE BALL

"OUT OF THE DEEP"

BY FRANCES W. WHARTON

ORDWAY pushed back his chair and looked about the empty office. It was seven o'clock, and De la Motte had gone home an hour before, his two clerks five minutes after him. Ordway's desk, somewhat to one side with a bad light to work by, showed what place he held there,—only a temporary friendly business refuge offered by De la Motte till he got his affairs into shape and got an office of his own. So it was put by the owner of the room and so it was accepted. Ordway got up, and putting his hands into his pockets considered where he should get something to eat: that was what dinner had degenerated into. At Hennings's?—fifty cents for hot meat, vegetables, pudding, and a cup of coffee, all fairly good of their kind. Why not? Fifty cents. Yes, certainly, fifty cents was not to be jeered at. Duncan's?—sandwiches and milk. It was such cold fare for the evening. However, sandwiches and milk were fifteen cents; the difference was unholy, and Ordway, having decided, walked over to get his hat and coat.

"Mr. Ordway," said a voice.

He recognized it, and turning, looked at the new-comer grimly. "Well, Carter, back again? What a strange hour for your kind to appear; most men are at dinner by now."

The other man gave a very weary smile. "Yes, but I saw the janitor and asked when you'd be in in the morning. He said you were here now, so I thought I'd come and look you up. Can't you give me anything on that bill, Mr. Ordway?"

Ordway had put on his coat. "No," he said slowly, "I can't."

"Well, can you by to-morrow? My firm are very pressing."

Ordway took his hat off the peg and put it on. "You can't squeeze blood from a stone, Carter. I have no money to give you. It is no especial pleasure to me to have you tagging at my heels, and if I had the money I should pay you and stop this now, but I can't. Good-night." He waited for the man to go, and after a few murmured repetitions Carter went his way.

Ordway sat down again, and dropping his hat on the floor rested his head on his arms, which were folded on the desk. He went through his day: the hopeless additions on the debit side of his accounts; the great blank where credit should have stood; the collectors, some respectful, some not, but all held in check by sheer grit and coolness. The chance suggested by some friend, which investigation proved mere

"castle-building," and not a word from Jack. Breakfast, a cup of good coffee at his lodgings; lunch on a sandwich and a glass of milk; dinner, well, dinner seemed hardly worth while. Why fight on? What was it all for? He thought on for half an hour. Suddenly his overcoat oppressed him. He got up, and mechanically putting on his hat went down the three flights of stairs and out on snowy streets. He turned up his collar and started towards his lodging. Not yet; the lonely room came to mind with a vividness of gray cold that caused him to shut his teeth together. Duncan's first, and then,—why, he would go to their house for a moment, and then—then he would go home.

It was Miss Carruthers's birthday: she was twenty-six that day. "Twenty-six years and several hours," she said aloud as she sat on the hearth-rug before the blazing coal fire, "and nothing to show for it either," in which she wronged herself. It was a cold December night, and the room was lit by the fire only, but that shone so brightly that no corner remained unilluminated, and Miss Carruthers sat in a shower of light. She was alone; her brother, with whom she lived, had gone three weeks before to California on business and might be back at any time, but, as ill-luck would have it, he had not arrived, as she had hoped he would, on her birthday, so she had elected to spend the evening alone, and count up her gains and losses in the last eight years. Clasping her hands in her lap, she went over the ground steadily, and at the end gave a short laugh. "A useless fool," she said aloud, which was rude and untrue. "I haven't improved a single hour," still addressing the empty room. "I have thought I was doing great work, with my painting, my philanthropy, my social stands for the good and the free; I have thought I was of considerable importance in the lives of my friends, but I haven't really chipped the least little ledge for myself in this hateful world. Some stupid men have thought I might be foolish enough to like them, and being naturally perverse, I liked some one else who never turned his head to look at me. I have wanted to think I liked him because Jack does; perhaps that is it; then there is Jack: he really cares at any rate, but he is a brother, is prejudiced, and doesn't count, and if he were to marry"—she threw out her hands with a gesture of pain and repugnance.

The door opened behind her. "What is it, Ellen?" she said, without turning.

"A gentleman to see Mr. Carruthers, miss."

"Tell him Mr. Carruthers is in California, or somewhere between this and that. I will see him if he wishes." There was a short colloquy in the hall, and Miss Carruthers rose to receive her brother's visitor.

"Mr. Ordway," she said courteously, but with a slight shyness of

manner not usual to her, "Jack will be sorry to have missed you. Won't you pay me a visit?"

"If I may," was the answer. "I wanted to see Jack before I went away, but I will stay a little while if you will let me. Your fire looks inviting."

"So you put up with my company for the sake of it." She smiled ironically.

"Exactly," said Ordway coolly. "I am not fit for a woman's society to-night, Miss Carruthers. I had a great desire to see Jack, or I wouldn't have come."

She was sitting on a sofa near the fire, and Ordway had sunk wearily into a big chair opposite her. She noted the extreme gravity of his face and wondered at it. He was a friend—a good friend—of Jack's, though he came but seldom to the house, and knowing him to be a reckless man and down on his luck, she felt a desire to tell him she was down on hers too.

"You look cold and tired, Mr. Ordway. If Jack was here he would offer you something to drink. May I be his mouth-piece?" she said, half laughing, but making the offer in all seriousness. "On a night like this it is a wise precaution."

"You are very good," he returned, with an answering smile, "but I think I won't, thank you; it warms me in every way to sit here and be welcomed by so kind a hostess. Tell me why you are so unsocial on a winter's night as to sit alone?"

"It is my birthday," she answered simply.

"Do you always spend it alone? I thought it was an occasion for parties and things?"

"Not when one is twenty-six." She smiled, a delightful smile that broke the severe regularity of her features, deepened the blue of her eyes, and even, Ordway thought, brought lights into the tawny, ungolden yellow hair; then thought further, what a fool he was to slip into that again.

"I was twenty-six five years ago," he said in answer. "What did I do? Let me see—yes, it was about then I was giving my creditors forty cents on the dollar: our firm was ruined, and I with them. I remember, now, I should have been very glad to spend my birthday alone just then, anywhere away from people. I was pretty much cut up."

He had forgotten the lights in Miss Carruthers's hair and was deep in the past, and she gave him a long moment's study. She knew his face, but it had something new in it to-night: a face that made one take for granted the broad shoulders below; a square face, with lines of intense self-repression about the mouth, and eyes that contradicted those lines with their dare-devil power of expression,—eyes that could

express anything, thought his hostess, rage, grief, love, and she forgot to think again during the evening of her eight wasted years.

"Jack told me a little of it, Mr. Ordway: how hard it had all been, and then since"—she stopped and looked at him with such gentle, friendly eyes that he came back out of the past as quickly as he had slipped into it, and felt a desire to keep that look fixed on him.

"Since it has been from bad to worse, Miss Carruthers, as no one knows better than your brother. Everything I touch shrivels as though I had poison in the tips of my fingers. I have gotten to the point where I accept it. I used to kick against the pricks during those five years, but lately I don't seem to have much fight left in me. I came to tell Jack to give up trying. I have thought of a solution; he will know of it later,—after I have worked it out. Will you tell him for me? I ought to go. I suppose I must be boring you awfully and depressing you too. I wasn't such bad company in past times, Miss Carruthers, but somehow——"

"No, don't go; stay, and we will cheer each other. I am quite as bad as you are, Mr. Ordway, but I think if you stay I may get over it. The instincts of hospitality will lead me to give up thinking of myself and my shortcomings, and to try and supply their place instead. Will you put some more wood on the fire for me,—one of those big logs?"

Ordway obeyed, and as she watched him she noticed, not for the first time, the deft use of his hands and the hands themselves, finely shaped and powerful, hands whose clasp would reassure. "Do you remember the Duckworths' big piazza? That was the first time I saw you, Mr. Ordway, two years ago; you were in a frivolous mood and rather taken up with Miss Duckworth. I used to wonder what you two had in common."

Ordway looked at her and smiled a little. "Nothing, absolutely nothing. She didn't understand a word I said, really, and it always amused me. She liked me because I mounted her better than the groom, and because I told her quite freely how pretty she was, and how adorable her gowns. Then, I will confess, I had some pleasure in keeping off that snob Bailey. She had too much good money and too much good temper to waste it all on him."

"And too much good looks," added Miss Carruthers, with a very slight smile.

"Quite right, and too much good looks," subjoined Ordway, with an answering smile. "I accept the correction. But if I amused you, Miss Carruthers, you amused me also that summer."

"Did I, indeed?"

"You did, most certainly. You were so bound to convince Jack that you could choose your own friends, and wouldn't give up that

young Gibbon at any price, though there were a couple of much nicer young fellows who would have been charmed to elect you their 'Queen of the May.'"

"It wasn't May, it was August."

"Very well, Queen of their August; but confess it wasn't pure liking that made you put up with Gibbon."

"Yes, but it was." Anne's chin was elevated somewhat. "Andrew Gibbon had his good points."

"I suppose he had," said Ordway grimly, "but you had to hack him with an axe to get at them."

"Is that descriptive of my intercourse with him?"

"Not exactly. I was taking a man's point of view. Your intercourse consisted in a waste of heavenly sweetness on your part, and, I hope, a heart-ache on his."

"Not a bit of it," she laughed. "That shows that you indeed did not know him. But don't let's talk of him; tell me something of your present plans, and I can tell Jack."

Ordway looked into the fire. "I couldn't very well; you are most kind, but I couldn't. Jack will know when I have started—on my journey." He spoke with an effort.

Anne looked at him. He gave her a feeling of being inexpressibly lonely and solitary, and she was filled with a desire to convey to him that there were people who cared.

"I must go,"—he turned towards her,—"I have something to do to-night."

"Don't do anything to-night, Mr. Ordway. You ar'n't in a frame of mind to make decisions,—don't!"

Ordway looked at her with a startled opening of his dark eyes. "How do you know I am making decisions, Miss Carruthers?"

"I feel it." She could not speak lightly. "You are going to do something,—go far away or something. Don't do it. Wait till Jack comes. Won't you promise?"

She looked at him with intense appeal.

"I can't promise that." She saw his lips set in that painful repression.

"You must," she pleaded; "just that you won't leave town till Jack comes. He will be here to-morrow, may be at home at any moment. Promise."

Ordway's face changed, whitened, and he looked down at his hands. "Yes, I will promise that," he said; "and now," he rose and held out his hand.

"Must you go?" Anne looked up at him wistfully. "I was very lonely when you came, and I haven't very pleasant thoughts. I wonder——"

Ordway sat down on the sofa beside her. "Can I be of service?" he said gently. "I would like to be."

She looked at him. "Do you think it is a help to talk of things? When you came in I was fighting a black mood, and when you go I suppose I shall begin again. You see——" She hesitated.

"You ought not to feel like that; you are too young and light-hearted. When I was up in the world I thought pleasure a necessity. I have changed my tune."

His smile was bitterly sad, and her feeling was one of failure in herself, since she could not help him, not even reach him. She felt the tears rising to her eyes.

"It is because I am so useless, Mr. Ordway—vanity, you see. Don't let's talk of it. I thought I could, but I can't."

Ordway rose. "Good-night, and I can't express how deeply, how——" He broke off.

"Don't thank me, we are friends,—you don't thank your friends,—and come and see Jack soon." He walked to the threshold.

"Perhaps Jack will come and see me." All the light was gone from his eyes; his voice sounded tired out. "Good-night and good-by."

"Good-night and good-by," she repeated after him, and he left the room.

"Why good-by?" thought Anne suddenly. She felt a chill sense of apprehension, and in a flash Ordway's purpose for the night came over her. She rose and stood quite still in the middle of the room. Then—"Mr. Ordway," she called, not very loud, but the words cut the air.

Ordway stood again in the door-way. "Did you call me?" he said.

"Yes, come in and shut the door, please; I want you."

He looked at her in wonder, his own inward thoughts dulled him; but he closed the door and came forward, dropping his hat and coat on a chair by the door.

"You want me?" he asked.

"Yes"—she was trembling now. "I know your—your solution."

"You know my solution?" said Ordway slowly. Their eyes met; he saw the futility of denial.

"Well?" he said.

"It isn't well, it is ill—ill thought of, ill planned; you cannot, cannot——"

"Miss Carruthers,"—he looked at her with an intense quiet,—“I cannot make you understand; I cannot tell you my reasons; I cannot tell you what my life consists of, what an ugly job I have made of the whole thing; I can only ask you to put it all out of your mind, now and forever. Part of my relief in this is that there is no one to suffer, to care.”

She listened, thinking, meanwhile, a hurrying whirl of thoughts, swift weighings of a thousand things that brought her in a wild rush to an end.

"Will you at least talk to me?—you might see it differently if you saw it through my eyes. Surely you will not refuse that. Tell me why, why——"

"Why?" Ordway answered almost savagely; "because I have nothing to live for, and everything that I leave will be the better for my leaving; because I am tired of averting disgrace only by facing the world with defiance; because my debts have driven me into being all that I most detest,—morose, sordid, living a life of useless toil and repression; because I am tired of coming back to my room every night alone and worsted; and because to be dead means to be quit of thinking."

She interrupted him with a passionate gesture. "There must be some—way. If there was any one, if you had some one who cared, who was dependent on you, would you—would you do this thing?"

Ordway looked at her curiously; it seemed an unnecessary wound to give.

"No, I should not. I should fight it out then; but there being no one, I have made my choice."

She sat down on the arm of a chair and began pointing imaginary designs in the carpet with her slipper. "Very well, Mr. Ordway, then I have only one request, and that is that you will give a moment's consideration to a plan of mine, rather a wild one, but—but—I want you to make one more choice."

Watching her face, he wondered at the slow, steady tide of crimson that welled into her cheeks,—wondered and felt a quickening of his tired blood.

"You say you wouldn't do this desperate thing had you some one who cared, some one to fight for; well, you can have such a person if——" She stopped.

"Can I?" said Ordway stupidly. "And where in this big world shall I find them?" There was a pause. She looked up at him; their eyes met.

"You don't mean that?" he said hoarsely.

She turned from him, and leaning her arms on the shelf above the fire she rested her face on them.

"It is your exquisite, your divine pity," he went on; "but look at me,—look at me, won't you—won't you, please?" He stood very near her.

She dropped her arms at her sides and turned to him, but her eyes were on the ground, Ordway's fastened on her face.

"Do you think—do you think," he continued, breaking through

his self-control, "that it would be possible? If I slaved, toiled, made something of my debt-laden fortunes, do you think?"

Her feet were on dry land, out of the torrent of waters they had emerged safe, but she was frightened and unutterably shy.

"I said, would you try?" she answered bravely.

"Try?"—Ordway flung back his head and clenched his hands—"try?"

Anne slipped down on the rug before the fire and covered her face. "What have I done?" she thought. Ordway sat on the edge of the big arm-chair, and leaning forward gave her sleeve a little appealing pull.

"May I speak?"

She dropped her hands from her face and assented with a motion of her head, but looked into the fire.

"Do you think I will hold you to such a bargain? Do you think I am capable of taking advantage of your pity? But this I will do: I will try once more to make something of my God-forsaken life, and if I succeed I will come to you and try to make you say what you have said from another motive than pity. I had this out with myself during that year after the Duckworths' and decided then that not only had I no chance, but that it would be breaking faith with Jack to try to get you to throw yourself away on a beggar. But now, now I will be selfish. I have been through such misery that I will yield to the temptation. With you as a possible—I am no coward at heart; I will make another fight and I will win—win independence, and then win—" He leant towards her. "What are my chances, really? Tell me! tell me!"

The remembrance of his face an hour ago came to her, the despair of it; he must go back and wade through all that again; he would need much hope, he would need help; besides, she was not looking at him.

"I should say, a hundred to one," she said, and leant nearer to the fire.

"My God!" said Ordway.

The door opened and Carruthers was in the room.

"Well, Anne? well, Jim? A nice welcome for a wanderer on the face of the earth."

He kissed his sister and shook hands with Ordway, looking into his face with a joyous smile.

"What do you think I have done? Good work for our people,—yes, and for you too, my son. Come into the dining-room, while I get something to eat, and I'll tell you about it. What luck to find you here! You come too, Anne,—you won't mind business,—and we will drink your health and many happy returns of the day," and stooping his head, he kissed his sister again; then led the way from the room, and Ordway followed him.

THROUGH PRISON BARS

BY GRACE DUFFIELD GOODWIN

Scene, the Palace Hall.

A YOUNG KNIGHT, pale after long imprisonment.

MARGARET, lady-in-waiting to the Queen, young, beautiful, delicately clad.

THE Knight: Take now this fan with floating ribbons decked;
Hold but the shining ends as far apart
As slender arms can reach.

Margaret: How fair they are,
These sea-pale silken bands! What meanest thou?
How shall I hold them—this way? Look and see.

The Knight: Nay, this way—out; that is the length—

Margaret (shuddering and crushing the ribbon in her hands):
The length,—alas! Too well I know the length—
Three feet—of that dark, lonely, poisonous cell
Where thou didst spend so many dreadful hours,
And all for me. Oh, tell me, tell me this—
What can I do? What can I give to make
Thy memory no longer haunt that place
But turn her eyes away, and hasten by?
Scornful and proud I was, yet all my heart
Was bruised within me for thy suffering.

The Knight: Thou art a butterfly, dear, dainty one,
How canst thou banish prison bars?

Margaret: Speak'st thou
Of prison bars? Sure thou art free, free now
As this sweet breeze that comes and goes at will.

The Knight: Bodily free, mayhap; yea, truly, free
To come and go, if that were all of life.
Yet on my soul the shadow of the bars
Has fallen deep in blackness. I am bound
Through all my life by memory of those days,
Each like a laggard facing night, when night
Moved slowly as a thousand years towards day.
How can a butterfly break bars like these?

Margaret: Truly it could not break imprisoning bars,
But waver through them, and perchance allure
The grieving captive to a sudden smile.

Through Prison Bars

Now wilt thou not crave even the smallest boon
 Since once I feigned to laugh away the love
 That made thine eyes a light, thy heart a flame,
 And which was mine—all mine—if but I would?
 I would not: Yet for me was borne the pain
 Of harsh imprisonment and darkened days,
 While I, without, conned thy sweet task alone.
 Ask now! what shall I give thee? I am like
 The Queen in all the bounty that shall crown
 Thy least demand. Fear nothing, then; ask on!

*[She bends over him, and lays her fingers upon his
 eyes, tears in her own.]*

The Knight (sitting quiet):

Thou tender heart. But only this I ask—
 These bits of ribbon fluttering from thy fan.

Margaret (tying the ribbons about her arms and waist):

Keep closed thine eyes! Canst see what I have done?
 Not yet—I am not ready! Harken now;
 I give the silken ribbons, dear my lord,
 And all that's bound therein; this be love's seal!

[Bends and lays her cheek against his forehead.]

The Knight (opening his eyes, and standing upright):

And all that's bound therein? Thine own dear self?
 'Tis past belief, and yet I would believe;
 For doubt of this one thing has left the day
 Dark as my dungeon, and has robbed the sun
 Of light and warmth since freedom came to me.
 Dear love, I do believe; this is my dream
 Left long ago for dead; 'tis won to life
 As I am won to freedom and to love!

AN UNWRITTEN CHAPTER IN OUR RELATIONS WITH SPAIN

BY REV. FRANCIS S. BORTON

INTRODUCTION BY HENRY CHARLES LEA, LL.D.

Author of "A History of the Inquisition in the Middle Ages"

THE Rev. Francis S. Borton, of Puebla, Mexico, sends to me the following translation of a secret despatch, dated April 4, 1819, from Señor Mariano Renovales, a Spanish agent in New Orleans, to King Ferdinand VII. It was found, Mr. Borton says, some years since among the papers left by Don José Gomez de la Cortina, and serves to explain why the treaty negotiated in 1819 for the Florida purchase, and duly ratified by the Senate of the United States, was kept suspended for six months, to the chagrin of the diplomatists, awaiting the signature of the Spanish monarch. That monarch might well hesitate, in view of the future so prophetically set forth, and now that those prophecies have been so completely fulfilled there is no little interest to us in the intelligent forecast of a clear-sighted Spaniard at a time when the colonies around the Caribbean had not yet achieved their independence and the United States was still a power in its infancy.

"SEÑOR:

"Your Majesty's authority, the integrity of your dominions, and the destiny of your subjects are all compromised to-day by this cession of Florida to the Anglo-Americans.

"I, my lord, who respect you as my sovereign; I, who have fulfilled all my duties towards yourself and my country, pouring out sweat and tears and blood and sacrificing the very means of my subsistence, cannot with indifference behold the dignity of your royal person threatened, nor that of the great Spanish people over whom you reign.

"Gratitude for the position I enjoy, which I owe to your Majesty and my country, imposes upon me the sacred duty of laying before you the risks that confront us in ceding Florida to the Anglo-Americans, and which are as follows:

"These provinces, susceptible of very extensive and general cultivation, in the highest degree advantageous to the other Spanish possessions in this hemisphere, constitute the principal key of the Mexican Gulf.

"Their forests yield a great variety of all kinds of excellent timber. The masts, beams, and planking from these regions are the best known. The pitch, tar, and resin have, and always have had, the preference over all others for their good quality and abundance. The arsenal in Havana will very soon be in need of these. Taking into consideration the topography of Florida and its many ports, the shipping trade alone is in itself one of the greatest treasures that a maritime nation could acquire. The numerous ports that enrich its coasts from the River Saint Mary to the Mississippi, are so many points from which in time of war the Anglo-Americans could send out scores of war-vessels and privateers to lay waste the coasts of your Majesty's realms; and in times of peace these numerous ports will be the points of departure for smugglers and spies to fan up the flames of rebellion, which in many instances is originated and fomented by the Anglo-Americans. These enemies will harass and destroy Spanish commerce in this part of the world, and will turn into smoke all the measures taken by your Majesty for the conservation of your dominions. With the loss of Louisiana the majestic edifice of the Spanish Empire in the New World began to totter upon its base.

"The Anglo-Americans, trampling under foot the sacred rights of property recognized by all other nations, have poured in great numbers across the pretended boundary of the Sabine River, and now shamelessly declare their purpose to penetrate even to the very heart of the Kingdom of Mexico. Their policy is a secret one, but their deeds are open to all the world. Through the cession of Louisiana there has come to be felt, even in the capital city of New Spain, a hatred of monarchy and a love for the republican form of government,—ideas that have cost the mother country how much of blood and treasure! From Louisiana were facilitated the operations of various adventurers who lighted the fires of sedition throughout the whole of New Spain. From that quarter the beautiful and fertile interior provinces of Mexico are threatened, and finally from there supplies of all sorts are furnished the rebels of Mexico, and from there will be unsheathed the destroying sword that is to waste all this your western empire.

"The interests of your Majesty as well as those of your subjects also suffer other great evils on account of the State of Louisiana. The mouths of the Mississippi vomit a desolating flood of smugglers and pirates into the Gulf: there is no class of evil that does not float upon the current of this great river, no class of desperate adventurers that does not find a shelter along its margin. The value of the great number of Spanish vessels taken as prizes, and the amount of silver of the realm stolen in the last few years by these bloody corsairs, amounts to many millions of hard dollars, and nothing of all this would ever have happened had it not been that the plunderers and spoilers were pro-

Unwritten Chapter in our Relations with Spain 789

tected by the thousand hiding-places in and about the mouths of the Mississippi River.

"Although such frightful evils as these should have come to an end with the general pacification of Europe, and the Americans have restrained themselves from fresh acts of barbarity and injustice,—instead of this they shamelessly seized upon Baton Rouge and Mobile, furnished arms for the rebellion in all the colonies, furnished the rebels with munitions of war, allowed the chiefs of the disorders to sail from American ports, and allowed the most shameful intrigues to be originated and matured on American soil.

"The spoliation of Etruria by the French was in itself enough to astound any fair-minded observer, without adding to that the far greater loss of Louisiana to your Majesty. This last event, that inspired the Anglo-Americans with a feeling of security in the enjoyment of their ill-gotten gains, also stimulated them to newer and greater injustices. The whole world saw with displeasure the hostile occupation of Saint Mark, Pensacola, and Barrancas, and now, when your ministers should be manifesting to the world the grandeur and dignity of the character of the Spanish people and their illustrious ruler, they are doing what?—selling Florida to your enemies, or, shall I not more truthfully say, they are selling Mexico, Cuba, the Spanish Peninsula, your very self, and your throne?

"If Florida is such a barren country as your Majesty may have supposed, then why do the Americans make such great and earnest efforts to acquire it? Do they thus sacrifice their millions in order to possess sterile and sandy fields of no value? Only an ignorant or a perfidious person could express such an idea. In case that your Majesty should be obliged to war against the Anglo-Americans, Florida would at once become the general gathering-place both for your troops and ships. Her natural facilities both for offensive and defensive military operations are almost perfect, and it would only be owing to the most gross carelessness, should you lose a single soldier in an attack from the enemy there.

"My lord, the Anglo-Americans know that by means of a simple decree to that effect you could make of this Florida an opulent province, a bulwark against their ambition, and a safeguard for the Gulf and the Kingdom of Mexico. All too soon will they cause you to realize the value of the jewel they have filched from your treasure-box, and how easily they have cut and polished the flashing diamond that was for you nothing but a lustreless and valueless pebble.

"My lord, I repeat, that in ceding them Florida you not only hand over your throne to the enemy, but you also put in their hands the key of that gateway through which Mexico pours the silver stream that enriches your Majesty's dominions in Spain. The Bahama Channel, the

790 Unwritten Chapter in our Relations with Spain

great highway between the Gulf of Mexico and Europe, is what has given to you the tranquil possession of these rich colonies, and now all this, together with its commerce, is handed over to others, and strangers shall decide the destinies of the future that before depended on your will alone. Think you that it will now be possible to prevent the Anglo-Americans from searching, detaining, or seizing all the Spanish vessels coming from the ports of Mexico? Or do you suppose that the key to our treasury is just as safe in their hands as in those of your Majesty? Not to see what the future has in store for Spain one would need to be ignorant of the interests, policy, and tendencies of these sea-robber descendants of Albion. Their genius, ambition, and their policy of commerce and independence mixed inspires them to emancipate all your Majesty's colonies. Their fleet is already larger than that of Spain, and each day sees new cruisers added to their navy. Already in the Gulf Channel no vessel can pass without their permission. I ask your Majesty, who can restrain or hinder them? If your Majesty confides in the protestations of friendship and professions of good faith on the part of the government at Washington, you are accepting a very slight security. That government, like all others, has never departed from the old rule that officially, in all dealings with foreign powers, there should be used only the language of 'good faith, harmony, conciliation, reciprocal advantages, etc.,' meaning and acting the very opposite all the while.

"Where were organized the first expeditions against the territories of your Majesty in the New World? In whose vessels did the leaders of the rebellion sail, and from what ports? Where did they secure all their military stores and supplies? In what country have the numerous corsairs, privateers, and smugglers that ravage the coasts of your Majesty been constructed, fitted out, and harbored? In what country have the agents of the insurrection in Mexico been held worthy to hold friendly and familiar conference with the heads of the government?

"Do I need to tell you it is in the United States that they have committed these acts of bad faith, trampling under foot the social compact between nations. And now that their fears in regard to the possession of Florida have disappeared, will the Anglo-Americans cease to spread the blaze of rebellion in all parts? Once the dyke is burst that restrains them, will they not seek at all hazard the beautiful and fat provinces of your dominions, even though they may need to abandon the cold and barren and unlovely regions of the north? Will they not continue to commit or permit piracy? Will they not inflame the hearts of your Majesty's subjects by means of the press, by plot, intrigue, bribes, promises, and active spies and agents; will they not penetrate the vast regions of your Majesty's dominions, and by their means will

not the secret spirit of rebellion lift its head, to never hide it again, until the emancipation of all your colonies is effected?

"Suppose now that these Anglo-Americans, knowing the critical situation of your Majesty, the number of your forces on sea and land, and in secret concord with the rebels, should declare war? What means have you of defeating them? How do you or can you hope that you would be victorious? Both reason and experience say that the victory would be theirs, and not ours, and with the victory will go the loss of these western dominions of your Majesty.

"I do not dare to speak of the fate of South America, although its loss also would not be a strange thing; but that would be nothing in comparison with the loss of Florida. Your throne could resist the loss of the former, but not of the latter. You cannot make any comparison between the value of your dominions about the Gulf of Mexico and those of South America.

"My lord, you were born in an unhappy time and assumed the reins of government over a nation falling to ruin. Think for a moment of the losses to your crown in Italy; along the banks of the Rhine; in Holland and Flanders. Behold the blazing provinces of Venezuela and New Granada and the other portions of the Costa Firme. Direct your gaze to Buenos Ayres, Chile, and the as yet doubtful struggle in Peru. Consider calmly, if you can, the actual rebellion in the Kingdom of Mexico. Do you not now conclude that in selling Florida you run the risk of losing ALL your fair lands in the Western Hemisphere,—lands beautiful, broad, and fertile, and whose riches can still sustain for many years the honor and credit of your throne and people?

"Oh, my lord, does there exist some secret enemy who makes known your affairs to the winds of heaven? Is there some secret hand sworn to our destruction? Is it fatality that puts the pen in your hand and urges you to sign this fatal treaty?

"But, my lord, there is another, and a more heroic and a brighter side of the matter. The soldiers of Spain have no cause to be ashamed of their prowess in the past. They played a man's part in the presence of the hosts of the great Napoleon, and the sons of Spain, at your word, my lord, will humiliate the pride of those too little known republicans of Washington. Whoever will investigate their political system and methods of operating, will be easily able to convince the far-off admirer of those world-liberators that North America is not the realm of all the virtues, and that it sustains neither an effective moral or physical force, as so many in Europe unthinkingly believe. But it will soon have this unless its onward march be speedily checked.

"Perhaps, my lord, I ought at this point to bring my presentation of the conditions here to a close, but such plain speaking of matters in these parts obliges me to lay before your Majesty some remedy for so

many and so great evils. It will not surprise you if some of my ideas are not accepted by others of your faithful subjects. But I am certain that any differences of opinion will be due simply to the distance that separates us. If they had had the good fortune to study personally the intentions, politics, and interests of this American government, as well as the characteristics of the people as a whole; to have noted the spirit of rebellion that exists to-day in all your Majesty's colonies; to have examined the political, commercial, and topographical situations of all the colonies of the world,—I am sure that then our opinions would coincide.

"The Kingdom of Mexico and the Island of Cuba possess vast resources sufficient to assure your glory without sacrificing the Peninsula. With a slight change in your form of colonial government, you have in Mexico and Cuba resources enough not only to restrain the pretensions of the Anglo-Americans, but also to carry the terror of your arms to the very Capitol itself in Washington.

"The day in which your Majesty will delegate your power in these regions to worthy and honorable persons the American pride will tremble at sight of your victorious standards.

"Oh, my lord, do not affix your signature to that treaty, but, on the contrary, pluck up the spirit of your father, and resolve to once more make yours the great region of Louisiana and the riches of the Mississippi. Begin at once and prosecute vigorously a war with these northern robbers while as yet you have resources and before the enemy is reinforced and better organized. Do not wait to be struck, but strike first; be you the invader and not the invaded. I humbly pray that these suggestions may be heeded and at once put in practice.

"We need a representative of your Majesty in these parts who can never be suspected of disloyalty and who would be above all reach of bribes, one whose presence would encourage and animate the people and the army. Therefore I recommend the sending of one of your august brothers with the title of viceroy, admiral, and generalissimo of the Kingdom of Mexico, Guatemala, Yucatan, Cuba, Puerto Rico, and Santo Domingo. He should be vested with ample powers.

"You should send at once ten thousand European troops, of which four thousand should be infantry of the line, three thousand light cavalry and dragoons, and the remaining three thousand of light infantry composed of men from Navarre, Aragon, and Catalonia.

"These, in union with a like number of troops mobilized here, would serve as a beginning towards organizing and increasing the army, and drilling it efficiently and rapidly. Experience has shown that the Mexicans make good soldiers when they are well officered. They are active, patient, and respectful to their superiors.

"With your army promptly and properly organized, your viceroy

Unwritten Chapter in our Relations with Spain 793

will have no trouble in breaking up the bands of rebels in the interior of Mexico. This, of course, need not interfere with the advancing of the main body of troops to strong positions along the Trinity and Sabine Rivers. My lord, I refrain from presenting a plan of the campaign from the Sabine to the Mississippi River. Neither do I suggest the military tactics that should be pursued after reaching the Mississippi. I will, however, say this :

“ Every State of the Union has many different interests, but no military strength whatever ; a banker, a merchant, a doctor, a tailor, or a shoemaker are not the men to leave their business and their tools and measure their strength with the regiments of Spain. Neither have the Americans any patriotism, as many erroneously believe. In the United States there has never been nor can there be a national character. Their revenues are not enough to sustain a prolonged war on land without causing the most serious inconvenience to the citizens, who would most surely rise in revolt against the continuance of such a state of affairs.

“ Perhaps, when you take into consideration the superiority of the Anglo-American over the Spanish navy, you may think that in the event of war with the United States Spain's commerce would suffer severely. If by preserving the peace Spain might hope to exceed the United States in naval strength, then it would be wise to delay hostilities. But what is actually taking place is this : the United States are daily strengthening their fleet, so that Spain can never hope to find them weaker in this respect than they are at present. And now is the time to strike a swift and unexpected blow that will for the time being put a stop to the formidable growth of our enemy's navy.

“ Your Majesty should prohibit all Spanish merchant vessels from leaving port for one, two, or more years if necessary. Grant free trade to all foreign nations until peace shall have been declared, together with a reduced export duty on all fruits shipped from the Peninsula. Put Puerto Rico, Santo Domingo, and the coasts of Yucatan, Guatemala, and Mexico in a strong defensive condition. Arm all vessels whose owners desire to sail as privateers. Let them carry on depredations up the Mississippi, and then, while the United States are arming more vessels, they will need to spend incalculable sums of money. In the meantime, they find no Spanish prizes on the high seas ; their commerce is destroyed ; and very shortly they will seek a capitulation with your Majesty, and that Louisiana will again form a part of your royal domains is a thing assured. Meanwhile the inhabitants of Kentucky, Tennessee, and other States find the Mississippi closed by the privateers, they have no means of shipping their produce, and must therefore of necessity perish.

“ My lord, you see what my heart has deemed it necessary to lay be-

794 "Karl Sandèze:" a Literary Episode

fore you with no other object than your Majesty's glory, the prosperity of Spain, and the preservation of both.

"My lord,

"At Your Royal Feet,

"MARIANO RENOVALES.

"NEW ORLEANS, April 4, 1819."

Reading the above in the light of recent events, it would seem that Spain had not received any information in regard to the United States since this letter was written eighty years ago.

"KARL SANDEZE:" A LITERARY EPISODE

BY MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED

Author of "The Romance of a Châlet," "Zero," etc.

MARIA STARKEY was not a young woman when she published her first novel. As a matter of fact, the book had been written several years before it appeared in print, and had in the course of those years visited all the most important publishing houses of the United Kingdom. The best-known firms and the leading periodicals had without hesitation rejected it, but at last, when the author of "The Holy Witch" had despairingly resolved to make no further bid for literary renown, the manuscript had the good fortune to be accepted by the editor of a newly-started three-penny magazine, and was afterwards brought out in book-form by the publisher of that journal. It had the further good fortune to be bought at a railway book-stall by the proprietor of a much-read society paper. The story whiled away a sleepless night which this gentleman passed in a provincial hotel, and he showed his gratitude later on for the mercy by giving three paragraphs to a report on what he called "the daring unconventionality of this remarkable work." His flattering mention and a suspicion of impropriety in the plot were sufficient to launch the novel among the set of readers whose praise confers notoriety, and to start paragraphists speculating as to what manner of man—or woman—"Carrol Rone" might be.

The author of "The Holy Witch" had chosen the pseudonym of Carrol Rone in humble imitation of Currer Bell, for like many another lady-novelist, she had been first inspired with literary ambition by the study of Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë." That book has much to answer for in the spread of story-writing as a feminine industry. Miss Starkey had an idea also, which was certainly justified by results, that her literary style was masculine rather than lady-like—that

was before the production of "Hedda Gabler," and the modern woman had not begun to assert her right to free-thought quite so daringly. She hoped that her work might be taken for that of a man; and this she felt would be much more agreeable and romantic than to stand revealed to a critical and expectant world as Maria Starkey, spinster, aged forty-one, plain, poor, and a social failure. Besides, she had a dread of being an object of ridicule in her own family and circle of acquaintance, and still more in those of her married sister's husband. Her married sister lived in Porchester Terrace, Bayswater, whilst she and her mother inhabited a small house in one of the streets leading out of Westbourne Grove. Of course, she never seriously imagined that "The Holy Witch" would prove so great a success as almost to make its author famous.

A letter which arrived one morning, forwarded by her publishers, seemed, however, to assure "Carrol Rone" that such was the case. The letter was from a highly popular lady-novelist residing in Paris. "Carrol Rone" found that her unknown correspondents, literary or otherwise, were almost always women, and that they invariably addressed her as a man. In this instance the lady hailed her as a brother in Art, and set forth in fervid language the desirability of a spirit of comradeship among artists in general, and the benefit to authors in particular of a system of mutual help, defence, and coöperation. Some flattering criticism of "The Holy Witch" followed, and then the information that a shameless plagiarism of the leading episode in "Carrol Rone's" original work had lately appeared in a certain French periodical over the signature of a hitherto obscure writer, one Karl Sandèze. The lady novelist concluded by imploring "Carrol Rone," in the interest of the fraternity of fiction, to take immediate steps to expose the offender, and gave her, or rather *him*, practical advice as to the best manner of proceeding towards that purpose. Miss Starkey was excited, flattered, and delighted to reply to her eminent correspondent. Of course, she kept up her mystification as to her sex, and in her masculine character wrote an indignant letter to the editor of the journal in question. There was no doubt about the plagiarism. She took the precaution of buying that particular number of the paper, and saw for herself that three chapters of her novel had been bodily stolen,—indeed, translated almost word for word and cleverly worked into a short story. Only the prelude and the close could be credited to Karl Sandèze. These Maria read with the deepest interest and, in spite of her wrath, with a certain fascination. There was something in the few pages that appealed to a peculiar vein of romance and mysticism in her own nature, and which made her still more angry because it seemed to assure her that Karl Sandèze had enough original stuff in his brain to be above such vulgar robbery of other people's ideas.

She thought a great deal about Karl Sandèze, searched for his name in lists of modern French authors, made inquiries about him from those better informed than herself on the subject of contemporary French literature, and, after the manner of lonely and imaginative women, wove a romance round his personality as it had revealed itself to her in the three or four pages manifestly unborrowed.

But, she told herself, how did she know that these pages were his own? Might they not also have been borrowed, or, more properly, stolen, as the rest of his story had been, from an unacknowledged source? Maria waited with eager, almost painful, anxiety for the editor's reply, which she fancied would contain an explanation of the mystery. Somehow she could not bring herself to believe that Karl Sandèze was intentionally guilty.

The answer came after a considerable delay, but not from the editor. That person had thrown his responsibility upon the shoulders of the veritable culprit, and it was Karl Sandèze himself who had indited the four sheets of foreign note-paper over which Maria Starkey pondered with a curiosity and interest even more intense than that which the prelude to the French story had awakened. That, she had read over and over again. She fancied that in Karl Sandèze's prelude she found put into words the very kernel and interpretation of her own creation—a mystic rendering of the plan and purpose of her work, of which she had herself been unconscious. Karl Sandèze's preface seemed to her the spiritual complement of her imperfect intellectual conception. Now Karl Sandèze's letter seemed to her the revelation of a human complement to her own incomplete individuality.

It was an odd letter, written in a thin, clear, peculiar hand.

"I have read your arraignment. I acknowledge its justice, for I have read also your book. I find myself unmasked, denounced, defenceless, without even the shield of an established literary reputation to aid me in warding off your retaliatory attack. But this I do not desire to attempt. I admit that my story in the *Revue* is upon its face a gross plagiarism. You are without doubt entitled to exact in full any penalty which the law authorizes you to demand. Many of the phrases in your magnificent work and in my own rendering of a portion of it are identical. So flagrant is the resemblance that my editor has struck me off the roll of his contributors, and as Karl Sandèze it will be useless for me to apply henceforth for journalistic employment in the quarters where I have hitherto been honorably known. Facts condemn me. Yet I swear to you that I am innocent of any intent to defraud you. My story was a genuine inspiration. When I wrote it I had neither read nor heard of 'The Holy Witch.'

"Mate of my mind and of my soul! In those words lie my explana-

tion and my vindication. There exists between us a subtle electric cord of sympathy which binds us thought to thought. Could we trace back and compare our compositions of the past, were it possible that we could continue now at a simultaneous rate of literary production, the same coincidence would be found to recur again and again. We should feel, see, think, and write on the same lines. An idea which you might believe absolutely original would find birth in my brain in due time after it had been conceived in yours. Nay more. I am convinced that in the combination of our two minds the two sexes would act and react, giving the perfection of a dual intuition, and we should be in advance or in the rear of one another in degree as the subject of our joint inspiration appealed to the masculine or feminine element in each of us. I claim in the matter of 'The Holy Witch' to have divined by my spiritual insight truths in your work which you yourself had only dimly grasped. You are too noble, too generous, not to admit this, after you have carefully read the introductory pages to the dramatic episode of the story, which you have treated so much more fully and grandly in your novel."

There was more in the letter, much more—all to the same effect. The writer boldly claimed kinship of soul, and gave out mysterious hints as to difference in sex. "One of us is not what he seems," Karl Sandeze wrote. "But do not let us employ the crude social methods of introduction. Let us learn each other in a more spiritual fashion. We will not try to probe the secret of our mysterious union. I ask but for one line. 'I believe you.' This line I know you will grant me, for I know *you*. Then let me write to you again—not as person to person, but as mind to mind. Your intuition will discover *me*, as I have already discovered *you*. What more beautiful, what more perfect, than such unconscious revelation to each other of beings so affined, apart from the trammels of society and convention."

Maria Starkey dropped the letter. A deep blush passed over her unyouthful, strong-featured face. Intuition! Could there be clearer proof of the occult sympathy between them than the words he had penned. He had discovered that she was a woman. And had she not felt all and more than he asserted? Had she not in his opening pages divined the man?—just as he, of all her readers, had in her book divined the woman. His mystic explanation of the plagiarism she accepted unquestioningly. She had always had certain occult leanings, about which she dared not speak, and which only vaguely found their way into her writing. And though her youth was gone and she was no longer such as men desire, though she had never been more than spiritually beautiful, and had not attracted or been attracted by the dull yeoman farmers and small squires and petty professional men in and

round the country town where all her life till the last year or two had been passed, she had nevertheless cherished deep in her heart the dream of a consuming passion—of a wild, romantic love, such, indeed, as she had depicted in "The Holy Witch." It was this innate capacity for emotion, this masculine intensity of feeling, which gave strength to her work and caused it to be taken for that of a man. It had often seemed pitiable to poor Maria herself that such feverish ardor, such thrills and throes of sensibility, should be pent up in the breast of a plain old maid, who, with a Cleopatra's power to love, might never find her Antony.

She wrote the line for which Karl Sandèze had asked, "I believe you!" and then she waited once more.

This time the answer came almost immediately, and from that date a regular correspondence was started. Maria wrote as her "soul's mate" had begged, unrestrained by conventions. Though she was assured that Karl Sandèze had guessed, or, as he put it, divined, her womanhood, she sheltered herself in her masculine pseudonymity and poured out her fervid imaginings and gave vent to her long-stifled craving for a reciprocal emotion in glowing language and fine, terse literary style which might well have befitted the hero of the novel upon which she was now engaged. As this book was in autobiographical form and supposed to be written by the hero himself, the masculine character of Maria's letters was perhaps more natural than it might have been under ordinary conditions. The letters of Karl Sandèze were equally fervid, and if occasionally the literary style lacked force and savored of hack journalism, this was made up for by much nebulous imagery of a poetic order and by a strong dash of the modern cultism prevalent in Paris, and with which, in spite of her mystic leanings, Maria was, by reason of her retired, somewhat bourgeois life, wholly unacquainted. She was prepared, therefore, to accept Karl Sandèze's letters as a revelation. They became the pivot upon which all her thoughts turned. Her life was now absorbed in this romantic dream. She looked upon her unknown correspondent as the lover for whom for years she had yearned, who now would shortly appear to claim her and so transform her world. It had been arranged that they were to meet in the spring. She trembled with fear, panted with hope and longing. What if he should be disappointed. She had ventured upon a hint as to her age, while yet carefully maintaining the mystery as to her sex. It seemed impossible that she could boldly proclaim herself a woman, and so destroy the poetic reserve upon which in his letters he so strenuously insisted. She was afraid of jarring this refined and tender soul, who scrupulously abstained from any definite information as to his own worldly position, and even personality, confining himself to wild protestations of an everlasting adoration. He wrote after the fashion of

the timid aspirant, as though the future rested with his correspondent rather than with himself. It was he who deprecated disillusion. He laughed to scorn Maria's fears on the score of fleeting youth,—she had not dared to confess her actual tale of years,—Genius had no age, he declared. Maria took comfort in reflecting upon the women of genius who had been loved madly, irrespective of years and lack of loveliness. Karl Sandèze had assured her that love was regulated by the law of magnetic affinity. Maria gazed at herself in the glass and decided that her face had a charm of its own. She took more pains over her dress. She went to a hairdresser, and had her really pretty locks arranged in a becoming fashion. She practised various niceties of toilette and demeanor. All her relations noticed how she had changed, and her married sister wondered whether there could possibly be a danger of an impecunious literary suitor. But all were agreed that success had made a different being of Maria. And now the chestnuts were budding, and daffodils and pale early primroses were being sold on the pavement outside Whiteley's. Maria Starkey's face had the tender bloom of a young girl's cheeks as she bought a great bunch with which to decorate her study. It was there that she would receive Karl Sandèze on the morrow.

He was to be in London that night. She had heard from him by the morning's post. She had already written to greet his arrival and to fix the hour for their meeting.

She sat waiting in the room behind the dining-room, where she wrote her books, and where of late she had sat dreaming for hours of the prince of her Soul. It was a cosey little room, looking out on a patch of garden in which the lilacs were putting forth leaves. A fire was burning, the couch was drawn up at right angles with the fender. Yesterday at Whiteley's she had bought a pretty frilled silk cushion and a bit of Oriental embroidery to hang over the back of the arm-chair. She had pictured to herself how Karl Sandèze would first take the chair opposite her sofa, how then he would come to her side at some half-inviting gesture from herself—and then— She hardly dared to imagine the rapture of a first love-kiss.

The clock ticked on as she waited. She had twice rearranged the bowl of daffodils on her writing-table; she had looked at herself many times in the chimney-glass, and after the last survey had taken a black lace scarf from her shoulders and had thrown it over her head, telling herself that it threw up the color of her once golden hair and made her look younger.

The bell rang. She had given instructions to the maid that any stranger who should call and ask for "Carrol Rone" was immediately to be admitted into her sanctum. She knew that there could be only one stranger who would come with that inquiry. And now he was

here. She fancied that she could distinguish the note of a foreign accent. Then there was a vague confusion in the little passage—it sounded like the rustle of silk; and now steps came along, those of the maid which she knew, and others following—curiously light footfalls, which somehow suggested high-heeled shoes and the boulevards; and then—"Karl Sandèze," said a clear, shrill, and distinctly French voice. The maid held open the door, retreating to make way for the visitor. Maria Starkey, standing before the fireplace, advanced a step, very pale and nervously clutching her black lace scarf. At last! At last!

An unexpected apparition blocked the doorway. Where was Karl Sandèze? Had he sent his sister? or was it possible that this was his wife? or was he perhaps lingering in order that some fateful announcement might be made? But no! the door had closed behind the stranger. She was alone.

Maria had shrunk involuntarily back. She took courage now and looked steadily at her visitor. She confronted a woman, possibly her own age, possibly younger, but, on the other hand, so made up—with her artificial red-gold hair, her too obviously artificial complexion, her pencilled eyebrows and bistre-shaded eyelids—that she might have been years and years older. Everything about her seemed artificial and meretricious—her laugh, the expression of her rather bloodshot eyes, the theatrical way in which she came forward, the play of her hands, cased in their tight Suede gloves, her dress,—a checked plaid made in the style of a third-rate fashion-book,—her exaggerated hat. Maria drew in her breath with a painful gasp. Her hands loosed their grasp of the scarf and fell nervelessly to her side. For a moment the room swam before her, and she thought she was going to faint.

She became conscious presently that the stranger was looking at her curiously, and that she also appeared puzzled and taken aback. The lady made an elaborate salutation and paused, still keenly scrutinizing Maria from head to feet.

"I hope I have not made a mistake," she said at length. "I expected to meet a gentleman—Mr. Carrol Rone, the author of 'The Holy Witch.'"

"I am 'Carrol Rone,' I wrote 'The Holy Witch,'" Maria answered in a tense voice, which sounded in her ears as though from a long way off. "And who are you?"

"I!" exclaimed the other with a wild burst of merriment. "Heavens! it is too droll! I must at least make you my compliments upon the impassioned manner in which you play the lover. Who would have dreamed that those letters were not written by a man? You ask me who I am. It seems to me that your intuition as well as mine has been at fault. I am 'Karl Sandèze.'"

BOOKS OF THE MONTH



Miss Carmichael's Conscience. By Baroness von Hutten. Frontispiece.

Miss Carmichael's Conscience is "A Study in Fluctuations," as the Baroness von Hutten announces in her sub-title.—That is to say, it is a careful and very clever story of the latter-day temperamental society type,—the elementary emotions of the human race as elaborated under the straining influence of modern cultivated society, which have inspired such works as *Monsieur, Madame, et Bébé* from the pen of Gustave Droz, and *The Dolly Dialogues*, by Anthony Hope. Among such masterpieces, Baroness von Hutten's present production easily ranks high. For, as entertaining as either, it has the advantage of *Monsieur, Madame, et Bébé* in that it is English, and therefore more frankly readable; of *The Dolly Dialogues*, in that the author is a woman, and consequently more conversant with the peculiar subtleties of the feminine mind, and is—consciously or unconsciously—more in earnest than is either of her masculine predecessors. For the rest, she is young, an American by birth, despite her foreign title, and of a family socially prominent in one of the chief American cities. *Miss Carmichael* had a conscience, but—like many others, masculine as well as feminine—it was most often asleep. Still, it waked occasionally, evidencing the essential *manliness* of the modern woman. Upon this situation, the book is built. It comes from the Lippincott Press.



The Wreck of the Conemaugh. By T. Jenkins Hains.

The author of *Captain Gore's Courtship* and *The Wind-Jammers* again comes before an appreciative public with one of his clever and entertaining tales of the sea. The "Conemaugh" was a sailing vessel which started for China, with two English noblemen as passengers, and incidentally attempted a little filibustering in the cause of *Cuba Libre*,—the date of this exploit being set at about two months after the destruction of the "Maine." The "Conemaugh" was wrecked by treachery—blown up—in the Gulf of Mexico, and all else follows naturally upon the rescue of the party by a private yacht. Shipwrecks are not by any means a new theme for literary treatment; but as Mr. Hains portrays them, they have an interest that does not depend upon startling novelty for its effect. The opinion of a contemporary anent Mr. Hains' work,—published by the J. B. Lippincott Company,—that he writes "a more natural and vigorous sea-story than any other modern American writer of this class of fiction," receives renewed confirmation from this latest product of his pen.

A Green Mariner. By
Howard Ireland. Il-
lus rated.

Of another sort than *The Wreck of the Conemaugh* is this book of Mr. Ireland's, from the same publisher. It is a record of the experiences of a "Green Mariner," a landsman, who, in ill-health, was sent on a long sailing-voyage, from London to Sydney. So the book is not a story, but a narrative. Though there must always be much of sameness in a voyage extending over three months or more, with only a few companions, and even those alien in tastes and profession, to the majority of us the narrative of even the most uneventful voyage possesses a fascination all its own. The child-like—but not necessarily bland—minds of those who go down to the sea in ships is inspiring to the student of human nature in the rough, wearied of the attenuated article which passes for human nature among the hyper-cultured of our race. Many pens have treated this phase of the subject—pens of both professionals and amateurs in the art of observation; many, too, have described the great deep,—few who have lived upon it for any length of time, indeed, have been able to resist the temptation to utter that with which it has inspired them. Still, there is a warm welcome for Mr. Ireland's sailor-men, his calms, his storms, and the countless details that go to make up the voyage, for he records his impressions of them,—such impressions as would most likely fall to the lot of nine out of ten of us,—in the language of the narrator, readily understood (and enjoyed) of the people.

The Secret of Kyriels.
By E. Nesbit.

A true mystery this is,—one which is not solved until the very end is reached. With much of the strength of *The House on the Marsh*, it is free from the unpleasant undertone of morbid horror that characterizes that book. Does a man ever marry his boyhood love? Dealers in stern facts say not. And yet, certainly it is but logical that *Christopher Surtees*—the name is redolent of the blood-stirring border ballads, of which Sir Walter Scott was so fond—should have married *Esther*, his boyhood playmate and love, with whom at *Kyriel's Bridge*, he played over and again the good old knightly legends of Merrie England. 'Tis fiction, no doubt, but no truth could be more strangely true, or more entertaining. "And they lived happily ever afterwards"? Probably; that is at least a fair inference;—and it would certainly be but just recompense—but why not read the book, and find out? From the Lippincott Press.

The Heart of Asia.
By F. H. Skrine and
E. D. Ross. Illus-
trated.

What is to be the future of Asia? Certainly it cannot be settled by the native races themselves; in fact, it may safely be said that only he who can predict the future relations of Great Britain and Russia can foresee the conclusion. The first is supreme in India; but how long can she continue so? Two hundred thousand white men to govern three hundred million Asiatics—alien not only in race and politics, but fanatically alien in religion. One European to fifteen hundred Asiatics. Russia, on the other hand, controls Central Asia; and her possessions stretch far up, into the Arctic regions. It is of these Central Asiatic regions that *The Heart of Asia*—Lippincott—treats, and of the future of those Muscovite movements in the

East, which are being watched with lively interest by all. It has been ten years since the last great work on this subject was published, *Russia in Central Asia*, by George Curzon,—now Lord Curzon of Kedleston, and Viceroy of India. That work has since been looked upon as the classic; in Russia itself, it is regarded as a text-book, though they vigorously combat his views on their policy. But during this ten years much that he so brilliantly described has changed, necessitating new treatment. It is this new treatment that Messrs. Skrine and Ross supply. The former describes the mechanism of government, the development of railways and commerce, and the social life in the great cities, for all which his connection with H. M. Indian Civil Service was a thorough preparation. Dr. Ross, with the aid of Persian, Arabic, and Russian authorities hitherto inaccessible to those unacquainted with those languages, offers—for the first time in any language—a consecutive history of events in Central Asia, from the earliest days. A subject so exhaustive necessarily presupposes a certain amount of selection in gathering materials, and he has wisely, as we think, laid the main stress of his labor upon those phases least known to English readers-in-general. With such elements of success, the work is unquestionably valuable, as well as interesting. The maps are two: Central Asia, and the Advance of Russia in Central Asia. Of the numerous full-page illustrations, many are reproductions of the admirable drawings by M. Verestchagin; the remainder are from photographs. The appendices contain official statements by Prince Gortschakoff (1864) and General Kurapatkine (1897) of the policy of Russia in Asia. An index completes the work.

A Russian Province of the North. By Alexander Platonovich Engelhardt. Illustrated.

As the governor of the Russian province of Archangel, M. Engelhardt has had exceptional opportunities for estimating that region at its true value. Though almost every one knows that the province is a vast one, few are aware of its actual extent, or of its great possibilities. With an area of more than three hundred thousand square miles, it embraces the whole of North European Russia, including the Lapland coast, on which is Ekaterina Harbour, an open port all the year round, and her one available harbor on the north coast; it is now under development by Russia as an important naval depot and dock-yard. For this development, M. Engelhardt is largely responsible, and he has already marked his term of office by works extensive and far-reaching, some of which are completed, and some are still in progress. It is of this development, and of the material basis which makes such development possible, that he writes in *A Russian Province of the North* (Lippincott). His Introduction masses the salient facts essential to a comprehension of the economic and industrial life of Northern Russia; statistics as to the resources—crops, cattle, fisheries, marine animals, forest sport, manufactories, mills, and manual works, and the foreign trade of the province of Archangel from 1893-97,—and a valuable chapter containing a general view of the productive powers of the province are also found. Of the districts of Kem and Kola,—of Pomoria, of Lapland, and of Murman,—of Novaia Zemlia, of the Petchora Country, places which are merely names to the most of us, he has much to say, and to say interestingly. Of the people, too,—the Lapps, Ziriäns, Pomors, Samoyeds, their manners and customs, their traits good and bad,—there is much to be found. The maps are

three: the Murman Coast, the Province of Archangel, and Ekaterina Harbour on the Murman Coast, and there are ninety illustrations. The whole work is of exceptional interest in these days, when Russia's feverish activity is regarded as premonitory of great results for good or ill; incidentally, it may serve as a partial antidote to Kennan, and demonstrate that with all the faults of her exile system, Russia's advance toward true progress is as rapid as circumstances will permit. The translation is by Henry Cooke.

Intimate China. By
Mrs. Archibald Little.
Illustrated.

It has been said that no "foreign devil" could ever even approximate a true estimate of the Chinese national character: yet it must be conceded that Mrs. Little's work approaches very close to the impossible. For to her, China is indeed "intimate China;" the men and women are true human beings, that think and speak rationally,—albeit not always according to European ideas, by any means,—and not simply dolls of larger growth and endowed with animal mechanism. To her,—and through her, to her readers,—the yellow faces are no longer inscrutable, no longer masks to cover who knows what of hostile intent; this same inscrutability, in fact, is laid aside even in America among the Chinese themselves, and it is only among Europeans that the quality is assumed. It is impossible to do more than to mention a few particularly interesting sections of *Intimate China* (Lippincott). Of these the portion on affairs of State, and particularly concerning the Reform Movement of 1898, with its *sequela*, will prove valuable in view of the difficulty of obtaining reliable information concerning this movement. Then, too, we find much "gossip": bits from observation and experience concerning the Court and its occupants, housekeeping, dress, servants, calls, marriage, and many other matters of every-day life in China. She concludes that the cooks are second only to the French; their serving men surpass the Germans. They love children, are ready to work day and night for their masters, to be beaten or even to die for them. Altogether, though totally unlike ourselves, they are a great race, with some magnificent qualities. The facts upon which she bases these conclusions can be gleaned only from the book itself.

*Sketches and Studies
in South Africa.* By
W. J. Knox Little,
M.A.

"Few things bring home to one's mind the marvellous force and perseverance of our countrymen more than the fact that Buluwayo was, about four years ago, the seat of government—we should rather say of massacre—of a blood-thirsty savage, and that now travellers can take return tickets by steamboat and railway from London to Buluwayo!" Contrast with this: "The Transvaal Boer is by nature opposed to all progress and all improvement; and the city [Johannesburg], notwithstanding its extent and wealth, is not permitted by the enlightened authorities to have a municipal government of its own. Sanitation and water supply are in a wretched condition, and the place is therefore a *locus classicus* of typhoid fever." Of Krüger, the author says: "One was not struck with that 'noble simplicity' with which he is credited by his admirers in this country. There is a look of shrewdness, not to say cunning, about the face. The face, however, is less unpleasing when in repose. On the whole one cannot pretend at first sight to be impressed with anything exceptionally heroic." These extracts fairly represent Mr. Little's estimate of the position of the Transvaal,

whose future seems to be subject to the events of the next few months. *Studies and Sketches in South Africa*—Lippincott—is an exceptionally valuable contribution to our comprehension of this burning question. It is a work that will enable the reader to make up his own mind as to the justice or injustice of the demands of the Uitlanders, and of the stand taken by the Transvaal. For the author does not deny to the Boer his good qualities, nor does his estimate depend for support upon a careful suppression of unfavorable facts. His conclusions are reached in the sight of all men, by light of all the facts to be found, and are therefore subject to acceptance or rejection by the reader as his judgment may dictate. He, himself, sees for South Africa a brilliant future only under the British flag. And, at all events, whether one agrees with him or not; whether one pictures to himself the Boer struggling for an independence like our own, or that same Boer administering "this country, which our Government had, in misguided benevolence, presented to a people as unfit to govern anything or anybody as the Boers are by nature," one must admit that this shield has two sides, as is the traditional attribute of all shields.

Pope Leo XIII., His Life and Work. By Julien De Narfon. Illustrated.

When congratulated upon his appointment as first Secretary of State to the newly elected Pope, Leo XIII., Cardinal Franchi is said to have replied—"You need not be in such a hurry. Who knows how long I shall keep my post?"

The new Pope is so old! He will not reign three years."

That was in 1878, and Gioachim Pecci still lives, venerated of all, Protestant as well as Romanist, as Leo XIII. exercising spiritual sway over more than two hundred million Christians, while Cardinal Franchi died suddenly four months after the remark quoted. M. De Narfon gives us in the present volume—Lippincott—a graphic picture of the life of the Papal Court. His object—to which he has adhered consistently—is, to furnish a faithful account of the daily life, and personal relations and traits of this remarkable man, introducing only so much of politics as is essential to a comprehension of various phases in that career. The boyhood of Gioachim Pecci, his manhood, his career in the secular and sacred services of the Papacy, his elevation to dignity upon dignity, and his final election to the Holy See,—these incidents pass in review before the reader. One gains also some comprehension of what the papal power was before its temporal dominion was broken; the contrast with its present state, when the Vatican is a prison embellished by its inmate, cannot but excite sympathy, even in view of the fact that the world's politics have benefited by the change. The volume is illustrated by portraits of the Pope himself, and of his kindred, of members of his official family, by views of the Vatican, etc. Translated from the French by G. A. Raper.

Robespierre and the Red Terror. By Dr. Jan Ten Brink. Illustrated.

"Robespierre had been from the outset too much a man of theory. His admiration of Rousseau, his belief in his ideas, had led him into all kinds of illusions about a happy state which would be established by him. He thought to be at the head of all good and virtuous people, and wished to make,

every culprit tremble. His followers who supported him in the Jacobin Club belonged mainly to the lower middle classes; the crowds who applauded his speeches in the Convention consisted principally of slovenly women from the

back streets and disreputable characters, and Robespierre regarded all this rabble as *le peuple vertueux*. No doubt he was a great orator and a gifted lawyer, but he was largely wanting in practical common-sense." Thus writes Dr. Ten Brink, as translated by Jan Hedeman.—*Robespierre and the Red Terror*, one of the new Lippincott publications, is a graphic and picturesque book, containing also much collateral matter concerning people and events connected with the life and career of the central figure. The stand-point of estimate is diametrically opposed to that of Carlyle; it should therefore appeal to students who, while accepting Carlyle as authoritative, are none the less capable of appreciating the other side of the argument, as well as to those who are inclined to consider Carlyle unjust in his estimate. The illustrations are many, including portraits of Robespierre, of Thérédia Cabarrus, of Danton, Desmoulins, etc., views of the Jacobin Club, A Revolutionary Committee, etc.

From Howard to Nelson. Twelve Sailors. Edited by John Knox Laughton, M.A. Portraits and Maps.

A series of articles by modern Naval Officers upon the methods and achievements of twelve of those daring Commanders who made the British standard feared of all navies—save our own. The work is edited, with some explanatory notes, by John Knox Laughton, M.A., a professor of modern history at King's College, London, and instructor in the Royal Navy; he thus brings to his work the fullest possible equipment, both of skill and materials. The book does not lay claim to original research, except in such cases where opportunity has been afforded to acquire special knowledge. It is rather based upon an endeavor to show how the work and methods of the great sailors of the past strike the sailors of the present, and the facts of history and biography have been taken generally from the latest authorities, largely indeed from the monumental *Dictionary of National Biography*, for which, in another capacity, Mr. Laughton is mainly responsible. *From Howard to Nelson* is in a sense a companion or complementary volume to *From Cromwell to Wellington*, both being published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

Cromwell and His Times. By G. Holden Pike. Illustrated.

Mr. Pike's work is a lively and interesting account of the state of England from the time when James I. ascended the throne vacated by the death of Elizabeth, through the régime of the Commonwealth, and of the general conditions and events which led to Cromwell's accession to power, sketching also briefly some of the more important personages who made the epoch what it was, for good or ill. It includes studies of the failure of despotism, of Cromwell's earlier life, of typical characters of Puritanism, of the war and the New Model Army, of the days of the Commonwealth, of religious, social, and industrial life, etc. The book has that charm which is inherent in a study which, while allowing duly for historical statement, does not neglect to take into account the *personal* equations of the various actors in the drama, a detail of treatment too often ignored by writers on topics drawn from history. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

Know Your Own Ship.
By T. Wallin. Illustrated.

The fourth edition of this popular work, designed to meet the growing desire on the part of officers in the mercantile marine for a more thoroughly scientific insight into the principles of their profession, is now before us, much enlarged by the addition of valuable matter, notably the elaborate calculations involved in settling questions of displacement, moment of inertia, righting moment of stability, etc., which additions have been inspired by the requests of those who have employed the work as a text-book. *Know Your Own Ship* is one of the Griffin *Nautical Series*, published in this country by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

The Bible in Court.
By Rev. J. E. Sagebeer, Ph.D.

Dr. Sagebeer in this work applies to the study of the Bible the methods adopted in legal procedure. He divides it into three parts: Pleading, or the determination of the question at issue; Evidence, or the eliciting of facts bearing upon the question at issue; and, Inference, or the deductions which follow logically upon the scope and tendency of the evidence. Without pretending to argue for or against any point at issue between those who do and those who do not accept the Bible as authentic and authoritative; without answering any question; without showing what the teaching of the Bible is, Dr. Sagebeer sets out the principles of research in accordance with which these questions must be answered, illustrating first the method of legal inquiry, and then suggesting the way in which that method may be applied to Biblical study. *The Bible in Court*, from the Lippincott Press, will be welcomed by students everywhere, and by none more than by those to whose minds the authenticity and authority of the Bible stand in need of irrefutable proof.

System of Diseases of the Eye. Edited by William F. Norris, A.M., M.D., and Charles A. Oliver, A.M., M.D. Illustrated.

The present volume is the fourth in the series published by the Lippincott house, under the title of *System of Diseases of the Eye*. It is composed of articles from American, British, Dutch, French, German, and Spanish authors,—all in foreign languages being translated into English,—and comprises Motor Apparatus, Cornea, Lens, Refraction, and Medical Ophthalmology. Among the specific articles are, Anomalies of the Motor Apparatus of the Eyes, Diseases of the Cornea, Diseases of the Lens, Ocular Lesions Dependent upon Diseases in the Circulatory System, upon Disorders of the Secretory and Excretory Organs, in Variola, Rubella, Morbilli, Scarlatina, Erysipelas, and Diphtheritis (3 articles), The Ocular Manifestations of Hysteria, The Ocular Signs of Death, The Toxic Amblyopias, etc. There are fifty-one full-page plates, and two hundred and eleven text illustrations; also, an Index to the volume. One can only say for this Volume IV.—nor could higher commendation be accorded—that it ably fulfils the promise of its predecessors. Sold only by subscription.

The United States Dispensatory. Eighteenth Edition. Edited, Revised, and Rewritten by H. C. Wood, M.D., LL.D., Joseph P. Remington, Ph.M., F.C.S., F.L.S., and Samuel P. Sadtler, Ph.D., F.C.S.

Under the guardianship of Profs. Wood, Remington, and Sadtler,—whose names alone would guarantee the value of any work with which they were connected,—the *eighteenth* edition of this monumental work is presented to the members of the medical and pharmaceutical professions. Five years have elapsed since the last edition—the seventeenth—was published, and the advances in pharmaceutical science during that period transcends that of any similar period previously recorded. The most laborious work of the editors in this edition has been, of course, in the consideration of new synthetic remedies, their properties and uses, mode of preparation, doses, etc. The text has everywhere been carefully gone over for purposes of condensation, and effete matter has been edited or greatly condensed. The botany has also been thoroughly revised. No material change has taken place in the nomenclature, the use of weights and measures, molecular formulæ, or atomic weights since the last revision. The double indices, a feature of former additions, have been preserved. Few of the medical works from the Lippincott Press have a more extended scope or a warmer welcome among the medical and pharmaceutical professions than has *The United States Dispensatory*.

A Manual of Coaching. By Fairman Rogers. Illustrated.

Despite the flurry caused by the advent and practical success of the automobile, the horse still holds sway in the affections of those to whom a drive or ride through the country means something more than a means to an end. And it is much to be doubted if any auto-device, or bicycle, will ever supplant the horse, for pleasure-excursions, at least; though the lovers of that noble animal cannot but welcome the day when his strenuous labors as a draught animal shall cease. It is generally conceded that coaching is, of all forms of driving, the most enjoyable. Mr. Rogers' book appeals not only to those who have coaches and drive them, or who are more or less acquainted with coaching as a sport and as an art, but to those who, knowing by experience nothing of this pastime, either as a sport or as an art, may be awakened to enthusiasm. His *Manual of Coaching* is all that its name implies, and more—it might with justice be called an encyclopædia of coaching, containing, as it does, the most minute treatment of the art in all its details of coaches, harness, horses, and their employment, down even to the men and their duties.

Beyond its interest for the lover of driving and horses, the work has a trade value, embodying the excellences of construction demanded by competent judges with exacting taste. The coach builder, the harness maker, and other purveyors who desire to achieve and maintain the highest standard and cater to the most desirable class of purchasers will find this book, written primarily for their patrons, of great value to themselves, abounding in suggestions which they can easily turn to advantage.

The illustrations are numerous, comprising full-page plates and illustrations in the text; they include ingenious outlines on transparent sheets, by means of which different types may be compared direct, without tedious measuring and calculation. The general make-up is a worthy specimen of the high standard maintained by Lippincott publications.

Ornament in European Silks. By Alan S. Cole. Illustrated.

Mr. Cole aims "to give indications of distinctive types or styles of patterns in Silken Weavings and Embroideries, noting the periods and places of their production. In connection with this some analysis of their features has been attempted, and some account has been given of modifications of styles in ornament; as kindred motives, forms and arrangements of them into patterns have been successively dealt with by designers in different countries and at different times. An abridged account of the development of silk cultivation and manufacture is given, and methods of weaving and embroidery are alluded to; and thus it is hoped that within the prescribed limits a general review of ornament in European silks is now presented, and is of such a nature as to indicate the far greater extent to which interesting and useful studies of this subject may be pursued." So he states his own object, in the pursuance of which he treats of Manufacture of Silken Stuffs in Europe, Materials and Processes in Weaving Silks, Embroideries, and Tapestries, Principles which have been observed in the Designing of Ornament, etc., as well as of patterns of various times and places. The illustrations number one hundred and sixty-nine, including full-page plates and smaller cuts, all illustrative of various phases in the art of embroidery; by far the greater number—all except a few, in fact—are reproductions of examples collected from many ages and places. It will be of great service, not only to the art student and collector, but to the designer and manufacturer, whose needs have been especially considered. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

The Wonders of Modern Mechanism. By Charles Henry Cochrane. New and Enlarged Edition. Illustrated.

A new edition of Mr. Cochrane's book having been called for, the author was enabled to revise and enlarge it, bringing it abreast with the progress of the last two or three years. The former editions left little to be desired, unless it be more of the same, which is now presented to us. Beside its great interest, even to the non-scientific reader, *Modern Mechanism* has a mission to perform, in presenting to the public the unvarnished *truth* concerning the inventions of the last few years. It is an unfortunate circumstance that newspaper accounts of inventions are too often colored by what the reporter thought he saw,—to say nothing of what the inventor told him, without furnishing the proof of the statements. Again, the technical journals err quite as much in the other direction, so much so that it is difficult for the layman to obtain from them any specific information, even after having penetrated the mass of technical detail with which such articles are—and properly—loaded. A case in point is that of photography in natural colors, which has been "invented" numberless times within the last decade; without, however, the production of commercially tangible results. To steer clear of these pitfalls of over-confidence and over-reticence was Mr. Cochrane's plan, which he has ably fulfilled. The language is simple and plain, but without that infantine simplicity too often affected by writers of so-called "popular" scientific books; in other words, it is a dignified and entertaining narrative of the world's latest progress, to be understood and enjoyed by the reader. From the Lippincott Press.

The Life of Prince Otto von Bismarck.
By Frank Preston Stearns. With Portrait.

We have had biographies of Bismarck, truly : that of Dr. Moritz Busch, a voluminous sketch from 1870 down; that of Mr. Löwe, a dignified study, but unfortunately from the monarchical stand-point, and so unacceptable to American readers; and that of von Sybel, of the foundation of the new German Empire, treating of the period between

1862 and 1870. Consequent upon the limitations of these standard works, our estimate of Bismarck is hampered by the lack of a clear statement of the man, his character, the chief events of his life, and an explanation of his policy in the light of the history of his time. It is perhaps impossible for the American mind ever to be quite just to such a man as Bismarck, inasmuch as our stand-point—naturally antipathetic to the idea of royalty and its privileges—sees but little of good in a life spent in fastening upon a people a practical demonstration of that same idea of royalty, in a form the most autocratic consistent with any sort of constitutional freedom. In other words, we are prone to judge a nation—from our somewhat isolated position of advantage—by our own standards instead of their own, and so entirely overlook the logic of the events of such a life as Bismarck's. Mr. Stearns, having divested himself of the prejudice toward monarchical institutions, lays before us—with the assistance of the Lippincott Press—an account of Bismarck, and of history as he made it,—upon the basis that loyalty to a sovereign was an ethical principle. The account is interesting, as the life of such a man—a prominent figure in the European politics of his time—must always be. And, though we may entirely disagree with the stand-point at the beginning, we cannot after perusal deny that Mr. Stearns finds in his researches an ample justification for his opinion: that Bismarck "appears always in the light of a disinterested statesman, whose whole thought and activity are concentrated on what he considers the welfare of his country."

Mother Goose. With 250 Pictures. By F. Oppen.

Mr. Oppen says he has illustrated these classics upon the Eighty-Year Plan, inasmuch as they furnish interest and diversion for any body up to the age, say, of eighty years. In fact, he has produced the first edition to appeal to anyone

except the child, for whose benefit so many delightful settings have been published. Everyone knows Mr. Oppen's illustrations, of course, through the medium of "Puck," for there are few places into which that periodical has not carried his drawings. Yet it is safe to say that, even in "Puck," he has done no such diverting work as in this *Mother Goose* (Lippincott), where the series, being more or less connected in purpose, if not in thought, rendered possible a definite scheme of illustration. "The House that Jack Built," "Where are you going, My Pretty Maid?" "Mary Had a Little Lamb," *et al.*, as Mr. Oppen illustrates them,—but attempted descriptions are nearly as odious as are comparisons. No words could do better than injustice to the book.

